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7. Sedgwick, Maj. Gen. John. Dedication of the statue at West Point, N.Y. Oct. 21, 1868 [with] oration by G: W: Curtis. N.Y. 1869. 68 p. View of statue

8. Shaw, Ja. Boylan, D.D. In memoriam. Pub. by the Brick (Presbyterian) church, Rochester, N.Y. Rochester, 1891. 92 p.

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P. FRANCESCO DENZA

CENNI NECROLOGICI

P. FRANCESCO DENZA

CENNI NECROLOGICI

condotta al grado d'uno tra i primi Osservatorii d'Europa. Ma a noi piace sovrattutto di ricordare che ei fu uomo, nel quale si unì alla severità d'una cultura modernissima la schiettezza d'una fede antica, alla scientifica laboriosità lo studio assiduo della religiosa perfezione. Il nostro Ordine non ebbe in lui soltanto una, come oggi la chiamano, illustrazione, ma un figlio obbediente, un operaio indefesso.

Nato in Napoli da Michele e Virginia Zizzi, il 7 Giugno 1834, di soli sedici anni chiese ed ottenne di vestire il nostro abito il 24 Marzo 1850. Compiuto il Noviziato presso S. Agostino di Resina, e professati il 25 Marzo 1851 i voti semplici, fu per un biennio (1851-53) applicato agli studi di Filosofia, nel nostro Collegio di S. Filippo in Macerata, e poi per un triennio (1853-56) alla Teologia in questo Collegio di Roma. V'ebbe a compagno di studi S. E. il Card. Granniello e maestro, tra gli altri, il P. Vercellone, al cui impulso certo si deve la perizia da lui acquistata allora nelle materie bibliche e palese in alcune dissertazioni che se ne conservano manoscritte. L'amore degli studi sacri non lo abbandonò mai, e anche quando la obbedienza lo volle tutto dedito alle scienze naturali, cercò sempre di cogliere nello spettacolo del creato il pensiero e la parola del Creatore. Varie sue dissertazioni e meglio ancora *Le Armonie dei Cieli* mostrano questa tendenza costante del suo spirito.

La sua vocazione scientifica intanto avea già cominciato a spiegarsi e ad essere intesa dai Superiori, che studente in Macerata lo voleano maestro di matematica ai suoi condiscepoli, che qui in Roma lo indirizzavano al celebre P. Secchi, prima guida, poi amico

affezionatissimo del nostro caro confratello, che nel 1857 voleano s'addottorasse in Matematica e Fisica alla Università di Torino. Nè gli venne mai meno per tutti i suoi studi in seguito non pure il consenso, ma l' incoraggiamento e il valido appoggio loro: il che onora insieme il P. Denza, che ci appare sempre ed in tutto religioso obbediente, e quelli che videro quanto all'Ordine e alla Chiesa potrebbe derivare non sol di gloria, ma di reale vantaggio, da studi in apparenza profani. Grazie a questo appoggio che gli veniva dall'alto potè, in capo a tre anni dalla sua destinazione al R. Collegio Carlo Alberto (la prima che ebbe, nelle vacanze autunnali del 1856), fondarvi un Osservatorio, divenuto poi Centrale della Società meteorologica italiana e nel mondo scientifico conosciutissimo; e all'Osservatorio annettere nel 1866 un Bullettino mensuale che raccogliesse e divulgasse il frutto delle osservazioni fatte lì ed altrove. Col 1894 si è compiuto il Vol. XIV della Serie II^a di questa pubblicazione, una delle più importanti per i cultori della meteorologia.

Nè è a credere che lo studio della scienza pura tutto lo assorbisse, mentre s' ha invece a dire che vi consacrava i residui, larghi del resto attesa la sua laboriosità, d'una giornata spesa in gran parte nel fare scuola. Sino al 1886, quando la paralisi lo rese quasi impotente, tenne l'insegnamento della Matematica, della Fisica e delle scienze naturali in tutto il Liceo. I suoi scolari numerosissimi, sparsi in ogni parte d' Italia e nei rami più diversi dell'amministrazione e vita pubblica, rammentano tuttora la giovialità, con cui sapea condire così l'aridità delle materie spiegate come la seve-

rità della disciplina. Chè era solito esigere dai suoi discepoli, anche a costo di punizioni, attenzione in scuola e studio assiduo fuori: eppure tutti l'amavano e il giorno suo onomastico era un confluir da Torino di ex-convittori, ai quali facea le più festose accoglienze. Grazie alla sua fermezza potè anche talvolta disimpegnare l'ufficio di Vice-rettore, e nei viaggi che per molti anni i convittori dell'ultimo corso furono soliti fare durante le vacanze autunnali fu quasi sempre loro guida e custode. Anche la religiosa Comunità ebbe a giovarsi più d'una volta del suo senno e della sua lunga esperienza.

Cresceva intanto di anno in anno la sua fama e la sua operosità scientifica. Questa spiegavasi in pubblicazioni di piccola mole per lo più, come portava l'indole della scienza e la fase di ricerche ch'essa allora traversava, ma così numerose che occupano ben otto pagine del Catalogo manoscritto della nostra Biblioteca barnabitica. Sono le più resoconti di osservazioni fatte su eclissi parziali e totali, su aurore boreali, sulle stelle cadenti, sulle variazioni di declinazione dell'ago magnetico; discorsi accademici, dove s'insinua la importanza della meteorologia o dell'altre scienze naturali, se ne tratteggiano i metodi nuovi, i risultati più importanti, dove si disvelano le armonie profondamente sentite della scienza e della fede, affettuose commemorazioni di illustri morti. Non mancano, maggiori di mole e non privi di merito, libri di testo per la Aritmetica e altre scienze; un trattato popolare di Astronomia si possono dire le sue *Armonie dei Cieli*, ripetutamente pubblicate, e tradotto in nostra lingua ci ha dato il classico lavoro di H. Scott sulla Meteorologia.

Ad opera di maggior lena s'era accinto che raccogliesse il frutto di lunghe e penose osservazioni sulla misura degli elementi magnetici in Italia: ma la malattia prima e poi la morte gli impedirono di andare oltre il I.° Volume. Infine suo lavoro in gran parte si possono dire i fascicoli o, come ebbe poi a intitolarli egli stesso, Volumi di " Pubblicazioni della Specola Vaticana. „

Chi conosca per poco l'indole delle scienze naturali potrà calcolare quante fatiche al nostro caro confratello dovessero costare le osservazioni molteplici, di cui consegnava il frutto nei suoi libri. E per verità, oltre quelle che faceva di continuo nel suo Osservatorio di Moncalieri, oltre quelle che raccoglieva dai suoi numerosissimi corrispondenti, intraprese allo stesso intento molti e talvolta lunghi viaggi. Così nell' Ottobre del 1875 si spinse per il suo studio sugli elementi magnetici in Tunisia, mentre le vacanze autunnali dal 1872 al 1878 gli andarono spese nel percorrere in lungo e in largo l'Italia. Di questi viaggi, attivo com'era e prudente, seppe giovarsi per moltiplicare in Italia le stazioni di osservazione meteorologica dove agevolava il lavoro l'Anamoietografo da lui inventato.

Se oggi una fitta rete d'Osservatorii, oltre a duecento, copre il nostro bel paese che per tale riguardo rimane inferiore a ben pochi altri, lo si deve, oltrechè al benigno concorso d'ogni maniera di Associazioni e persone, compresivi in gran numero Vescovi ed Ecclesiastici, alla possente iniziativa del nostro caro Padre. Di tal guisa la Corrispondenza Meteorologica italiana Alpino-Apennina da lui fondata nel 1859 e la Società

meteorologica italiana costituita nel 1882, sotto la Presidenza onoraria di S. M. il re Umberto I e la Direzione effettiva del nostro Padre, divennero realmente due istituti nazionali.

Nuovo campo d'attività gli schiudeano davanti i Congressi che sono omai entrati nel novero dei mezzi, onde hanno incremento e diffusione le scienze. In una piccola memoria biografica lasciataci dallo stesso Padre Denza, come primo Congresso, a cui egli intervenisse, ci si dà quello di Statistica radunato nel 1867 in Firenze, dove egli allora per invito del Sen. Matteucci avea letto nell'Istituto Superiore una dissertazione sulle Meteore cosmiche. Nel 1878 lo troviamo al Congresso internazionale di Meteorologia di Parigi inviato dal Governo Italiano e Presidente onorario: nel 1879 di nuovo in Congresso internazionale e meteorologico a Roma Presidente di Sezione. A Roma, del resto, dal 1876 in poi venne quasi ogni anno quale membro del Consiglio direttivo della Meteorologia Italiana. Nel 1881 lo vediamo al mese di Aprile in Algeri per un Congresso scientifico, in Settembre a Milano pel Congresso Subalpino e nell'Ottobre a Venezia pel Congresso generale Geografico. Nel 1884 rappresentava il S. Padre al Congresso dell'Associazione scientifica di Francia a Rouen, e profittava del viaggio in Francia per visitare l'Olanda e l'Inghilterra. Nel 1887 era in Aquila pel Congresso Geodinamico promosso dalla Società Meteorologica italiana ed al solito veniva eletto Presidente.

Come ai Congressi, partecipava volentieri, sempre nell'intento di promuovere ricerche e studi scientifici, alle Esposizioni. Quella nazionale di Torino del 1883

l'ebbe membro del Comitato ordinatore, Direttore della Sezione scientifico-letteraria e Presidente del giurì nella Sezione medesima. E, tuttochè già dimezzato nella persona e nelle forze per un insulto apopletico onde fu colpito a Torino nel 1886, allorchè nel 1888 tutto il mondo cattolico si commosse a festa pel Giubileo sacerdotale di S. S. Leone XIII, il nostro Padre, a niuno secondo nell'affetto verso di Lui, promosse una Esposizione scientifica del Clero, e venuto in Roma nel Decembre dell'87 per la consueta riunione del Consiglio direttivo della Meteorologia italiana, vi si fermò fino al 15 Febbraio 1888 per ordinare gli oggetti che mano mano giungevano per la Esposizione. Da questa nacque poi, con una rapidità che è novella prova dell'energia del nostro caro Defunto, la grandiosa istituzione, a cui rimarrà per sempre unito con quello di Leone XIII il nome del P. Denza. Tornato infatti a Roma nel Giugno 1888 per ritirare tutte le macchine della Esposizione, non volle il S. Padre che andassero disperse, ora che s'erano così bene riunite; e il nostro Defunto suggerì allora a S. Santità di cogliere circostanza così propizia per ricostituire la Specola Vaticana, un giorno gloriosa e poi estintasi infelicemente.

Piacque l'idea al Papa, amatore d'ogni cosa grande e bella donde possa venire lustro alla Chiesa, e i lavori della Specola rinnovata cominciarono tosto. Il buon Padre sembrò di quei giorni ringiovanire. Partito da Roma il 17 Luglio con la certezza nel cuore che il Vaticano avrebbe un suo Osservatorio degno della maestà e grandezza Pontificia, vi fu di ritorno il 26 Giugno 1889 per disporre le macchine che già esistevano nella Spe-

cola ed altre acquistate, sempre con licenza e a spese del S. Padre, dall'Osservatorio privato del defunto Marchese Montecuccoli di Modena. Il 24 Luglio, per mezzo del Segretario di Stato, S. Santità incaricava il nostro Padre di rappresentarlo al Congresso Internazionale di Astronomia per la Carta del cielo che si terrebbe nel Settembre a Parigi. In quel consesso, che rimarrà memorando ognora nei fasti dell'Astronomia, egli ottenne, con grande soddisfazione di tutti, che la Specola Vaticana fosse uno dei 18 Osservatorii del mondo intero, tra cui venne ripartito il gigantesco lavoro d'una Carta fotografica del cielo. La Specola faceva così il suo ingresso trionfale nel mondo della scienza. Per l'ultima volta il buon Padre assisteva a Congressi, il Congresso Internazionale di Astronomia fisica e quello di Meteorologia tenutosi allora in Parigi; pel 13 Novembre di quel medesimo 1889 era di nuovo a Roma pei lavori della Specola. Di questa nel Settembre 1890 veniva dalla Santità di N. S. Leone XIII nominato Direttore; e il 5 Ottobre con un Fratello Converso addetto al suo servizio prendeva stanza nel modesto appartamento per lui apprestato. E all'incremento dell'Istituto, di cui lo incaricava la fiducia del Papa e che bisognava tener alto nella stima dei dotti, si consacrò indefessamente il buon Padre in questi quattro anni, spendendovi l'ultimo residuo delle sue forze. Veniva ancora nell'estate a rifarle nella villa del Reale Collegio di Moncalieri, le cui aure balsamiche s'erano chiarite a lui più opportune che quelle di Castelgandolfo, dove il Papa mise nel 1892 a sua disposizione il proprio Palazzo. Quest'anno i suoi confratelli lo videro ancora lieti a Montaldo riprendere gioia e vigore nella

compagnia loro e dei Convittori a lui sempre carissimi. Senonchè disceso da Montaldo a Moncalieri, si manifestarono parecchi segni che diedero a temere d'un nuovo assalto del male, assopito non domato nel fragile suo corpo. E temevano anche quì in Roma, dove ebbe forza e coraggio di tornare per morire da buon capitano sulla breccia, i famigliari suoi. Erano questi cresciuti per avergli il P. Generale al principio di quest'anno scolastico concesso come assistente il nostro Padre Saverio Tavani di fresco ordinato sacerdote. Sì egli come il Fr. Liberti notavano con inquietudine la crescente sensibilità del buon Padre, la parola gradatamente più impedita, ma senza prevedere così vicina e pronta la catastrofe. Il giovedì 13 corrente s'era mostrato in sul mattino di lieto umore e, nonostante un certo malessere che si sentiva per tutta la persona, avea voluto andare con una rappresentanza dei Nuovi Lincei alla udienza Pontificia. Durante la quale il malessere si aggravò, e anche più quando passò nelle sale del Card. Segretario di Stato. Infine, mentre da queste faceva ritorno al suo appartamento, svenne nelle braccia del Converso che aiutato da un pompiere lo trasportò sul suo letto. Quì si compiacque d'aver anche una volta veduto il Papa, mormorò ancora qualche monosillabo, poi si chiuse in un silenzio che dovea essere eterno. Lottò meno di ventiquattrore col morbo apopletico che ebbe presto ragione d'un corpo quasi disfatto. L'anima, confortata degli ultimi Sacramenti e della benedizione del Papa, tutto ci fa sperare sia stata misericordiosamente ammessa ai gaudi di quel Dio che avea quaggiù contemplato e fatto conoscere nel riflesso del creato.

Altri diranno certo del preciso merito scientifico di lui; niuno gli negherà questo d'avere prima e più d'ogni altro in Italia promossa la osservazione esatta e metodica dei fenomeni meteorici, spianando così la via ad una scienza anche più delle altre bisognosa di osservazioni molteplici, lunghe e pazienti. Noi a compierne il cenno biografico ricorderemo che quasi tutti i corpi scientifici della nostra penisola e non pochi stranieri lo vollero loro membro. Rimandando ad un'appendice il completo elenco di essi, notiamo che dei Nuovi Lincei Pontifici dal 1892 in poi fu Presidente, che appartenne alla Società astronomica Tedesca di Lipsia, alla omonima di Francia, alla Associazione astronomica inglese, alla Società dei naturalisti di Mosca, alla Società meteorologica tedesca, austriaca e inglese.

Nè gli mancarono insigni onorificenze. S. M. il Re Umberto I con suo motu-proprio lo creava Commendatore dell'Ordine dei SS. Maurizio e Lazaro, e accompagnava le insegne con una affettuosa lettera; ricompensando di tal guisa chi gli era stato quasi maestro negli anni giovanili, passati in condizione di Principe nel Castello di Moncalieri, e poi a' suoi nipoti e figli dell'Augusto e compianto Amedeo istitutore solerte per tre anni (1882-1885) nelle scienze fisiche e naturali. Era cavaliere dell'Ordine di Leopoldo del Belgio; ufficiale dell'Accademia di Francia e, onore concesso a pochissimi stranieri, ufficiale della Legion d'onore. Il Papa Leone XIII, che l'ebbe carissimo e dell'affetto suo gli diede ognora le prove più belle, lo decorò della Croce " Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice ".

Questa la gloria esterna del caro Padre, la sola che

fosse nota ai più. Noi che lo conoscemmo più davvicino potemmo ammirare in lui un'intima gloria più nascosta e più vera, la gloria di cristiane e religiose virtù. Piaceva specialmente, in lui così grande e così stimato da tutti, una singolare modestia che lo facea nel parlar di sè e degli onori concessigli molto parco, schivo nella vita comune d'ogni singolarità. Mirabile anche parve la dignità con cui seppe, nel corso di bene otto anni, sopportare la umiliante condizione a cui l'aveva ridotto la paralisi quasi completa della parte destra, senza nè uscire mai in querimonie nè accasciarsi d'animo. Ebbe tenace nei propositi la volontà, autorevole il comando, gioviale il carattere, l'attività indefessa. Questa rivolse non mai ad uccellare una fama fugace ma al servizio della verità, al vantaggio dell'Ordine nostro, a decoro della Chiesa, a bene delle anime. Preferì alla stima dei grandi, l'affetto vivace e riconoscente dei suoi confratelli e degli ex-convittori, affetto che ebbe in questa occasione luttuosa della sua morte a dimostrarsi anche una volta. Quanto avesse caro il nostro Sodalizio lo palesò rifiutando nel 1866 l'invito insistente fattogli dal Sen. Matteucci e dal Ministro della Istruzione pubblica Domenico Berti d'assumere in Firenze la Direzione della Meteorologia italiana. Il suo posto era a Moncalieri dove c'erano i Barnabiti e i giovani, i due amori della sua vita. Il Real Collegio Carlo Alberto gli deve una gran parte della fama che gode non solo in Piemonte ma in tutte le provincie d'Italia: col P. Denza esso ha fatto una grave perdita, che ci auguriamo Dio voglia nella Bontà sua presto colmare. Resti intanto il nome suo in benedizione presso di noi, ed animi altri a coltivare con attività pari alla

sua ed anche con pari rettitudine d'intenzioni le scienze, dal cui beninteso incremento tanto aspettano il nostro Ordine e la Chiesa.

Tutti ci perdoneranno l'esserci più che con altri non si suole, dilungati nel parlare di un confratello così grande e così caro, di cui non solo nella nostra religiosa famiglia, ma e fuori moltissimi bramano di serbare, non fosse altro che con questo cenno, una grata memoria.

Dio a lui conceda, e quanti lo conobbero e l'amarono gli affrettino con le loro preghiere la pace eterna.

Roma, 18 Decembre 1894.

PRIAMO ARMANI
Preposito del Collegio dei SS. Biagio e Carlo a' Catinari.

Pel Cancelliere
G. Semeria, barnabita.

APPENDICE

ELENCO DELLE ACCADEMIE E SOCIETÀ

A CUI APPARTENNE

IL P. FRANCESCO DENZA

1857.

Laurea di Dottorato in Fisica e Matematica.

1863.

Membro della Società Astronomica Tedesca (Lipsia).

1866.

Socio della R. Accademia di scienze, lettere ed arti di Modena.

1867.

Socio dell'Accademia Geocnia di Scienze Naturali, Catania.
Membro della Società Italiana di Scienze Naturali, Milano.
Membro della Società Accademica del Duca d'Aosta.

1868.

Socio dell'Accademia Urbinate di scienze, lettere ed arti.
Socio del Museo cittadino di Rovereto.
Membro della Società Curlandese di letteratura ed arte.
Membro dell'Accademia Fisico-medica-statistica, Milano.
Socio corrispondente della Società Imp. di Scienze naturali, Cherbourg.

1869.

Membro della Società Meteorologica di Francia.
Socio dell'Accad. di Scienze, lettere ed arti degli Zelanti, Acireale.
Socio di Scienze Naturali di Dresda.
Società dei Naturalisti, Modena.
Società Regia di agricoltura di Torino.
Consiglio di perfezionamento annesso al Regio Istituto Tecnico di Palermo.

1870.

Società di Scienze Naturali di Emdem.
Società geografica italiana.

1871.

Circolo promotore educativo Ugo Foscolo.
Accademia religiosa scientifica della gioventù cattolica napoletana sotto il titolo dell'Immacolata.
R. Accademia palermitana di scienze e lettere.
R. Società meteorologica di Edimburgo (Scozia).

1872.

Accademia R. di Agricoltura in Torino.
R. Accademia degli Agiati di Rovereto.
Società letteraria artistica di S. Bartolomeo in Galdo.

1873.

Circolo cattolico Catanese.
Socio onorario del Club Alpino italiano.
Accademia Pontoniana.
Società giovanile per l'istruzione popolare con Biblioteca circolante di Augusta.
Accademia di Udine.
Accademia pontificia dei Nuovi Lincei.

1874.

Accademia nazionale di Scienze ed arti in Milano.

1875.

Accademia di Raffaello in Urbino.

Associazione nazionale italiana degli scienziati, letterati e artisti in Napoli.

Società economica di Savona per incoraggiare e promuovere l'agricoltura ed il commercio.

Accademia degli affaticati, Tropea.

1876.

Accademia delle Scienze dell'Istituto di Bologna.

1877.

Membro della Società francese d'igiene.

Membro corrispondente della Società bibliografica di Parigi.

Accademia Pontificia Tiberina.

Circolo promotore partenopeo Gian Battista Vico.

Presidente onorario dell'associazione francese per l'avanzamento delle Scienze.

Accademia properziana del subasio di Assisi.

1879.

Società Filotecnica di Torino.

Socio onorario degli Alpinisti Tridentini.

Socio onorario dell'Accademia Scientifica letteraria dei Liberiani di Città di Castello.

Avvocato di S. Pietro.

1880.

Membro protettore della R. Associazione de' Benemeriti italiani in Palermo.

Socio del Club Alpino di Svizzera.

1881.

Società alpina friulana.
Diploma d'insegnamento del Ministero della P. I. e Belle arti francese.
Società giovanile Megarese di Augusta (Sicilia).
Società dei Naturalisti di Mosca.
Accademia la Stella d'Italia, Chieti.
Biblioteca dei devoti di Maria Madre di Dio, Roma.

1882.

Società Spagnuola d'Igiene.
Società agricola operaia di Mutuo soccorso, Triolo.

1883.

Socio corrispondente della R. Accademia Valdarnese del Poggio.
Socio corrispondente dell'Ateneo Veneto.
Società internazionale Coloniale di Amsterdam.
Membro della Società geologica Italiana.
Socio onorario della R. Accademia di Scienze, lettere ed arti di Padova.
Membro corrispondente della R. Accademia Lucchese di Scienze, lettere ed arti.
Comitato pel centenario di Gaudenzio Ferrari.
R. Società italiana d'igiene in Milano.

1884.

Socio onorario e corrispondente della Società economica, Chiavari.
Socio onorario della Società operaia di Mutuo soccorso, Acireale.
R. Istituto Veneto di Scienze, lettere ed arti.
Circolo degli aspiranti naturalisti in Napoli.
Membro della Commissione R. Geodinamica.
Membro del Comitato Generale dell'Esposizione nazionale del 1884. Presidente della divisione III (Produzioni scientifiche e letterarie) della Giuria dell' Esposizione. — Presidente della Sezione di Fisica e Chimica.

1885.

Membro corrispondente nazionale della Società Fiorentina d'igiene.
Società scientifica Argentina.

1886.

Società cattolica Palermitana.
Società elvetica di Scienze naturali (Membro onorario).
Società meteorologica tedesca.
» astronomica di Lipsia.
» meteorologica di Austria.
» » di Inghilterra.
Membro del Consiglio Direttivo di Meteorologia.
Società di Letteratura Cristiana di S. Paolo, a Lilla.
Membro onorario della Società Italiana d'igiene.
Socio corrispondente del R. Istituto Veneto.
» » della Società Scientifica di Buenos-Ayres.
Membro della Società etnografica e geografica di Torino.

1887.

Socio dell'Accademia di Religione cattolica.
Membro ordinario dell'Accademia romana pontificia dei Nuovi Lincei.
Membro del nuovo direttivo di Meteorologia e Geodinamica.

1888.

Membro del Comitato Piemontese dell'Associazione nazionale dei Missionari cattolici italiani.
Membro onorario del Consiglio di Presidenza dell'Associazione medica italiana d'idrologia e climatologia.

1889.

Associazione letterario-scientifica « Cristoforo Colombo », Genova.
Socio onorario della Società scientifica « Antonio Alzate », Messico.
Socio onorario della Società astronomica di Francia.

1890.

Socio onorario del Comizio agrario, Chieti.
Direttore della Specola Vaticana.
Membro del Comitato permanente internazionale per la Carta fotografica celeste.
Membro dell'Associazione astronomica inglese.

1891.

Socio dell'Arcadia col nome « Euristene Menelio ».
Membro della Società « Penna e pensiero ».

1892.

Società di Scienze e lettere di Acireale.
Insigne congregazione artistica dei Virtuosi del Pantheon.
Presidente dell'Accademia Pontificia dei Nuovi Lincei.
Membro della Società Francese di Fisica.
» del Comitato organizzatore dell'Esposizione di Chicago.

1893.

Socio onorario dell'Accademia « Cesare Cantù », Livorno.

1894.

Socio onorario dell'Accademia « Cesare Cantù » di Linguaglossa.
Membro dell'Istituto araldico italiano. Roma.

ELENCO DELLE OPERE A STAMPA

DEL

P. FRANCESCO DENZA

Tesi sostenuta pel dottorato in Fisica. 1857, Speirani.

Elementi di Aritmetica. 1865, Torino, Artigianelli.

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Programma delle osservazioni fisiche, che verranno esercitate nel traforo del Frejus. 1871, Torino, Reale.

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MEMOIR

OF

GEORGE BROWN GOODE.

1851-1896.

BY

S. P. LANGLEY.

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READ BEFORE THE NATIONAL ACADEMY, APRIL 21, 1897.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF GEORGE BROWN GOODE.

George Brown Goode was born at New Albany, Indiana, on February 13, 1851, and died at his home in Washington on September 6, 1896, after a life of forty-five years, than which few human lives have ever been better filled.

In those years he won the warm affection of a wide circle of friends and the trust and confidence of a multitude of subordinates in the position to which his own abilities had carried him. He interested himself and interested others in ever-widening circles of research, and such varied work that it seemed to those who knew what he was doing, incomprehensible that one man could accomplish so much in one single life; and when this came to an end its cessation was like the loss of a part of themselves to those who knew him best, by whom he is remembered with an affection which men rarely gain from one another.

He was the son of Francis Collier Goode and Sarah Woodruff Crane. The Goode family trace their ancestry in this country to John Goode, of Whitby, who settled in Virginia prior to 1661.*

While still settled in Virginia, many members of the Goode family went to the South and West to do pioneer work in building up villages and towns on what was then the outskirt of civilization.

Dr. Goode's father, Francis Collier Goode, was born in Waynesville, Ohio, and was a merchant in Ohio and Indiana. In 1857 he retired from business, removing to Amenia, New York; subsequently to Middletown, Connecticut, and later to Arlington,

* The history of this family has been carefully traced by Dr. Goode in "Virginia Cousins: A Study of the Ancestry and Posterity of John Goode, of Whitby, a Virginia Colonist of the Seventeenth Century, with notes upon related families, a key to southern genealogy and a history of the English surname Gode, Goad, Goode, or Good from 1148 to 1887, by G. Brown Goode, with a preface by R. A. Brock, Secretary of the Virginia and Southern Historical Societies. Richmond, Virginia, J. W. Randolph & English," MDCCCLXXXVII.

Florida, and occasionally spent winters in the Bermudas, Tennessee, North Carolina, Virginia, and Washington city.

His mother, Sarah Woodruff Crane, was a descendant of Jasper Crane, who came to New England during the first ten years of the first settlement, and was one of the pioneers of Newark, New Jersey.

Dr. Goode was thus of sturdy American parentage on both sides, numbering among his ancestors the founders of the Virginia, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey colonies. The family was singularly free from foreign mixture, not 10 per cent. of the marriages among the numerous descendants having been with persons whose ancestors came to America later than 1725.*

He passed his early childhood in Cincinnati and his later childhood and early youth in Amenia, New York, where he was prepared for college by private tutors. His father was a man of studious habits and not devoid of an interest in science. He had assembled in his library a set of the Smithsonian Reports, which young Goode read as a boy. It was through these volumes that he was first attracted to science and to the Smithsonian Institution, his boyish ambition being to become connected with it and to study under Professor Baird.

He entered Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, in 1866, and was graduated in 1870. Although scarcely more than fifteen when he entered college and a little over nineteen years of age at the time of his graduation, being the youngest member of the class, his work in the studies of the natural history group was so satisfactory as to attract the favorable notice of his teachers. The years at Middletown foreshadowed the strong love for nature, the museum interest, ability in classification, and even the literary talent, which were the distinguishing features of all Dr. Goode's later career.

When he went to college his father removed to Middletown and became a neighbor to Orange Judd, the pioneer of agricultural journalism in this country and closely identified with the advancement of scientific agriculture. There sprang up between the daughter of Mr. Judd and young Goode a friendship which ripened into love and resulted in their marriage, of which I speak here because Dr. Goode himself felt that the friendship with

* "Virginia Cousins," p. xiv.

Mr. Judd, thus brought about through his daughter, had the largest share in determining his future career. The two young people had similar tastes in natural history and outdoor life. As early as 1869 Dr. Goode commenced to record in the "College Argus" and the "College Review" his outdoor rambles. He was at this time a young man of stout frame and vigorous health, engaging in all of the athletic sports known to college students of that day.

In 1870 he entered Harvard University as a post-graduate student under Professor Louis Agassiz, whose genial influence he glowingly describes in his youthful letters.

Mr. Judd had presented to Wesleyan University a building, known as the Orange Judd Hall of Natural Science. This building was in progress of erection during Mr. Goode's student years and was dedicated in the commencement week of 1871. "Before that time," says Professor Rice, "the natural history collections of Wesleyan University were scattered in several buildings, very imperfectly labeled and arranged, and mostly inaccessible to students or visitors. The spacious rooms in Judd Hall first gave the opportunity to arrange and display these collections in such manner as to give them the dignity of a museum." The work which Dr. Goode had done while a student under Professor Agassiz caused an invitation to be extended to him to undertake the arrangement of this collection, and in 1871, when but a little over twenty, he was given the title of Curator of the Museum, and undertook the installation of the collections. It was in this work that he "first showed that genius for museum administration which he was destined afterward to display in the larger field." He retained his official connection with Middletown until 1877, although the greater part of these years was spent either in Washington or in the field. During a portion of this time, although absent from Middletown, he received a salary from Wesleyan University and was allowed in exchange to send to the Museum duplicates of natural history specimens in the Smithsonian Institution, as well as the duplicates of the collections which he made. He always retained a strong feeling of affection for his alma mater, and founded the Goode prize, intended to stimulate an interest in biologic studies. He was one of the editors of the 1873 and 1883 editions of the Alumni Record of Wesleyan University, and re-

ceived the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from that institution in 1893.

Dr. Goode's mother died in his infancy, and he found in his father's second wife an affectionate and sympathetic helper, who was a strong believer in the possibility of his future scientific career. To her he owed his introduction to Professor Baird, whom he first saw at Eastport, Maine, in 1872, and this meeting was the turning point of his professional life. Through it he not only got the larger opportunities for natural history work afforded by the Fish Commission and the Smithsonian Institution, but Professor Baird singled him out almost from the first as his chief pupil, his intimate friend, his confidential adviser, and his assistant in all the natural history work in which he was engaged. The splendid advantages which Professor Baird accorded his young friend were repaid by an intense devotion.

Mr. Goode said once that he could lay down his life for such a man, and indeed he almost did so, for his originally robust health was impaired by this devotion to Professor Baird's service, particularly at the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, which he left invalided, and the effects of his overwork in which left him a weaker man through his after life. The death of Professor Baird in 1887 affected him so deeply that it was not until 1895 that he was once heard to say that he had but just recovered from the loss.

He became in 1872 a volunteer in the United States Fish Commission, the year after the organization of that bureau, and he continued this work, making collections in 1872 at Eastport, Maine, in 1873 in Casco bay, and in 1874 at Noank, on Long Island sound. The years from 1872 to 1878 show collections of fishes made by him at the points named, as well as in Bermuda, Florida, Connecticut, and other places. Nearly twenty papers and articles relating to the Fish Commission and to fisheries appeared from his pen during the first four years of this voluntary association with the Fish Commission. He was interested not only in the scientific side of ichthyological work, but devoted great attention to the economic side. It was in 1877 that he found his first specimen of a deep-sea fish and laid the foundation of the studies which culminated in the splendid memoir on "Oceanic Ichthyology" by himself and Dr. Bean. During these years with Professor Baird he became experienced in all the work of the Fish Commission, and upon his death was appointed Com-

missioner of Fisheries by the President. The position up to this time had been an honorary one, but Mr. Goode informed President Cleveland that the work had grown to such an extent that it was not possible for any person who was actively engaged in the Smithsonian Institution or elsewhere to continue it. President Cleveland urged him several times to permanently accept the position of Commissioner of Fisheries, and the Committee on Appropriations of Congress had provided a salary which was larger than the one which Mr. Goode was receiving or ever did receive, but he resolutely declined, asserting that his life's ambition had been to become associated with the Smithsonian Institution; that his heart was in the Museum, and that he could not give it up. As related to his work in the Fish Commission, the facts may be mentioned that in 1877 he was employed by the Department of State on statistical work in connection with the Halifax Commission, and in 1879 and 1880 he was in charge of the Fisheries Division of the Tenth Census. His administrative abilities were strongly brought out in the organization of this work. Professor Henry F. Osborn describes his method as follows: "Special agents were sent out to every part of the coast and to the Great Lakes to gather information. Goode worked at it himself on Cape Cod and manifested the same enthusiasm as in every other piece of work he took up. He interested himself in getting together a collection representing the methods of the fisheries and the habits of the fishermen. Neglecting neither the most trivial nor important objects, branching out into every collateral matter, he showed his grasp both of principles and of details." He was United States Commissioner to the Internationale Fischerei Ausstellung in 1880 at Berlin and to the International Fisheries Exposition held at London in 1883. From circular order No. 139, issued by Commander J. J. Brice, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, I extract the following sentences: "Dr. Goode is best known for his researches and publications on the fishes and fisheries of the United States, on which subjects he came to be recognized as the leading authority. . . . He has been one of the most fruitful and valued contributors to the reports and bulletins of the Fish Commission, and in his death the fishing interests of the country have sustained a severe loss."

As I have before said, his connection with the Smithsonian

Institution followed shortly after the acquaintance with Professor Baird, who invited him to spend the winter of 1873 in Washington for the purpose of arranging the ichthyological specimens and with the understanding that as a payment for this service he was to be allowed to select duplicates for the museum at Middletown. At that time he had the title of Assistant Curator, which was later changed to Curator, and, although the relations to Middletown continued, the ties with the Institution were becoming stronger and stronger. He now met Professor Henry for the first time, and became one of the small coterie of Smithsonian men who at that time lived in the Smithsonian building and formed a part of the hospitable household which Professor Henry maintained. In these early days the staff was an extremely small one, being only thirteen persons, including honorary collaborators and subordinates. Dr. Goode threw himself into this work with uncalculating devotion. Professor Baird's duties were becoming more and more numerous, and after he became Secretary of the Institution Dr. Goode took the Museum work upon his willing shoulders. In 1881, when the new Museum building was completed and the United States National Museum really organized, Mr. Goode, then thirty years of age, was made Assistant Director. In that year he prepared a circular, known as Circular No. 1 of the National Museum, which set forth a scheme of administration for the Museum so comprehensive in its scope, so exact in its details, so practical in its ideas that it is with but few modifications still the guide for the Museum staff. On January 12, 1887, Professor Baird, whose health was then failing, appointed Mr. Goode as Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in charge of the National Museum, and from that time until his death he had the fullest charge of the entire administration of the Museum.

It is hard to say whether Mr. Goode was best known as a museum director or a naturalist. I of course had more occasion to see his work from the administrative side. It would be impossible to understand his success in this field without thinking of the character of the man, and here I may repeat what I have said elsewhere, that if there was one quality more than another which formed the basis of his character it was sincerity—a sincerity which was the ground of a trust and confidence such as

could be instinctively given even from the first only to an absolutely loyal and truthful nature.

I do not know whether a power of reading character is more intuitive or acquired, but at any rate, without it men may be governed, but not in harmony, and must be driven rather than led. Dr. Goode was in this sense a leader, quite apart from his scientific competence. Every member of the force he controlled, not only among his scientific associates, but down to the humblest employés of the Museum, was an individual to him, with traits of character which were his own and not another's, and which were recognized in all dealings, and in this I think he was peculiar, for I have known no man who seemed to possess this sympathetic insight in such a degree, and certainly it was one of the sources of his strength.

I shall have given, however, a wrong idea of him if I leave any one under the impression that this sympathy led to weakness of rule. He knew how to say "no," and said it as often as any other, and would reprehend, where occasion called, in terms the plainest and most uncompromising a man could use, speaking so when he thought it necessary, even to those whose association was voluntary, but who somehow were not alienated as they would have been by such censure from another. "He often refused me what I most wanted," said one of his staff to me; "but I never went to sleep without having in my own mind forgiven him."

I have spoken of some of the moral qualities which made all rely upon him and which were the foundation of his ability to deal with men. To them was joined that scientific knowledge without which he could not have been a Museum administrator; but even with this knowledge he could not have been what he was, except from the fact that he loved the museum and its administration above every other pursuit, even, I think, above his own special branch of biological science. He was perhaps a man of the widest interests I have ever known, so that whatever he was speaking of at any moment seemed to be the thing he knew best. It was often hard to say, then, what love predominated; but I think that he had, on the whole, no pleasure greater than that in his Museum administration, and that, apart from his family interests and joys, this was the deepest love of all. He refused advantageous offers to leave it, though I ought to grate-

fully add, that here his knowledge of my reliance upon him and his unselfish desire to aid me were also among his determining motives in remaining. They were natural ones in such a man.

What were the results of this devotion may be comprehensively seen in the statement that in the year in which he was first enrolled among the officers of the Museum the entries of collections numbered less than two hundred thousand, and the staff, including honorary collaborators and all subordinates, thirteen persons, and by comparing these early conditions with what they became under his subsequent management.

Professor Baird at the first was an active manager, but from the time that he became Secretary of the Institution he devolved more and more of the Museum duties on Dr. Goode, who for nine years preceding his death was in practically entire charge of it. It is strictly within the truth, then, to say, that the changes which have taken place in the Museum in that time are more his work than any other man's; and when we find that the number of persons employed has grown from thirteen to over two hundred, and the number of specimens from two hundred thousand to over three million, and consider that what the Museum now is, its scheme and arrangement, with almost all which make it distinctive, are chiefly Dr. Goode's, we have some of the evidence of his administrative capacity. He was fitted to rule and administer both men and things, and the Museum under his management was, as some one has called it, "A house full of ideas and a nursery of living thought."

"His success of administration," says Professor Osborn, "also came partly from an instinctive knowledge of human nature. . . . He sought out the often-latent best qualities of the men around him and developed them. When things went out of joint and did not move his way, he waited with infinite patience for the slow operation of time and common sense to set them right. He was singularly considerate of opinion, . . . fertile of original ideas and suggestions, full of invention and of new expedients, studying the best models at home and abroad, but never bound by any traditions of system or of classification. . . . To all his work also he brought a refined artistic taste, shown in his methods of printing and labeling, as well as in his encouragement of the artistic, and therefore the truthful and realistic development of taxidermy in the arrangement of

natural groups of animals. To crown all, like Baird he entered into the larger conception of the wide-reaching responsibilities of his position under the Government, fully realizing that he was not at the head of a university or of a metropolitan museum, but of the Museum of a great Nation. Every reasonable request from another institution met a prompt response. . . . Not the advancement of Washington science, but of American science, was his dominating idea."

There was no subject in connection with the administration of the Museum to which he did not at some time or other give his personal attention. He had a quick eye for color and for form, understood the art of decorating and case-building, and had besides a special knowledge of subjects so widely remote from his own biologic interests that it is a question whether a new species or a new musical instrument gave him the greater pleasure. So fully could I rely on his judgment in all things, that even in matters not connected with the Museum I frequently sought the benefit of his advice, and this was sure to be sound, whether it related to the typography or paper of a new volume of the publications, or to some weighty question of policy. It is difficult to single out from among the manifold matters relating to the Institution proper which were confided to him one single thing. I cannot, however, but recall the fact that he seemed to me, both because of the soundness of his judgment and the wide domain of science with which he was acquainted, the fittest person to place in charge of the Hodgkins award made two years ago. To this entire work, from the time of Mr. Hodgkins' gift, down to the closing of the award, Mr. Goode gave unremitting and zealous attention, having served as chairman both of the preliminary committee and the committee on award.

The field of natural history, of antiquities, of art, of books, is so vast that a mere assemblage of objects, of books, of prints, of engravings, is not in itself significant. Collecting is an art which many essay but few attain. Mr. Goode was eminently a collector. As early as 1872 we find him collecting the fishes of the Bermudas, which he worked up in a catalogue, giving in each case, in addition to characteristics previously noted, descriptions of the colors of the fishes while living, notes on the size and proportions, observations of habits, hints in reference to the origin and meaning of their popular names, and notes upon modes of

capture of economic value. The same careful methods of collection he followed in the subsequent expeditions which he undertook in the field. It was not alone in natural history, however, that this talent for collecting displayed itself. Every possible sort of specimen or information which was at hand he collected. He would bring back from every exposition which he attended methodical collections, frequently of materials overlooked by others. Every visit to a foreign country resulted in the bringing back of a collection, not of miscellaneous objects, but of a series which could themselves be placed on exhibition. These might be musical instruments, ecclesiastical art, early printed books, medals, or ivories, and the same taste and discrimination and good judgment were displayed in their selection. He collected, however, not only objects, but also words and ideas. From the assembling of the common names of plants and animals in America, there grew a large collection of Americanisms, probably larger than any single collection published. Portraits of scientific men, portraits of Washington and Jefferson, autographs, Confederate imprints, Americana, American scientific text-books—these are but a few of the fields in which Dr. Goode collected.

He was a naturalist in the broadest sense of that word, following in the footsteps of Agassiz and Baird. "He had," says Dr. Gill, "acquaintance with several classes of the animal kingdom, and especially with the vertebrates. He even published several minor contributions on herpetology, the voice of crustacea, and other subjects. . . . The flowering plants also enlisted much of his attention, and his excursions into the fields and woods were enlivened by knowledge of the subjects he met with." "The designation naturalist," says Professor Osborn, "was one which Goode richly earned and which he held most dear, and our deep sorrow is that his activity as naturalist extended only over a quarter of a century." . . . "As a naturalist, Goode did not close any of the windows opening out into Nature. His broad spirit in public affairs displayed itself equally in his methods of field and sea work and in the variety of his observations and writings. While fishes became his chief interest, he knew all the eastern species of birds after identifying and arranging the collection in his college museum. He loved plants, and in the later years of his life took great pleasure in the culture of the old-fashioned garden around his house. . . . Many of his briefer

papers deal directly with the biological problems which attracted his interest, especially among reptiles and fishes, touching such questions as migration, coloring, albinism, mimicry, parasitism, feeding and breeding habits, the relation of forest protection to the protection of fishes."

Perhaps no one can be a "naturalist" in the larger sense without being directly a lover of Nature and of all natural sights and sounds. One of his family says, "He taught us all the forest trees, their fruits and flowers in season, and to know them when bare of leaves by their shapes; all the wayside shrubs, and even the flowers of the weeds; all the wild birds and their notes, and the insects. His ideal of an old age was to have a little place of his own in a mild climate, surrounded by his books for rainy days, and friends who cared for plain living and high thinking, with a chance to help some one poorer than he." He was a loving and quick observer, and in these simple, natural joys, his studies were his recreations, and were closely connected with his literary pursuits.

He was of course first and foremost an ichthyologist, and this through no lack of sympathy with the larger field, but because of the recognition of the fact that the larger field could not be successfully covered by one man.

His adherence to this subject as a specialty was undoubtedly determined by his long and intimate connection with the Fish Commission during the period of greatest advancement in methods of deep-sea exploration, the rich collections of fishes derived from that source being placed at his command. The novelties of structure and environment presented by this material, ever increasing as the work progressed, proved an attraction too strong to be resisted, even in the face of his varied official duties, and caused him to become distinctively a student of the marine forms.

His observations were not confined to any single branch of the subject, but were given the widest latitude that his time permitted. He was the discoverer of many new and strange species and an acknowledged authority on classification, but he took perhaps the greatest interest in questions regarding the geographical and bathymetrical distribution of fishes, a field in which his opportunities for investigation had been unexcelled. The color of fishes had also been a favorite study with him, and he had paid attention to many points in their morphology and

in the functions of special organs. He was especially well versed in the literature of ichthyology from the earliest times, and, after Professor Baird, was the most eminent exponent in this country of the benefits to be secured to the practical fisheries through the application of scientific teachings.

Dr. Gill in reviewing his scientific career said: "A 'Catalogue of the Fishes of the Bermudas,'[1] published in 1876, furnished additional evidence of knowledge of the literature of his subject and ability to use it to advantage in the discussion of mooted questions, and it also evinced his power of observation.

"In the same year, 1876, appeared another work which to a still greater degree rendered manifest those same mental characteristics. The work was only a catalogue, but perhaps from no other publication can some intellectual qualities be so readily and correctly gauged by a competent judge as an elaborate catalogue. Powers of analysis and synthesis, and the ability to weigh the relative values of the material at hand, may make a 'mere catalogue' a valuable epitome of a collection and of a science. Such a production was the 'Classification of the Collection to illustrate the Animal Resources of the United States,'† a work of 126 pages. Three years later this catalogue served as the basis for and was elaborated and expanded into a large 'Catalogue of the Collection to illustrate the Animal Resources and the Fisheries of the United States,'† a volume of 351 pages.

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[1] Catalogue of the Fishes of the Bermudas, based chiefly on the collections of the United States National Museum. . . . Washington: Government Printing Office, 1876 (8°, pp. (2) 1–82, Bulletin United States National Museum, No. 5).

† International Exhibition, 1876. Board in behalf of United States Executive Departments. Classification of the Collection to illustrate the Animal Resources of the United States: A list of substances derived from the animal kingdom, with synopsis of the useful and injurious animals and a classification of the methods of capture and utilization. . . . Washington: Government Printing Office, 1876 (8°, pp. 126, a Second edition with supplementary title as Bulletin No. 6, United States National Museum).

‡ International Exhibition, 1876. Catalogue of the Collection to illustrate the Animal Resources and the Fisheries of the United States, exhibited at Philadelphia in 1876 by the Smithsonian Institution and the United States Fish Commission, and forming a part of the United States National Museum. . . . Washington: Government Printing Office, 1879 (8°, pp. 351 (1), Bulletin United States National Museum, No. 14).

These catalogues were for the tentative and adopted arrangement of material exhibited by the Smithsonian Institution and the United States Fish Commission at the 'International Exhibition, 1876.'

"It was the ability that was manifested in these catalogues and the work incidental to their preparation that especially arrested the attention of Professor Baird and marked the author as one well adapted for the direction of a great museum. For signal success in such direction special qualifications are requisite. Only some of them are a mind well trained in analytical as well as synthetic methods, an artistic sense, critical ability, and multifarious knowledge, but above all, the knowledge of men and how to deal with them. Perhaps no one has ever combined in more harmonious proportions such qualifications than G. Brown Goode. In him the National Museum of the United States and the world at large have lost one of the greatest of museum administrators.

"As a naturalist, the attention of Dr. Goode was especially directed to and even concentrated on the fishes. His memoirs, contributed mostly to the Proceedings of the United States National Museum, were numerous and chiefly descriptive of new species. (For many of these he had as a collaborator Dr. Tarleton Bean, then the curator of fishes of the United States National Museum.) Some of the memoirs, however, dealt with special groups, as the Menhaden (1879), Ostraciontidæ (1880), Carangidæ (1881), the Swordfishes (1881), and the Eel (1882). His monograph of the Menhaden (*Brevoortia tyrannus*), contributed originally to the Report of the United States Commissioner of Fisheries * and then published as a separate work †—a large volume of nearly 550 pages and with 30 plates—is a model of critical treatment of information collected from all quarters; but

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*The Natural and Economical History of the American Menhaden. In Report United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, part V, 1879, Appendix A, pp. 1–529, pls. i–xxxi (xxx canceled), pp. 194–267 by Professor W. O. Atwater.

†American Fisheries: A History of the Menhaden, by G. Brown Goode, with an account of the Agricultural Uses of Fish by W. O. Atwater . . . And an introduction, bringing the subject down to date. Thirty plates. New York: Orange Judd Company, 1880 (8°, pp. x (i), iii–xii, 1–529 (1), 31 pls., pl. 30 canceled).

his most important contributions were published as official Government reports and were the results of investigations especially undertaken for such reports. Especially noteworthy were the volumes comprising the results of the Census of 1880.

"The 1880 Census was planned and carried out on an unusual scale. For the fisheries the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries coöperated, and Dr. Goode had general charge of the entire work. The assistants and special agents were consequently selected with judgment, and the results were very valuable. The huge mass of statistics was digested and condensed in seven large quarto volumes, representing five sections separately devoted to special branches of the subject.*

"Dr. Goode's cares were mainly concentrated on the first section, treating of the 'Natural History of Aquatic Animals,' which was discussed in over 900 pages of text and illustrated by 277 plates. This work was by far the mose complete survey of the economical fishes of the country that had ever appeared, and has since been the most prized; it led to another.

"After the appearance of the census volumes, Dr. Goode was urged to prepare a work for popular use. His consent to do so was followed by a volume, entitled 'American Fishes, a popular treatise upon the game and food fishes of North America,'† published by the Standard Book Company of New York. Inasmuch as none of the previous popular works on the American fishes had emanated from men of scientific eminence, it scarcely need be added that the new work had no rival in the field, so far as accurate information and details of habits were involved.

"A short time previously Dr. Goode had also prepared the text to accompany a series of twenty large folio colored portraits by

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* The Fisheries and Fishery Industry of the United States. Prepared through the coöperation of the Commissioner of Fisheries and the Superintendent of the Tenth Census. By George Brown Goode, Assistant Director of the United States National Museum, and a staff of associates. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1884 (–1887, 5 sections in 7 volumes). "Section 1, Natural History of Aquatic Animals," was mainly prepared by Dr. Goode.

†American Fishes: A popular treatise upon the game and food fishes of North America, with especial reference to habits and methods of capture, by G. Brown Goode, with numerous illustrations. New York: Standard Book Company, 1888 (8°, xvi + 496 pp., colored frontispiece).

an eminent artist, Mr. S. A. Kilbourne, of the principal 'Game Fishes of the United States.' *

"Never had investigations of the deep sea been conducted with such assiduity and skill as during the last two decades. The chief honors of the explorations were carried off by the British and American Governments. As the fishes obtained by the vessels of the United States Fish Commission were brought in they were examined by Dr. Goode (generally in company with Dr. Bean) and duly described. At length Drs. Goode and Bean combined together data respecting all the known forms occurring in the abysmal depths of the ocean, and also those of the open sea, and published a résumé of the entire subject in two large volumes entitled 'Oceanic Ichthyology.' †

"This was a fitting crown to the work on which they had been engaged so long, and the actual publication only preceded Dr. Goode's death by about a fortnight.

"But the published volumes did not represent all the work of Dr. Goode on the abyssalian fishes. He had almost completed an elaborate memoir on the distribution of those fishes, and, contrary to the conclusions of former laborers in the same field, had recognized for them a number of different faunal areas. It is to be hoped that this may yet be given to the world.

"Morphological and descriptive ichthyology were not cultivated to the exclusion of what is regarded as more practical features. In connection with his official duties as an officer of the United States Fish Commission he studied the subject of pisciculture in all its details. Among his many contributions to the subject are one on 'The First Decade of the United States Commission, its plan of work and accomplished results, scien-

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* Game Fishes of the United States, by S. A. Kilbourne; text by G. Brown Goode. New York: Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1879–1881. (Folio, 46 pp., 20 plates, and map, published in ten parts, each with 2 plates, lithographs in water color, and four-page folio of text.)

† Smithsonian Institution. United States National Museum. Special bulletin. Oceanic Ichthyology: A Treatise on the Deep-sea and Pelagic Fishes of the World, based chiefly upon the collections made by the steamers *Blake*, *Albatross*, and *Fish Hawk* in the Northwestern Atlantic, with an atlas containing 417 figures, by George Brown Goode, Ph. D., LL. D., and Tarleton H. Bean, M. D., M. S. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1895, 2 vols., 4°; I, xxxv + 26, 553 pp.; II, xxiii + 26 pp., 123 pl.

tific and economical' (1880), another treating of the 'Epochs in the History of Fish Culture' (1881), and two encyclopædic articles 'The Fisheries of the World' (1882), and the one entitled 'Pisciculture,' in the Encyclopædia Britannica (1885)."

"The great work of his life, 'Oceanic Ichthyology,'" says Dr. Jordan, "was, however, written during the period of his directorship of the National Museum, and it was published but a month before his death. Almost simultaneously with this were other important publications of the National Museum, which were his also in a sense, for they would never have been undertaken except for his urgent wish and encouragement. If a personal word may be pardoned, 'The Fishes of North and Middle America,' which closely followed 'Oceanic Ichthyology,' would never have been written except for my friend's repeated insistance and generous help.

"The first recorded scientific paper of Dr. Goode is a note* on the occurrence of the bill-fish in fresh water in the Connecticut river. The next is a critical discussion of the answers to the question, 'Do snakes swallow their young?' In this paper he shows that there is good reason to believe that in certain viviparous snakes the young seek refuge in the stomach of the mother when frightened, and that they come out unharmed when the reason for their retreat has passed.

"The first of the many technical and descriptive papers on fishes was the 'Catalogue of the Fishes of the Bermudas,'† published in 1876. This is a model record of field observations and is one of the best of local catalogues. Dr. Goode retained his interest in this outpost of the great West Indian fauna, and from time to time recorded the various additions made to his first Bermudan catalogue.

"After this followed a long large number of papers on fishes, chiefly descriptions of species or monographs of groups. The descriptive papers were nearly all written in association with his excellent friend, Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, then curator of fishes in the National Museum.

"In monographic work Dr. Goode took the deepest interest, and he delighted especially in the collection of historic data con-

* American Naturalist, vol. v, p. 487.

† Bulletin No. 5, United States National Museum.

cerning groups of species. The quaint or poetical features of such work were never overlooked by him. Notable among these monographs are those of the Menhaden, the Trunk-fishes, and the Sword-fishes.

"The economic side of science also interested him more and more. That scientific knowledge could add to human wealth or comfort was no reproach to him. In his notable monograph of the Menhaden* the economic value as food or manure of this plebeian fish received the careful attention which he had given to the problems of pure science.

"Dr. Goode's power in organizing and coördinating practical investigations was shown in his monumental work† on the American Fisheries for the Tenth Census, 1880. The work of the record of the fisheries and associated marine industries was placed in his hands by Francis A. Walker, Superintendent of the Census. Under Dr. Goode's direction skilled investigators were sent to every part of the coast and inland waters of the country."

His "American Fishes," a popular treatise upon the game and food fishes of North America, published in 1888, is deserving of a special mention both because of the charming literary style in which it is written as well as its scientific accuracy and excellence. The wealth and aptness of the chapter headings of this book show that Mr. Goode's wide reading was associated with everything which could illustrate his science on the literary side. He had a knowledge of everything even remotely connected with his ichthyological researches from St. Anthony's "Sermon to Fishes" to the literature of fish cookery, while in one of his earliest papers, written at nineteen, his fondness for Isaac Walton and his familiarity with him are evident.

While never claiming the title of anthropologist, he was yet a close student of the anthropological and ethnological work in this country and abroad, and it is not too much to say that no professional anthropologist had a higher ideal of what his science

* "The Natural and Economical History of the American Menhaden." In Report of United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, part 5. Washington, 1879.

† "The Fisheries and Fishery Industry of the United States." Prepared through the coöperation of the Commissioner of Fisheries and the Superintendent of the Tenth Census. Washington, 1884.

might come to be or exercised a more discriminating criticism on its present methods and conditions than did Dr. Goode. He was, moreover, not only interested in the biological problems of the anthropologist, but in technology and the history of art; the history of human invention and archæology were equally in his mind, and his suggestiveness in each of these fields could be attested by all of the anthropologists with whom he came in contact.

"It would be difficult," says Professor Mason, "to find among those who are professional anthropologists a man who had a more exalted idea of what this science ought to be. There is not perhaps another distinguished scholar who has endeavored to collect into one great anthropological scheme all of the knowledge of all men in all ages of the world and in all stages of culture."

Dr. Goode was peculiarly related to the management of expositions and did more than any other person in America to engraft upon them museum ideas and widen their scope from the merely commercial and industrial to the educational and scientific.

His first experience in this field was in 1876, at the Centennial Exhibition held in Philadelphia. Professor Baird was in charge of the exhibits of the Smithsonian Institution and Fish Commission, and being much occupied at the time with other matters, the greater part of the installation and other work connected with the exhibit was placed under the immediate supervision of Mr. Goode. The work done by the Smithsonian and Government Departments at this exhibition was pioneer work, it being the first international exhibition in which the United States Government was engaged. It is not too much to say that the arrangement of the Smithsonian exhibit at Philadelphia was the model on which all subsequent exhibits of the kind were based, and that the classification, the installation, and the arrangement have had a lasting influence on exhibition work everywhere. But every administrative activity of this sort was sure to result in some literary product, so that we find in 1876 Mr. Goode published "A Classification of the Collections to illustrate the Animal Resources of the United States: A list of substances derived from the animal kingdom, with synopsis of the useful and injurious animals, and a classification of the methods of capture and utilization." This work was afterwards published in an enlarged form as a bulletin of the National Museum.

His services as commissioner for the United States Government at the Fisheries Exhibition of Berlin in 1880 and London in 1883 have already been alluded to. These, too, resulted in several articles in German and in a bulletin of the Museum, while several addresses and papers delivered at the Conferences of the International Fisheries Exhibition in London were published in the papers of the conferences, and full reports were made by Dr. Goode on his return to this country and published at the Government Printing Office.

He was the representative of the Smithsonian Institution at all the subsequent exhibitions held in this country—Louisville, 1884; New Orleans, 1885; Cincinnati, 1888; Chicago, 1893, and Atlanta, 1895—serving also as a commissioner and for a time acting Commissioner General to the Columbian Exposition held at Madrid in 1892.

The exhibits made under his direction were never repetitions. Each one contained new material never shown before, and exhibited the progress of the Institution and Museum, as well as the advances made in the arts of taxidermy, installation, and labelling. Mr. Goode, too, always bore in mind the local interest, and endeavored to show specimens and materials which would be instructive to persons residing in the neighborhood of the place at which the exposition was held. Thus at Cincinnati objects were prominent which related to the Ohio valley, for Madrid he prepared an exhibit to illustrate the conditions of human and animal life in America at the time of the Spanish discovery, whilst at Atlanta especial stress was laid on showing the fauna, flora, archæology, and mineral resources of the south Atlantic states. He prepared the report on the Madrid Exposition, and at the request of the Government Commission drew up a provisional classification for the Chicago Exposition, which, while not formally accepted, was used throughout in the official classification, many pages being copied without a change. For the Chicago, as well as the Atlanta Exposition, he prepared a carefully written catalogue, and for the latter an excellently condensed sketch of the Smithsonian Institution.

Nowhere were Mr. Goode's administrative talents more strongly shown than in an exhibition. The plans of the floor space, the cases, the specimens were all carefully arranged in advance. Boxes were especially made of lumber which could be utilized

for cases or platforms. Cases were marked, and not very long before the opening of the exposition the entire mass would be deposited on the bare space assigned to the Smithsonian exhibit. Usually other exhibitors had their material half arranged by this time, and the fear was expressed by sympathetic bystanders that the Smithsonian would not be ready. The cases would be unpacked and the specimens put in them in whatever position they happened to stand, and up to the last day all would seem to be in confusion; but Dr. Goode knew his resources and his men as a general knows his army. Suddenly all detailed work would come to an end, and in the course of a few hours, as if by magic, the entire exhibit would be put in place. He had a pardonable pride in this sort of generalship, for whether at Chicago or Atlanta it had never failed him, and it earned the highest encomiums at Berlin, London, and Madrid.

Dr. Goode's services at these various expositions were recognized by diplomas and medals, and from the Spanish government he received the order of Isabella the Catholic, with the grade of commander.

I have already spoken of Mr. Goode's administrative qualities as shown in his management of the National Museum; but his contributions to museum administration and the history of museums were not confined to his own work. From all parts of America and even as far distant as Australia his opinion was sought with regard to the plans for museum buildings as well as on minor matters of installation. All requests for such information and advice were fully answered in minute detail.

It was into his papers on museums that some of his best thoughts went, and it was there that we find epigrammatic statements which are constantly quoted by all interested in the matter.

The first paper by him on this subject appeared in the "College Argus" March 22, 1871. It was entitled "Our Museum," and was a description of the collection in Judd Hall. This article indicated plainly the museum instinct, for it was largely intended to make known the deficiencies in the collection, and pointed out how students and professors could make these good on their summer excursions. He also published a guide to this museum.

In 1888 he read before the American Historical Association a paper entitled "Museum History and Museums of History."

Here he traced the growth of the museum idea from the beginning down to the present time, repeating his now oft-quoted phrase, "An efficient educational museum may be described as a collection of instructive labels, each illustrated by a well selected specimen." Atlases of ethnological portraits and works like those of Audubon he described as "not books, but museum specimens masquerading in the dress of books."

Even more forcible was a lecture delivered before the Brooklyn Institute in 1889, entitled "Museums of the Future." "The museum of the past," he wrote, "must be set aside, reconstructed, transformed from a cemetery of bric-a-brac into a nursery of living thoughts." . . . "The people's museum should be much more than a house full of specimens in glass cases. It should be a house full of ideas, arranged with the strictest attention to system." . . . "A finished museum is a dead museum, and a dead museum is a useless museum."

Most noteworthy, however, was his paper contributed to the Museums' Association of Great Britain in 1895, entitled "The Principles of Museum Administration." This was a carefully prepared codification of "the accepted principles of museum administration," which Mr. Goode hoped would "be the cause of much critical discussion." The ideas were presented in the form of aphorisms and were exceptionally clear cut, ending with the assertion that "the degree of civilization to which any nation, city, or province has attained is best shown by the character of its public museums and the liberality with which they are maintained."

This paper was warmly welcomed by museum experts, many of whom testified by their letters the interest they had in the clear presentation of the principles which should guide the museum administrator. At the 1896 meeting of the same Association Mr. Bather said: "When I read the magnificently exhaustive address by Dr. G. Brown Goode, published in our last report, it was manifest that all the ideas I had ever had were anticipated in that masterly production;" whilst an obituary note in the same volume says, "His early death is a great loss, not only to the United States National Museum, but museums in general, for he took a deep and active interest in all things affecting their development and well-being."

The "Manchester Guardian," September 20, 1896, says: "He was a recognized authority on all matters affecting museum administration, and in this capacity he last year wrote a paper on the principles of museum management and economy, which was brought before the annual Congress of the Museums Association at Newcastle, and has since attracted much attention as an admirable exposition of the general theory of administration applicable to museum work in all its branches. It is of interest to note that Dr. Goode's definition of a museum is an institution for the preservation of those objects which best illustrate the phenomena of nature and the works of man, and the utilization of these for the increase of knowledge and for the culture and enlightenment of the people. In this spirit Dr. Goode worked, and he not only achieved much in his own country, but was also ever ready to cordially coöperate with foreign kindred institutions, especially those in England, for the advancement of museum work as a means of education."

These activities would have been sufficient for an ordinary man, but in addition he was the historian of American science.

In 1886 he delivered, as president of the Biological Society of Washington, an address entitled "The Beginnings of Natural History in America," tracing it from Thomas Harriott, who came to this country in 1585, reciting the scientific labors of Captain John Smith, John Ray, Thomas Jefferson, and a host of others. The spirit which actuated this address is well illustrated in the following paragraphs: "It seems to me unfortunate, therefore, that we should allow the value of the labors of our predecessors to be depreciated, or to refer to the naturalists of the last century as belonging to the unscientific or the archaic period. It has been frequently said by naturalists that there was no science in America until after the beginning of the present century. This is, in one sense, true; in another, very false. There were then, it is certain, many men equal in capacity, in culture, in enthusiasm to the naturalists of today, who were giving careful attention to the study of precisely the same phenomena of nature. The misfortune of the men of science in 1785 was that they had three generations fewer of scientific predecessors than we."

This address he followed up by a second, entitled "The Beginnings of American Science: The Third Century," delivered

in 1888, also before the Biological Society. He divided the period from 1782 to 1888 into three periods, which he called after the names of Jefferson, Silliman, and Agassiz.

Continuing along this same line, he contributed to the American Historical Association, in 1890, a paper on "The Origin of the National Scientific and Educational Institutions of the United States."

The material contained in these various papers was summed up in an unpublished work entitled "What has been done for Science in America, 1492–1892," which illustrates in an interesting way the development of Dr. Goode's mind, for in this study as much attention is given to astronomy, physics, and even comparative philology as is paid to natural history. Parallel with this work may be mentioned a collection of portraits of almost every scientific man of importance mentioned in any of these four essays. Besides these, he wrote an article in the "Science News," 1878, entitled "The Earliest American Naturalist, Thomas Harriott."

He was greatly interested in American history, a close student of the writings of the fathers—more especially of Washington and Jefferson—and an enthusiastic investigator of Virginia history, for which he had assembled a great mass of original material. He was especially interested in the study of institutional history, which he thought approximated most nearly to the scientific method. It is more than likely that this interest grew out of his studies in genealogy, the most splendid result of which is his "Virginia Cousins," though a great mass of material, still unpublished, attests the fact that these genealogical collections were intended to cover the South and to serve as a contribution to southern history. He relates in the prologue to his "Virginia Cousins" that his interest in the Goode family tree was awakened in him by his father at the age of twelve.

The significance of genealogical studies for American history he recognizes in the following words: "The time is coming when the sociologist and the historian will make an extensive use of the facts so laboriously gathered and systematically classified by genealogists, and it is probable that this can be better done in the United States than elsewhere;" and again, "One of the elements of satisfaction in genealogical study legitimately arises from the success of our attempts to establish personal relations

with past ages and to be able to people our minds with the images of our forefathers as they lived two, three, four hundred years ago."

But there was a scientific interest which attached to this work, as well as an historical one, for Dr. Goode was a strong believer in heredity, and he was profoundly impressed with the idea that man's capabilities and tendencies were to be explained by the characteristics of the men and women whose blood flowed through their veins.

This idea, too, is brought out strongly in his biographical work, nowhere more strongly than in his biographies of Henry, Baird, and Langley (almost the last work he ever did) for the Smithsonian Half Century Book, and it is carefully worked out in an elaborate plan of a biography of Professor Baird, which would probably have been the next literary work he would have undertaken had his life been spared.

He was greatly interested in bibliography, his methods in this science being most exact. He published bibliographies of Spencer Fullerton Baird, Charles Girard, Philip Lutley Sclater, and had under way bibliographies of Theodore Gill and David Starr Jordan. "A gigantic work in the same line," says Dr. Gill, "had been projected by him and most of the materials were collected; it was no less than a complete bibliography of ichthyology, including the names of all the genera and species published as new. In no way may ichthyology at least more feel the loss of Goode than in the loss of the complete bibliography."

Mr. Goode was a student of the history of the scientific societies, and was himself deeply interested in their welfare. In all the Washington scientific societies he was an active member, serving as president both of the Biological Society and the Philosophical Society, before which he delivered his notable address on the history of American science. He also belonged to the Anthropological and Geographic Societies of Washington and stoutly maintained the traditions of all these. He was elected a member of the National Academy of Sciences in 1888, was for many years a member of the Association for the Advancement of Science, being elected vice-president of the Zoölogical Section last summer, a few days before his death. He was a member of the American Philosophical Society, of the American Society of Naturalists, and a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and

Sciences, and among foreign societies he had been honored by election to the Société des Amis des Sciences Naturelles de Moscou, Société Zoölogique de France, Zoölogical Society of London, and the Société Scientifique du Chile.

He seemed to regard historical and patriotic societies with an equal interest, being a member of the council of the American Historical Association and a member of the Virginia Historical Society and the Columbian Historical Society of Washington and of the newly formed Southern Historical Society. His work in connection with the hereditary and patriotic societies was so especially near to him as to demand an unusual mention. He was one of the organizers of the Sons of the American Revolution of the District of Columbia, holding the offices of vice-president general and registrar general in the national society, and at the time of his death of president in the local society. He stimulated this society to issue historical publications, and saw a number through the press himself. A society known as the Sons of the Revolution having been founded with somewhat similar aims, Mr. Goode joined this organization with the avowed purpose of bringing them together. In this society he held the office of vice-president. He was lieutenant governor of the Society of Colonial Wars of the District of Columbia. He gave constant advice to the Daughters of the American Revolution during the period of their organization, and was instrumental in having the State of Massachusetts present, as a home for the Daughters of the Revolution in Georgia, its building at the Atlanta Exposition, which was a copy of the old Craigie house in Cambridge, once occupied by Washington as his headquarters, and later the residence of Longfellow. The success of this effort gave him special pleasure, for he regarded it as one of the means for promoting friendliness between the people of New England and the people of the South.

Although these numerous duties and activities would seem to have been more than enough for any single man, Mr. Goode did not stop here. Every scientific activity of the Government had at some time or other the advantage of his wise counsel and his active coöperation. His public duties outside of the Smithsonian in connection with the Department of State, the Fish Commission, the Census, and the various expositions abroad at which he represented this Government I have already alluded to; but he

was possessed of a higher order of patriotism which even this service did not satisfy. Mr. William L. Wilson, Regent of the Smithsonian Institution, lately Postmaster General of the United States and president of Washington and Lee University, says: "He was a richly endowed man—first, with that capacity and that resistless bent toward the work in which he attained his great distinction that made it a perennial delight to him; but he was scarcely less richly endowed in his more unpretending and large human sympathies, and it was this latter endowment that distinguished him as a citizen and as a historian.

"As a citizen he was full of patriotic, American enthusiasm. He understood, as all must understand who look with seriousness upon the great problems that confront a free people and who measure the difficulties of those problems—he understood that at least one preparation for the discharge of the duties of American citizenship was the general education of the people, and so he advocated, as far as possible, bringing down to the reach of all the people, not only the opportunities, but the attractions and the incitements to intellectual living.

"Dr. Goode, with the quick and warm sympathies of the man and of the historian, seems to have felt that he could do no greater service to the people of his day and generation and to his country than in the most attractive and concrete way, if I may so express it, to lead the young men of this country to a study of the history of the past—to the deeds and the writings of the great men to whom we owe the foundation and the perpetuation of our institutions."

He was greatly interested in the establishment of a National University, and in 1891 read a paper in Philadelphia, afterwards printed in the magazine "Lend a Hand," edited by Edward Everett Hale, entitled "Washington's University the Nation's Debt of Honor." In this article he computed that the bequest of Washington to the United States for a National University would, at compound interest, amount, in 1892, to four million one hundred thousand dollars, and he proposed that the National Government should restore this sum as the nucleus of the endowment for the National University. He acted as secretary of the executive committee, of which the Chief Justice was chairman, which was laboring to this end, and spared no effort to bring it to a successful conclusion.

Another project in which he was interested and for which he labored was a movement to fully open French universities to American students. His interest was excited in this movement because he thought that American science was becoming one-sided, owing to the fact that all of the students who went abroad visited German universities. Of the American committee, which, in coöperation with the French committee, had this matter in charge, Dr. Goode was the secretary, and he had the satisfaction of seeing this project brought to a successful issue before his death.

He had a strong interest in literature, and wrote in an excellent English style—clear, direct, and unpretentious. I have never met a mind in touch with more far-away and disconnected points than his, nor one of the same breadth and variety of writing, outside of the range of his own specialty. He had fine æsthetic tastes, and derived keen enjoyment from everything that was beautiful in nature or in art. He knew all natural sights and sounds, and recognized the note of every bird. He knew good pictures and good prints, was familiar with all the processes of graphic arts, and a good judge of them, both on the technical and the artistic side. He loved a beautifully printed book and an artistic binding. All these tastes he utilized in the publications which he wrote or edited. The work which he had in hand at the time of his death and to which he devoted so much loving care, the History of the First Half Century of the Smithsonian Institution, he aimed to make the expression of all these tastes. To no writing which he ever did, did he bring a higher literary expression than to the pages which he prepared for this book. He was at infinite trouble in discussing such matters as the form of the page, the style of the type, the quality of the paper, the initial letters, the head lines and illustrations, and the binding, and when he discussed any of these points with the expert craftsmen his knowledge of the details was as full as their own.

In spite of ill health and suffering, his overwrought, nervous system and his occasional severe mental depression, he never allowed himself to take a cynical view of human nature. He was a man who loved his fellow-men, and to whom that love was repaid with a warmth to a degree rare in this day. He made all other men's concerns his own. He sent notes and suggestions to hundreds of scientific men, whose work profited thereby, and in

the large circle of friends he had, scarcely one did not at one time or other come to Mr. Goode for advice and sympathy upon his own private affairs. He was an intensely loyal American patriot, ever careful that nothing should be said or done that should in any way reflect upon his country. He was especially devoted to Virginia and never happier than when he could spend a few days on her soil, looking over a historic house or copying some of the records which he hoped to turn to advantage in his historical studies.

"He is remembered," says Dr. Dall, "as one never weary of well-doing; who reached the heights, though ever aiming higher; whose example stimulated and whose history will prove a lasting inspiration."

"As a public-spirited naturalist," says Professor Osborn, "he leaves us a tender memory and a noble example, which helps us and will help many coming men into the higher conception of duty in the service and promotion of the truth. We cannot forget his smile nor his arm passing through the arm of his friend."

I have never known a more perfectly sincere and loyal character than Dr. Goode's, or a man who, with better judgment of other men or greater ability in molding their purposes to his own, used these powers to such uniformly disinterested ends, so that he could maintain the discipline of a great establishment like the National Museum while still retaining the personal affection of every subordinate.

I have scarcely alluded to his family life, for of his home we are not to speak here, further than to say that he was eminently a domestic man, finding the highest joys that life brought him with his family and children.

He has gone; and on the road where we are all going there has not preceded us a man who lived more for others, a truer man, a more loyal friend.

CHARLES HAMMOND

AND

His Relations to Henry Clay and John Quincy Adams

OR

CONSTITUTIONAL LIMITATIONS AND THE CONTEST FOR FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND THE PRESS

An Address delivered before the Chicago Historical Society, May 20, 1884

By WM. HENRY SMITH

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TO

ROBERT CLARKE, ESQ.

AS A RECOGNITION OF HIS INTELLIGENT EFFORTS TO ENLARGE THE SCOPE OF AMERICAN HISTORY, OF HIS PATRIOTISM AS A CITIZEN, AND OF GENIAL AND MANLY TRAITS THAT ARE ADMIRED BY HIS FRIENDS.

CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

PROCEEDINGS OF A MEETING HELD MAY 20, 1884.

An adjourned quarterly meeting of the Society was held May 20, 1884. Vice President E. B. Washburne occupied the chair. From the Librarian's Report it appeared that the accessions to the Library during the quarter were 226 bound volumes and 170 unbound books and pamphlets.

Judge Mark Skinner introduced the following tribute to the memory of the late President of the Society, Hon. I. N. Arnold, which was unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, 1st, In the removal by death of the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, the Historical Society mourns the loss of one of its original founders, of one of its most active, efficient, and reliable members, and its honored and greatly respected President.

"During all the active years of a brief and well-spent life, Mr. Arnold has been a citizen of Chicago, contributing by his indefatigable industry, unimpeachable integrity, his patriotism, his public spirit, his rare abilities, his great acquirements, his spotless moral character, his high qualifications, and his instincts as a thorough gentleman, to give luster to the city, his residence, and to the generation to which he belonged.

"A successful lawyer, that stood in the front rank of his profession, a cautious, far-seeing and wise legislator, distinguishing

himself in the halls of legislation, as well national as state, a successful public speaker, and a writer of great power and widespread popularity, he has left to the generations that succeed him the legacy of a noble example and a good name; therefore,

"*Resolved*, 2nd, That the Hon. E. B. Washburne be requested to prepare and deliver before this Society, at his convenience, a memorial address commemorative of the life and character of the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold."

Mr. Washburne responded to the resolution as follows:

"I am certain that all the members of the Chicago Historical Society, and all others present, will have heard with emotion the resolution in respect to our President.

"The Society has met with a great and almost irreparable loss in the death of Mr. Arnold. Long identified with it, giving to it his attention and his services, he has done much to elevate its character and increase its usefulness. We can never forget with what courtesy and dignity he presided at our meetings. Dying, as it were, in the harness, he has left to us the recollection of an honest man, a cultivated gentleman, a good citizen, and an honored public servant. At some time in the future, the Society will pay appropriate honors to his memory."

Hon. William Bross was requested by the Society to prepare and read before it a memorial notice of the late Thomas H. Armstrong, who was for some time the Secretary and Treasurer of this Society.

Mr. E. H. Sheldon introduced the following memorial notice of the late Sir Alpheus Todd, which was unanimously adopted and ordered spread upon the records:

"Sir Alpheus Todd, late of Ottawa, Canada, was born in England in 1821, and at the age of twelve emigrated to Canada. In 1856 he became Librarian of the Legislative Assembly of Canada and held the position till the time of his death. In 1866 Mr. Todd was elected a corresponding member of this Society. He wrote several works, which were highly commended, relating to the government of Canada and England. The ability and

noble manhood exhibited in Mr. Todd's works won for him the honor of knighthood and the high esteem of those who knew him.

"As a mark of respect, this Society places his name with the honored dead upon its records."

The President appointed Messrs. E. H. Sheldon, Mark Skinner, and W. K. Ackerman a committee to draft resolutions of respect to the memory of the late Cyrus H. McCormick, an annual member of this Society.

The President then introduced Mr. Wm. Henry Smith, who read the following historical paper upon "Charles Hammond and his relations to Henry Clay and John Quincy Adams."

Upon the address being concluded, General A. L. Chetlain moved that the thanks of this Society be tendered to Mr. Smith for his excellent historical paper, and a request was made that he furnish the Society a copy for its archives. The motion was unanimously adopted and the meeting adjourned.

ALBERT D. HAGER, *Secretary.*

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHARLES HAMMOND.

In the winter of 1860–1, on the eve of the great civil war, I heard that brilliant Democratic orator, Ex-Senator Geo. E. Pugh, declare to an audience that filled the old Smith & Nixon's Hall, and embraced the intelligence and wealth of Cincinnati, that if the differences between the North and South resulted in war, the commerce of Cincinnati would be destroyed, grass would grow in her streets, and the glory of the Queen City would depart forever. The eloquent Senator doubtless expressed his honest convictions; he certainly did express the opinion of a large number of the business men of that city. Considerations of patriotism, of legal rights, and of manhood, did not enter into their thoughts. The only question was, how could the trade of the South be preserved for Cincinnati? These merchants thought most surely by asking the South to write the terms on which they would consent to remain in the Union, and continue to govern the country. They called this conservatism—a word often representing wisdom in the administration of affairs. But there is conservatism and conservatism. This of the eventful period preceding the war, was what Carlyle would have called "slothful cowardice," but what may be more accurately described

as the conservatism of cowardice—destructive of the soul.

This was but the echo of other days. The fathers of many there present had heard a similar prediction from the lips of a distinguished citizen (sometime justice of the Supreme Court, and United States Senator), if the subject of slavery were even permitted to be discussed by the press north of the Ohio river, and in this opinion there seemed to be for a season an almost universal concurrence. There was, however, one man, in that day the most eminent of the citizens of Ohio or of the West, who controverted that opinion, and who continued to discuss the subject of slavery, its relations to society and the state, despite the passionate remonstrances of friends, and in the face of mobs, with sublime courage, and a calmness and wisdom that disarmed the violent and carried conviction to thousands. This was the conservatism of life—the power of truth that ever has and ever will put the devil to flight.

The ghost of a controversy is haunting the present generation, seeking to be laid when it shall be determined who first proposed immediate emancipation. What does it matter? Gradual emancipation at one time, through restrictive measures was practicable; but the conservatism of cowardice had permitted greed and lust for power to so far override the spirit of the Constitution as to fasten the evil of slavery firmly upon the Union, so that emancipation, except by the sword, was impracticable. It has come to be fashionable to seek for heroes supposed to be, in the days when there was a shadow over the land, the sole keepers of the conscience of the Republic. Bronze monuments are

erected in memory, and verses are sung by immortal bards in honor of men (a few impracticables) who denounced the Constitution as "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell." Forgotten are the wise men, who abhorring wrong, addressed themselves to the task of securing the amelioration of slavery through practicable means under the Constitution. The venerable Franklin petitioning for the restriction of slavery at the seat of government by legal enactment; Charles Hammond, insisting that slavery should be discussed with the same freedom as any other question affecting the welfare of society; John Quincy Adams in the midst of a storm of passions asserting the right of petition; and Owen Lovejoy, defending his press with his life, are figures that stand out boldly in the history of this great moral contest, and challenge the grateful admiration of the American people. Their influence was the power that created a healthy public opinion; it was the influence of a noble manhood. Yet they did not indulge in idle denunciation. They labored to give to the people an intelligent and just appreciation of their own rights, and to establish the true relations of the states to each other under the Constitution, which they believed, as we believe to-day, was and is the most beneficent instrument of government ever devised by man. Passion may serve as a spur, but it is the judgment intrenched in conviction that endures in the hour of trial, and commands success.

Pardon this long prologue. It seemed necessary to properly introduce my subject. Perhaps it may not be unprofitable to draw the line between those who receive and those who deserve the mead of praise.

I am to speak to you to-night of the career of Charles Hammond, a famous man in his time, who conferred honor upon two professions, and left the world richer for his having lived. The American people are greatly indebted to him. As we have chiefly to do with public affairs, I shall omit details of Hammond's early life, merely remarking by way of introduction, that he was born near Baltimore, Maryland, September 19, 1779. His parents, George and Elizabeth Wells Hammond, belonged to the Episcopal Church, were well educated and noted for strong traits of character. With their help and that of a tutor in mathematics and Latin, Charles received the basis of that thorough culture which he afterwards acquired.

There are men who are superior mentally, and to whom the extrinsic aids afforded by a thorough college course do not seem to be necessary. Charles Hammond was of this class. There is little in journalistic or periodical writing equal to his for directness, simplicity, and beauty of diction; or in the productions of the Bar, in logical force and perspicuity. His printed legal arguments, we are assured by an admiring contemporary, were the pride and delight of the Bar in his day. One of these, I chanced to find among some rubbish fifteen years ago, with the title page missing, and no mark to indicate the author. It was an argument in criticism of the opinion of Chief Justice Mashall, in Wayman *v.* Southard, in 1825. So perfect was the construction, and so direct and natural the argument, that I said there were not more than two men in the United States who could have written that, and one of them was Hammond, and bore the precious

document away and had it bound with Hammond's name. Since then in letters to Henry Clay and Judge Wright, I found the authorship avowed.

"Hammond spoke at the Bar," said the venerable Thomas Ewing three or four years before his death, "Hammond spoke at the Bar as good English as Addison wrote in the Spectator." And Ex-Justice Swayne remarked to me recently that, "It was Mr. Hammond's habit to argue great questions of constitutional law in the editorial columns of the Gazette. The depth, the fine discrimination, the iron-linked logic of those disquisitions, were surpassed by nothing I heard from the first lawyers of the land while on the Supreme Bench."

Mr. Edward D. Mansfield said that he knew of no writer who could express an idea so clearly and so briefly. "He wrote the pure old English—the vernacular tongue, unmixed with French or Latin phrases or idioms, and unperverted with any scholastic logic. His language was like himself—plain, sensible, and unaffected. His force, however, lay not so much in this as in his truth, honesty, and courage, those moral qualities which made him distinguished at that day, and would distinguish him now."

The Revolutionary War left George Hammond poor, and hoping to better his condition, he removed with his family and slaves to Western Virginia, in 1785, locating near Wellsburg, in Brooke county.

Judge Cranmer, of the Wheeling Bar, says that "he was a man of education and some culture, and possessed a retentive memory and an appreciative taste. He would frequently recite whole plays of Shakespeare, and

he had committed to memory Young's Night Thoughts, and many other poems. He was a man of uncommon mental force and physical endurance. He was tall and spare; his carriage was erect and imposing. He had firm, practical judgment, uncompromising prejudices, was a thoughtful reader, and a good talker."

A picture of no common man.

Charles Hammond inclined to the printing business, but finding no encouragement in Washington, whither he had gone, he returned to the West, and in 1800 entered the law office of Philip Doddridge, a name not without honor in the Old Dominion. Hammond was admitted to practice in the state courts and the courts of the United States, in 1803. In the first year of his graduation as an attorney, he married Sarah Tillinghast, and settled in Wheeling.

Something of the intellectual grasp that so greatly distinguished Alexander Hamilton was also characteristic of the mind of Charles Hammond; not in as high degree, perhaps, but still in a high degree. Within a year after his admission to the Bar, and when only twenty-four years of age, Hammond was employed in a case arising under the excise law, and made an argument on the constitutional questions involved that attracted very wide attention. It was issued in the East and accepted by the Federalists as sound in doctrine. The editor of the United States Gazette, who printed it entire to the exclusion of much other matter, said that the importance of the questions discussed and the ability displayed were sufficient apology to his readers for giving so much space to it.

I pass directly to a celebrated case, in which Ham-

mond and Clay were pitted against each other, merely noting chronologically that it was in 1810 that Hammond removed to Ohio and settled on a farm near St. Clairsville; that a year later, he began the publication of the Ohio Federalist, which he continued until 1818; that the exigencies of the Federalist party, of which he was the leader, required him, in 1813, to stand for the State Senate, to which he was elected; that at the request of the Bar, he served as a member of the House for five years, refusing, in 1821, to spend further time; that he made a revision of the laws of Ohio, and was the author of the acts regulating the course of descents, distribution of personal estates, and chancery proceedings; and that he accepted the appointment of Reporter for the Court in Bank, and edited the first ten volumes of Ohio Reports. During all these years, he was exceedingly busy in the practice, the interests of his clients often calling him to Washington.

The melancholy failure of Mr. Madison's administration, and the financial distress logically resulting from embargoes and unsound theories inherited from the Jefferson administration, unwise relations between the national treasury and state banks and overtrading on every hand, compelled the establishment of a new United States Bank in 1816. Mr. Calhoun reported the bill, and led the debate in favor of the measure in speeches that contrast strangely with his nullifying arguments sixteen years later. Mr. Madison signed the bill with great reluctance. When in operation, the Bank established branches in different cities, and, among other places, at Cincinnati and Chillicothe, Ohio. The people of the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys were largely indebted for land, and, instead of finding relief through

these banking agencies, their embarrassments became so onerous as to lead them to cast about for some agency of relief more closely allied to their interests than the eastern corporation. They saw, or fancied they saw, the little specie in the Mississippi Valley fast disappearing over the mountains and the ruin of the business newly begun since the close of the war. Hence, the anti-bank movement in Ohio. Here, parties were changed in their relations to the institution. The Jeffersonians who had denounced the old United States Bank were the supporters of the new United States Bank, and the Federalists were the leaders in the opposition, although all parties shared in the feeling of discontent.

In 1819, Ohio passed a general act, taxing banks, individuals, and companies transacting a banking business in the state without being authorized to do so by the laws thereof, and providing that if the United States Bank should continue to transact business in the state after the 15th September ensuing, it should pay a tax of $50,000 for each branch, and made it mandatory on the Auditor of State to assess and collect the tax. Ralph Osborn was Auditor, and on the day assigned, his agent, John L. Harper, assisted by Thomas Orr, appeared at the Chillicothe Bank just as the cashier was opening the safe and forcibly took possession of $100,000 in coin and bank notes, which they bore off to Columbus and deposited with H. M. Curry, Treasurer of the State. Curry, upon retiring from office, delivered this money to his successor, Mr. Sullivan, and informed him that it was the money collected from the United States Bank. It was kept separate and apart from the State deposits, in obedience to an injunction

granted by the United States Circuit Court. These are the names that figure as appellants in the celebrated case of Osborn *v.* The Bank of the United States. There was intense excitement throughout the Union at this forcible entry of the bank by officers of the state. In view of the decision of the Supreme Court in McCulloch *v.* The State of Maryland, the bold act seemed like defiance of national authority. The Bank employed Henry Clay as attorney, and the state Charles Hammond. Harper and Orr went to jail, where they remained for many months, refusing the bail the Bank pressed upon them. Details of the legal fencing in this case would be interesting had we time. When a decision was reached in the Circuit Court, in 1821, Hammond appealed the case to the Supreme Court of the United States. Pending final hearing, there was great activity in the public prints, among legal pamphleteers. The Ohio Legislature published an appeal to the people (written by Hammond), copies of which were sent to Jefferson and Madison and drew forth guarded compliments from these retired statesmen. The Governor and General Assembly of Connecticut and the Legislatures of New Hampshire and New York had something to say upon the contest. Virginia and Georgia had cases of their own, and an effort was made to combine the influence of these with Ohio so as to make the opposition to the Bank side more formidable. Expectation in the West already contemplated a victory. Governor Brown declared that, in his opinion, the Ohio pamphlet reviewing the decision of the court in McCulloch *v.* Maryland so completely refuted the Supreme Court

that, as the judges were not deficient in intelligence, they could not fail to feel much chagrin. The management of the Bank was very exasperating. "The mammoth Bank," says Hammond to Wright, December 14, "has been taking more rash measures. It has required the poor devils at Cincinnati to renew their notes and pay the reductions and discounts at Chillicothe. They have demurred, and yesterday *precipes* came to the Clerk of the Federal Court, putting the whole debts in suit—about one hundred. Gen. Harrison's heart began to misgive him for uniting in my report to put them out of the protection of state laws. These *precipes* come opportunely to brace his resolution."

The question was, what would the great Chief Justice do? Would he permit a review of McCulloch *v.* Maryland? To solve the doubt, Hammond, in 1823, wrote an argument, which he submitted to Marshall, accompanied by a letter, in which the wishes of the anti-bank party were frankly expressed. The response is not without interest to us:

MARSHALL TO HAMMOND.

RICHMOND, *December* 28, 1823.

DEAR SIR:

I received some time past your printed argument in the case of Sullivan and others against the Bank of the United States, and, a day or two afterwards, your letter of the 4th instant which was intended to accompany it. I have read the argument with that pleasure which I always feel in reading or hearing one in which the subject is discussed with real ability, whether I concur or not in opinion with the person who makes it. This is

certainly exempt from any thing like the charge of Jacobinism or disrespect to the court, and is at the same time, I think, less vulnerable than a certain report* to which you allude, which, however, was far from being deficient in vigor.

If Judge Washington will not consent to receive it absolutely and unconditionally as an argument, it must be read over in court, and he must view it in the light of notes, and as a substitute for those which might be taken by himself.

I abstain scrupulously from all intermeddling in the election of President; but as your letter on that subject was undoubtedly intended to be seen, I have shown it to some gentlemen who will not fail to communicate its contents to others. A resolution is now before our House of Delegates recommending a congressional caucus. It may probably pass; but not without some considerable opposition. It is supported by the friends of Mr. Crawford, who undoubtedly constitute a majority of the assembly, and I believe of the state. I rather conjecture that Mr. Clay is the second man with Virginia. I, however, know too little of public opinion to say any thing about it which deserves attention. For myself I can say that I consider Mr. Clay as an enlighted statesman who has ever since his mission to Europe acted on a system which displays enlarged and liberal views; and I think him entitled to particular credit for having brought the Missouri conflict to a

* Doubtless the report to the Ohio Legislature written by Hammond.

peaceful termination. I shall be perfectly content with the choice of the nation, whoever he may be.

With great respect and esteem, I am, sir, your obedient J. MARSHALL.

This argument was finally made before the court in February, 1824. It was a master-piece. Admirable in temper, perfect in logical construction, comprehensive in its grasp of principles, original, and as a specimen of English composition, will challenge comparison with any thing emanating from the most eminent of the legal profession. Hammond's reputation was already great, but this increased it although the decision of the Supreme Court was against him. To attempt to give you a clear idea of the argument, would be to mar a work that should be considered as a whole to be enjoyed and appreciated.

Mr. Edward D. Mansfield in his Memoirs says, that Hammond in his argument advocated States Rights, an error inexcusable in so industrious a writer. Mr. Hammond was a Nationalist of the Washington school, and in this Bank case he was careful to leave no doubt of his position. He was endeavoring to ascertain the liabilities of states—their constitutional limitations, as well as to have determined the extent of the jurisdiction of the Circuit Courts. He laid down the proposition that the State of Ohio was the sole defendant in this cause, and by the eleventh amendment of the Constitution of the United States, the Circuit Court was excluded—that it was a case of original jurisdiction in which the Supreme Court alone was authorized to act. This proposition is enforced with a clearness of ex-

plication and force of reasoning that seems to leave no opening for further discussion. "The question whether the Bank of the United States," said Mr. Hammond, "as now constituted, is exempt by the Constitution of the Union from the taxing power of the state, depends upon the nature and character of the institution. If it stands upon the same foundation with the mint and post-office—if its business can justly be assimilated to the process and proceedings of the federal courts, I admit without hesitation that it is entitled to the exemption it claims. The states can not tax the offices, establishments, and operations of the national government. It is not the argument of the opinion in Maryland and McCulloch, but the premises upon which that argument is founded, that I ask the court now to re-examine and re-consider. I ask what that opinion, as I conceive, does not contain—a full, distinct, and explicit exposition and definiton of the true nature and character of the Bank."

"Whether Congress could constitutionally create a Bank, was not and ought not to have been considered an open question in 1819. It was certainly injudicious to move this question, and connect it with that of exemption from taxation by the states, when they stand wholly unconnected. The power to incorporate a Bank is one thing, the privileges with which it may be invested is another, and a very different thing. The old Bank established in 1791, preserved faithfully the character given to it by its founders; it answered all the purposes, and effected all the advantages anticipated by its friends, and terminated its existence without producing any of the mischief predicted by its enemies.

It originated, existed, and acted in the true spirit of the Constitution; and of necessity, good, and not evil was the result."

The original founders of the first Bank of the United States did not claim for it immunity from taxation, as incident to its charter. Nor did the politicians or jurists of the time consider it as entitled to any privilege of the kind. It was taxed by the State of Georgia; the tax was collected and kept. The opinion of the court in the case of *Deveaux* seemed obviously to recognize the power of taxation. It treated the Bank as a company of traders, not as a public institution.

The second Bank of the United States—the Bank of 1816—was established under different circumstances, and by different hands. It was established by those who once represented an incorporation as some "great, independent, substantial thing; as a political end of peculiar magnitude and moment." And although the attempt to fasten this character upon it, was made, for the purpose of proving it an alien to the Constitution, yet, in perfect consistency with their original opinions, they claimed for the institution in their hands, that very character, so earnestly disclaimed by the original advocates of the power to incorporate. They were not content to derive quality and capacity from their charter. They claimed political power and political exemption.

The corollary resulting from Mr. Hammond's reasoning was, that the creation of a corportion did not confer political power or political character, and that the

operations, as well as the property of the Bank, were subject to the same rule of taxation as the operations and property of other associations. The Bank, notwithstanding their charter, remained a private association, bound by a contract for a consideration paid, to perform certain employments for the government. To decide that the Bank was a public instrument standing in the same relation to the government as a public office and its incumbent, would necessarily involve the government in some strange and monstrous practices. The very fact that the stockholders paid a consideration in money for their chartered privileges, forbade attaching to their public employments the character of a public office.

"Let the doctrine be established," said he, "that the states can not tax either the institutions, or the property of the nation, and that Congress can withdraw nothing that is private from the taxing power of the states, and the division line is clearly and distinctly marked."

"It derogates nothing from the supremacy of the national government to assert that private property neither exists nor is introduced by its authority. Its objects are national, not municipal. If it creates private property by a grant of lands, its power over the land ceases when the grant is completed; its subsequent disposition and protection appertains to the states. If it grant a patent for useful inventions, it is in virtue of a specific power, and the invention when brought into use becomes subject to state legislation. So if it grant a corporate franchise to individuals to conduct a private

trade, it confers a capacity, but can not regulate the business. It may provide for the naturalization of aliens, but it can not authorize aliens to acquire or hold estates. In all these cases, the act done by the national government is supreme, so far as its power extends."

Mr. Hammond concluded as follows: "The proposition I have labored to sustain, is plain, precise, and unambiguous. It is, that whatever is private property is subject to the taxing power of the states; that whatever is private business and employment, is subject to the same power, excepting a tax on exports, imports and tonnage. This proposition is founded upon the express letter of the Constitution, and in its very terms excludes all pretension to tax the offices, institutions, or property of the national government. If this power of assessing taxes be confined to the private individual property found or employed within the territorial limits of the state, its exercise never can become repugnant to the constitutional laws of the Union. If a law of the Union be enacted, which assumes to restrain the exercise of this power upon the ground of repugnancy, such law can not be warranted by the Constitution. For the Constitution can not, at the same time, authorize an exercise of power by the states and a restraint of that power by the nation.

"This proposition, so simple in its terms, so easy to be understood, so free from all complexity or difficulty in its application, is neither denied nor admitted. But an attempt is made to escape its consequences by advancing other propositions, and deducing corrollaries, by which the question is instantly involved in confusion,

from which the most highly-gifted powers of argument have failed to extricate it.

"It has ever appeared to me that the error of the argument I have endeavored to confute, consists in two misconceptions of the case—first, in considering the Bank, as an institution of the government, of a strictly public character; and, secondly, in regarding the power of taxation claimed for the states as extending to every description of property and business, national as well as individual, public as well as private. It has been my object to remove these misconceptions and place the subject before the court in what I have considered its true light—the Bank, as an association of individuals, conducting a private trade for their own advantage and emolument; the right of taxation as extending to nothing but the property and business of private individuals. When thus considered, I have attempted to demonstrate that the power to tax is not repugnant to the power to create or preserve, and can not be drawn into collision with any legitimate power of the national government.

"I have founded no argument upon a supposed abuse of power by Congress. I have sought to reconcile no inconsistencies by '*the magic of the word* CONFIDENCE.' In governments constituted like ours, such topics of argument are, at best, of little force. If the national government may abuse power, so may the states; if the states may call for confidence, so may the national government. Where power is conferred, confidence is reposed that it will be executed for the public good. Where power is denied, the public good can not

justify an attempt to exercise it. If the Constitution leaves, in the hands of the states, power by which they may do mischief, this court can not deprive them of it. If the action of the national government be imperfect in consequence of a defect of power, this court can not help it. The Constitution itself is the rule. To that we must resort; and we must determine the extent of its provisions by the known and established maxims of interpretation. It has declared the cases in which the states shall not exercise the power of taxation. The effect of this declaration is, that they can not be restrained in the exercise of this power in any cases but those specified. Every attempt to withdraw individual property from the action of this power, in other cases, is an attempt to do that which the people in their sovereign capacity alone can do—to change the principles of the Constitution."

The point raised by Mr. Hammond as to jurisdiction moved the court to ask for a reargument, and the Bank hastened to bring in Daniel Webster and John Sergeant to assist Mr. Clay. It is not known how the court was divided originally on the question of jurisdiction, but after the reargument Justice Johnston only dissented.

"The full pressure of this argument is felt," said the great Chief Justice, "and the difficulties it presents are acknowledged. The direct interest of the state in the suit, as brought, is admitted; and had it been in the power of the Bank to make it a party, perhaps no decree ought to have been pronounced in the cause, until the state was before the court. But this was not in the power of the Bank. The eleventh amendment of the

Constitution has exempted a state from the suits of citizens of other states, or aliens; and the very difficult question is to be decided, whether in such a case the court may act upon the agents employed by the state, and on the property in their hands."

And then, before proceeding with his argument, he indulges in a patriotic exordium, which, in the light of more recent history, has a striking, a pathetic interest to us.

The great Virginian is at his best. In pertinence of illustration, in vigor and in subtlety of reasoning, perhaps no other one of his remarkable opinions surpasses this. He boldly asserts the public character of the Bank, and at a stroke evades the dilemma presented by Hammond, and rescues the opinion in the case of McCulloch *v.* Maryland, thus opening the Circuit Courts to the Bank of the United States without limitation. The patriotic impulse carried him beyond the logical line of his argument, into the realm of partisanship. The determination to strengthen the Bank by bringing to its support in all cases the protection of the Federal Courts is apparent. As a political policy, this was unwise. The anti-bank party leaders were not slow to seize upon the advantage thus given to them and to stimulate popular prejudices against the consolidation of political power with wealth. Upon this wave, Andrew Jackson and the modern Democratic party rode into power.

There is one point in that decision which has an important bearing on a question of living interest, viz: the relations of the national government to corporations. Marshall said:

"That the mere business of banking is, in its own

nature, a private business, and may be carried on by individuals or companies having no political connection with the government, is admitted; but the Bank is not such an individual or company. It was not created for its own sake, or for private purposes. *It has never been supposed that Congress could create such a corporation.*" You mark the passage. Has Congress, as this language of the greatest expounder of the Constitution implies, chartered railroad and other companies without due authority?

We have had a glimpse, and I fear a very imperfect and unsatisfactory one, of Charles Hammond as a jurist.

Before dismissing this part of our subject, it will be interesting to know something of Chief Justice Marshall's opinion of Hammond. The compliment paid in the letter I read and in the decision of the court, was repeated a few months later in a private conversation, and being free from all official formality, is more interesting to us.

Lieut. Governor Greene, of Rhode Island, relates that in 1824, after the conclusion of the great Bank case, he took a trip with Chief Justice Marshall down the Potomac, and the latter made many inquiries about Hammond. "He spoke of his remarkable acuteness and accuracy of mind, and referred with emphatic admiration to his argument before the Supreme Court in the Bank case. He said that he had met no judicial record of equal intellectual power since Lord Hardwick's time."

Governor Greene, who knew Hammond intimately during the last twenty years of his life, and himself was prominent as a lawyer, expressed the opinion pub-

licly after Hammond's decease that, "intellectually he was without a superior in our country."

"In the legal action of his mind, he was eminently self-reliant, and cared little for what is called authority, except as it agreed with his own views. In this respect, he belonged to the same class as the English Holt, Hardwick, and Mansfield, and the American Marshall, Parsons, and Webster. These men got their law from their own minds, and not mainly from books that recorded the opinions of others; in other words they made authority rather than followed it."

So much for Hammond's career at the Bar.

Personally, I have a deeper interest in him as a journalist and popular advocate of principles dear to mankind, and we shall now consider his work in this field. Charles Hammond was the most distinguished American editor of his day. In one respect, he has never been equaled. In a consistent adherence to principle, through a long series of years of professional labor. On this account quite as much as on account of great ability, is to be attributed the extent and endurance of his influence. Many a young journalist since his day has found the shadow of this traditional fame following him in all his efforts, and while crushed by the inevitable comparison he has been nerved to greater effort. Yet journalism to Hammond was an incident merely in his career. He was by intellectual endowments, education, temperament, and taste, fitted for the bar. He said that he added journalism to eke out an income sufficient for his family. It is true that until he reached the age of forty-five he was poor; but I suspect that writing was essential to his complete in-

tellectual enjoyment. He had a message to deliver to the world, if you please, an irresistible impulse to be useful to society. The newspaper was the means. Mr. Hammond was a man of strong political convictions, but a pure and lofty patriotism was the guiding principle.

George Hammond was a slaveholder, and it is believed that a repugnance to the system is what induced Charles to cross the river into Ohio, in 1810. He never failed to speak plainly of it on all appropriate occasions. A newspaper was the medium through which he could most effectually reach the public conscience. The political principles which he had espoused, were being trampled in the dust, and he seized the opportunity to enter the arena, and bid defiance to all comers. He established the *Ohio Federalist*, at St. Clairsville, and became the leader of the party in the state. The weight of his opposition was felt. Embargo laws and war with England, were themes treated by him with greater wit and sarcasm than was displayed by "A New England Farmer."

We learn something of this Federalist in the Personal Recollections which that sterling citizen, Robert Buchanan left. He says:

"My first aquaintance with Mr. Hammond was about 1813, through his paper the *Ohio Federalist*, then published at St. Clairsville. I had met with it casually, and noticing some pungent and witty articles against the war then in full blast, and Mr. Clay, who in after years was his bosom friend, I subscribed for it—weekly $3.50 per annum.

"It was against my politics, for like all boys, I

was for the present and next war, careless of consequences, and Mr. Clay, being then a strong advocate of the war in Congress, was a great favorite. But I loved fun, and in Mr. Hammond's articles that was to be found."

The publication of the *Federalist* ceased in 1818, and Hammond, with all the rest of the Federalists, was absorbed by the Republican party, under the influence of the Monroe administration. But he was no less a Washington Federalist than before, for twenty years later we find him saying: "It is, it has been my pride to follow in the paths where they (Washington, Hamilton, and Jay) led, *longum intervallum*, indeed, but with unshaken confidence and unfaltering step."

All questions of interest to the American people were discussed by him during these years of activity at the Bar, including the question of slavery. Of these, his earlier utterances, I shall make no mention, as prior to the Missouri controversy, the shadow over the Union was but as the breadth of one's hand.

He influenced the Legislature of Ohio, in 1819, to adopt his views, and to declare that the existence of slavery had ever been deemed a great moral and political evil; that its tendency was to impair our national character and materially affect our national happiness; and that inasmuch as the extension of a slave population in the United States was fraught with the most fearful consequences to the permanency and durability of our Republican institutions, therefore it should be strenuously resisted, and the Senators of that state in Congress were instructed accordingly.

Later, in his correspondence in 1820, he flamed out

against this proposed extension of slavery: "I am filled with wrath," said he to John C. Wright, "at the trick put upon the yankees in the Senate plan to bring in Maine. Let Maine go to the devil (the state, a legal entity now-a-days) rather than make a state of it in concession to the slave interest.

"The Slave States move in a compact body. Others are disturbed by constitutional scruples. I am in hopes the states where there are no slaves, can in due season find men who do not bogle upon that point. That is, in my mind, a great question, and fraught with important consequences. A new state of parties must grow out of it. Give me a Northern President, whether John Quincy Adams or DeWitt Clinton, or anybody else, rather than that things should remain as they are."

The depth of Mr. Hammond's hatred of slavery, with which he was associated in his youth, is shown in this proposition to make Mr. Adams the candidate, toward whom he felt a prejudice on account of what he believed to be his apostacy from Federalism during Mr. Jefferson's administration. He would condone this grave political sin to advance the cause of freedom.

The West resolved to stand by Mr. Clay, and under the leadership of Mr. Hammond, the contest was fought out with great vigor. His plan was to have Mr. Clay first nominated by the Legislature of Ohio, and then to combine the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Kentucky in his support. To further this plan he wrote a pamphlet as early as 1822, which was widely circulated.

In 1823, Hammond opened the campaign formally

in the Gazette, in an able discussion of men and measures which would engage the attention of the American people. He foresaw that the election would be carried into the House. The important measures, internal improvements and domestic manufactures, were to be the test of political wisdom, and govern the ultimate choice. "To make effective these principles of public policy," said Hammond, "involving the manifest interests of the nation, we want no military man at the head of our affairs, but, on the contrary, a statesman, well versed in the science of government, a man of moderation, yet firm and resolute, and possessed of a steady but pacific temperament. Such a man, if we have been rightly informed, is not General Jackson. He is impatient and impetuous, and loves the noise and din of the camp more than the peaceful labors of the cabinet."

But while thus conducting Mr. Clay's campaign—what is more correctly the Clay-Adams campaign—he did not cease to strike heavy blows at slavery. The supporters of the system had become aggressive. The success in the case of Missouri incited them to seek new territory for their property. Thus, Dr. Floyd, of Virginia, had used this language in an address to his constituents: "The grand objection to Mr. Adams is his having ceded to Spain the province of Texas, a territory which would have made two Slave-holding States, and secured to the Southern interest four Senators."

"Such language," said Mr. Hammond, "is too plain to be misapprehended, and coming from a member of Congress, discovers the views and feelings which will prevail among the slave-holding members on every im-

portant national question. A coalition, cemented by a sameness of manners, and by a mutuality of interests, will be formed, and when once it can get the predominance, will overpower and trample under foot all opposition. We can not help making the inquiry whether such views are not opposed to the prosperity and peace of the United States? And whether men who wish an extension of slavery for political purposes, are not advocating measures which lead not only to moral degradation and misery, but to great ultimate national calamities. To urge the farther extention of involuntary servitude, appears, not only morally wrong, but politically dangerous." Words of wisdom, but alas! unheeded by government or people then. In time all became conscious of their sagacity. Men individually rarely, and organized into communities never, at first choose as the Corinthian hero of old—

> "Life or death,
> But never death in life for me, O King."

The campaign which began in 1824, having for its ultimate object the possession of political power, and the distribution of the spoils, was the most remarkable in many respects in the history of our government—remarkable in its violence of conduct and abuse of men, and in the fact that a political party depended entirely upon greed, ignorance, prejudice, and passion, for success. It would have succeeded in 1824, but for a single circumstance, viz: the financial distress of the country, which compelled attention to business interests. The value of property had fallen 50 per cent in ten years. The balance of trade being largely against us, the

country was drained of its specie, and there was embarrassment in all of the centers of trade, and distress every-where. The protective policy was extorted from unwilling public men, whose favorite theory did not admit of its necessity to an agricultural and commercial people. The result was the election of Adams through the help of Clay, and the postponement of the Jackson-Democratic spoils era for four years.

During the contest, Hammond, in a pamphlet formulated the platform for the Adams-Clay party. It was *Protection to American Industry, and Internal Improvements.* What came after in Whig days, was but a repetition of this in more elaborate phrase, suited to the growing importance of Mr. Clay's American system. An attempt was made to compel Jackson to show his hand on the tariff, but that old fox was quietly making terms with Pennsylvania, before the vote of Tennessee was recorded. "How is it," wrote Hammond to Clay, "that no one speaks freely of this man? Is he not acting the part of a most contemptible seeker after popularity? Instead of being a frank, open, fearless, honest man, is he not the victim of strong passions and prejudices, violent when irresponsible, cautious when differently situated, ambitious, vain and hasty, a fit instrument for others to work upon, subject to be governed by flatterers, and still inclined to hate every man of talents who has firmness to look through him, and speak of him as he deserves? I think he is strongly endowed with these traits of character, and that if classed as a mere animal, he would be a kind of monkey-tiger. I do not know but that it would be well for such a monster to be placed in the Presidential chair for the

next term. King Snake succeeding King Log, and the citizen frogs made to scamper. I am almost sure that if I had been this winter at Washington, I should have contrived to quarrel with him. I dislike him for cause, I hate him peremptorily, and I could wish that his supporters for the presidency, one and all were snugly by themselves in some Island of Barrataria, and he be their King, provided, that they constituted the entire population. They would make a glorious terrestrial pandemonium, and as fast as they cut each other's throats the world would be rid of very troublesome politicians, and, in general, right worthless citizens." But instead of an island, we know that His Majesty, in 1829, took possession of the continent, and punished his enemies in right royal style; and that he set such an example of lust for power as to move almost the entire population of these United States to emulate it; every boy carrying pinned in his hat this legend: The highest prize is possible to every American.

But to return to Mr. Clay's campaign of 1824: During the campaign, Hammond was urged from Washington to undertake to form a union between Mr. Crawford and Mr. Clay, but he declined to be the agent. Mr. Clay, in a confidential letter from Frankfort, October 25th, said: "You treated the proposition from the friends of Mr. Crawford in regard to the Vice-Presidency, transmitted to you, with much discretion and propriety. . . . It was impossible to accede to it, and it was impracticable if it had been accepted. As for me, before I could listen to it, I must entirely change my nature and character and violate all the principles which I have made my guide during the agitation

of the Presidential question. According to these principles, I have felt it my duty to abstain from every species of compromitment; to reject every overture looking to arrangements or compromises; and to preserve my perfect freedom of action, whether I am elected or not.

. . . "Of one thing you and the rest of my friends may be perfectly assured, that if I am elected, I shall enter upon the office without one solitary promise or pledge to any man to redeem; and if I am not elected, I will at least preserve unsullied that public integrity and those principles which my friends have supposed me to possess.

"What course my friends may take, what it may be proper for me to pursue in the event of my not entering the House of Representatives, I have not yet determined. I have indeed purposely postponed the consideration of that question, partly from a hope that it may not be necessary to decide it, and partly from the embarrassments incident to it.

"There are strong objections to each of the three gentlemen from among whom we may have to make a selection. How can we get over in regard to Mr. Crawford:

"1. The caucus nomination by a *minority*.

"2. The state of his health.

"3. The principles of administration which there is reason to fear will be adopted by him from his position and his Southern support?"

Mr. Clay had sanguine expectations of the West. He said he might lose one vote in Illinois, but the rest would undoubtedly stand by him. If New York

should vote for either Mr. Adams or Mr. Crawford he did not despair of Virginia.

This letter has a historic value, as we shall see later when we come to consider the charges of bargain and sale.

As to what should be Mr. Clay's policy if defeated, Mr. Hammond advised that he should retain the office of Speaker of the House, as in no subordinate position could he be so useful. It was the chiefest blunder of his career that Mr. Clay failed to heed this advice of his friend. But ambition knows no halting place short of the possession of power. If it can not possess the throne, it must possess the power behind the throne. The office of Secretary of State was supposed to be the place of power. From that office, Presidents had stepped into the White House for a quarter of a century.

The Jackson leaders were determined that Mr. Clay should not take that step. When they failed to make a bargain—for a bargain they attempted—with Clay, they opened a war of slander—slander the most vile that disappointment could invent. They charged bargain and sale against Adams and Clay, and invented testimony to sustain the charge. Out of their own evil hearts, they judged these two. There is abundant evidence accessible now to prove this. Mr. Clay, justly indignant at the personal assaults, unwisely took notice of his detractors, and in a public card denounced the Pennsylvanian who circulated the slander as "an infamous caluminator, a dastard, and liar." Very true words, but Mr. Clay should have been superior to their utterance. Hammond saw the mistake. To a

correspondent, he wrote under date of February 10th: "I am concerned at Clay's card. He is out of temper. He calls hard names. He lets himself down to the level of Printers' Devils, which things ought not to be. But we are not all wise at all times. There are some poor devils in the Pennsylvania delegation who are beneath his level, and his publication will not bring them out—and if it does, where's the honor? and if it does not, who is disgraced? I regret the publication, and have no more to say."

When Clay's nomination came before the Senate for confirmation, Branch, of North Carolina, made a violent speech against it; and all of the Jackson men, and some of Crawford's friends, voted against confirmation. Revenge did not control all, as we learn from a letter from General Harrison to Hammond, dated March 9th, 1825, that "Mason told Rowan and myself yesterday that his vote against Clay was not on account of his conduct on the election of President, but for his construction of the Constitution, I suppose, in relation to internal improvements."

You have in this the real reason for the alliance between Adams and Clay: it was one of principle. They both favored protection to American industry and governmental aid to internal improvements. It was on that platform that the campaign was conducted by the friends of Mr. Clay, as we have seen; and Mr. Adams was the only one of the three entering the House who sympathized with this policy. For Mr. Clay to have cast his vote for either Crawford or Jackson would have been to sacrifice his principles and his friends. We have seen what he said in his letter to Hammond about the ex-

treme Southern views of Crawford which he could not approve. Not only did this objection lie against Jackson, but there was also a personal antagonism of long standing. Why did not intelligent men accept these rational and natural reasons for Mr. Clay's course? Because party necessity required a campaign of detraction and misrepresentation to render nugatory the measures of the new administration, so strong in capacity, and the elements of usefulness.

Hammond struck such vigorous blows upon the enemy as to receive compliments from Peter Force and a warm letter of thanks from Clay.

The campaign of slander was prosecuted with constantly augmenting violence during the Adams administration. The conspirators had succeeded so well in poisoning the public mind by 1826 as to foreshadow their success in 1828. The opposition was consolidated. "There is a terrible feeling of rancor," wrote Hammond, "infused into the public mind against Clay. The union of Crawford, Calhoun, Jackson, and Clinton to attack him is rather unexpected. They have at least that point of cohesion—deadly enmity—which their united strength can alone gratify. It is perhaps as strong as any other—at least, for the purpose of destruction."

During the contest the Crawford business was brought forward to prove Clay's corruption. As Hammond represented Clay, upon receipt of a letter from his friend, he came forward with a clear, manly statement addressed to Gales and Seaton, but it was refused admittance to the columns of the Intelligencer. If a newspaper of to-day were to refuse such an act of

justice towards a man of Mr. Clay's prominence, it would dig its own grave.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, whom it would be charity to suppose mad, was put forward to lead the opposition in Congress. The speeches on the Panama Mission were designed to consolidate the slaveholders against the administration. The shocking blackguardism which characterizes them, was merely incidental. "I should suppose," said Hammond, "that the cloven foot of negro slavery and Southern dominancy is so manifest in the votes connected with Randolph's speeches, that some of our free state Jacksonians must open their eyes." He improved the opportunity to discuss the question of slavery in a series of brilliant editorials in the Gazette, which created a profound impression. His argument hewed to the constitutional line, and the rights of all under the fundamental law were clearly defined. To Hayne's appeal to the House, "Let us then cease to talk of slavery; let us cease to negotiate upon any subject connected with it," Hammond replied, pointing out the absurdity of such a proposition, which was made within three years of the adoption of a resolution requesting the President to prosecute negotiations with the maritime powers for the effectual abolition of the slave trade. Hammond's argument was on the clauses of the Constitution bearing on slavery, apportionment, representation, the protection of states against domestic violence, etc.

The power to regulate commerce among the several states, is given to Congress. Traffic in slaves was one species of commerce, and was therefore subject to the regulations of the national government. The power of

prohibiting this commerce altogether, and to confine the slaves to their habitations in the slave states, was necessarily involved in this provision. The right to property in slaves, he said, could not be questioned by the Federal Government, or by any state beyond its own territory. But in every thing else, slaves and slavery, like other persons, property, and things, were subjects, and proper subjects of legislation and negotiations, not to be slightly interfered with, but when a proper case should arise, to be acted upon calmly, decisively, and fearlessly, regardless of the blustering of interested denunciation. "*Fiat justitia, ruat coelum.*"

Randolph, he styled the Senatorial Thersites, and proved that he filched from Burke in the oratory which the faithful deemed matchless. With the skill of a master in Hudabrastic work, he drew from the Iliad a striking portrait of the man of Roanoke, whose sharp voice pierced the ears of his auditor in shrillest tone.

> "Loquacious, loud and turbulent of tongue:
> Awed by no shame by no respect controlled;
> In scandal busy, in reproach bold;
> Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim;
> But chief he gloried with licentious style,
> To lash the great, and statesmen to revile.
> His figure such as might his soul proclaim.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Spleen to mankind his envious soul possest,
> And much hated all, but most the best."

One fact will explain the anomalous condition of things during these days of party strife. Mr. Adams's Postmaster-General was a Jackson man, and participated in the warfare upon the President and his Secretary of

State. Such a lack of the sense of honor in a man who afterwards held a position on the Supreme Bench, and aspired to the highest place seems almost inexplicable. His own correspondence which I have seen, makes it a clear case of disingenuousness. In a letter, April 19, 1826, from Mr. Clay to Mr. Hammond, I find the following statement:

"As to the association of our names, I have seen nothing to wound me. I am provoked with a little article smuggled into the National Intelligencer under the editorial head (I understand by the Postmaster-General) casting an indecent reflection on you, as the assumed author of a certain letter."

And then he refers to a delicate subject I suspect much nearer his heart:

"The Panama articles in the Liberty Hall are able and highly useful. The remarks on slavery are fully justified by the course of Mr. Randolph, etc., still it is a subject on which there should be mutual forbearance, and perhaps most on the side of the non-slaveholding states, as the stronger, safer, and happier party." Thirteen years later, when Henry Clay himself was constrained to appear in the Senate as the defender of the institution of Slavery, Hammond reminded him of this letter approving his editorial on the Panama Mission, which was written when he was in the vigor of a noble manhood.

I must pass by Mr. Clay's affair of honor with Randolph, and his correspondence with Hammond in which much interesting history of a personal character is to be found. Clay said that he was compelled to send the challenge; that he rejoiced that no injury had happened to Randolph; and that he regretted only

that the religious and moral part of the community would feel offended. Submission longer on his part would have rendered existence intolerable.

The din of personal warfare did not prevent the friends from indulging in much pleasant confidential correspondence on the political outlook. Clay was disappointed in the result of the Illinois election, but his optimistic mind drew comfort and hope from Maryland, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. "*Fas est doceri ab hoste*"—it is proper to take counsel from one's enemy—wrote Hammond, and he expressed the hope that Mr. Adams would disappoint Tazewell & Co., by leaving no vulnerable point of attack in his message. The message is to Hammond's taste, brief, statemanlike, and written in a style that may very well serve as a model to Presidents.

These days of hope and sunshine are but for a season. The war of detraction, of villiany, goes on more vigorously than ever. In a little over a year the political sky is overcast with thunderous clouds. Hammond instituted a libel suit in his own defense, and advised Clay "to accept the defiance of his enemies and ask of the House an investigation of the charges against him."

Clay lost the control of his own state, and in despair Hammond gave him up for 1828. He suggested that it might be well to hint to Virginia to break down the new Democracy by bringing father Monroe once more to the front. But it was decided all round that Mr. Adams should be supported as against Jackson. This decision was reached with great reluctance. Why? The answer will be found to be instructive to us. The administration of Mr. Adams must stand in our history

as one of the purest and ablest since the foundation of the government. It was devoted to the fostering of the industrial interests and the direction of public affairs on strict business principles. It stands out as the one non-partisan administration. It had not a trace of color in it. And here was the trouble. There was nothing for the boys to rally round. The business people, generally, were for the re-election of Mr. Adams. He had influenced the adoption of wise financial and commercial measures, and the golden music of a sound currency was heard in the land once more. But there was nothing for ambition to lay hold of. Nobody was turned out of office except for cause, and death seldom entered the Federal temples. Hammond had to protest most vigorously against the threatened appointment of John McLean (the Jackson Postmaster-General) to fill a vacancy in the Circuit Court. He said to his friend, "I shall consider the appointment of McLean as an indiscretion, evincing such incorrect views, or such incapacity of judgment as makes it clear that the administration can not sustain itself. No administration ever did, no one ever can succeed, that proceeds upon the ground of conciliating open or covert hostility. Such conduct is the result of fear, of a total want of confidence in themselves and their supporters; it necessarily intimidates friends, as it certainly stimulates and encourages opposition."

Mr. Adams was charged with being imprudent in his communications which reached the public. Thus on the *ebony and topaz* business, Hammond pours out his feelings to Mr. Clay:

"I wish Mr. Adams's *ebony and topaz* were submerged

in the deepest profound of the bathos. You great men have no privilege to commit blunders. You belong to others whom you can not always consult, and whom it is not always safe to confide in. I had said to myself, Mr. Adams wrote for Walsh the article on the Colonial trade, and I am resolved to have him in high estimation, and here comes this (I have no name for it) to mar all my resolutions. Is there no hope for Walsh? I wish he were pleased or would go over to the enemy."

The whole business lacked the spirit and passion of party. Yet let it not be supposed that the evil of office-seeking had yet tempted any to attempt a departure from the methods of a constitutional civil service. Hammond, on behalf of the good citizens of Ohio, expressed their preference for the appointment of a competent and reputable man for district attorney, and suggested the propriety of the Representatives joining in the recommendation. There was no soliciting from a Senatorial Boss—a Boss Roscoe, Boss Don, or Boss Jack, for the Senate then considered nominations to office, sitting as a court, and had not usurped the function of appointment conferred by the Constitution upon the President. The necessities of the bosses have worked a revolutionary change in the fundamental law which originally contemplated the dignity of the executive and the rights of the people. Now the power and the dignity and the rights are all embraced in the Senatorial office.

We have reached the last Presidential contest between Adams and Jackson. The scheme of opposition which had been formed originally had been pursued with hard persistence for three years—three years of falsehood,

blackguardism, and violence, as well as of idiotic adulation of a man possessed of some good, and many bad traits, but who had had the fortune to defend New Orleans and defeat the British. Around him gathered the corrupt and vicious, and waged a war of defamation against upright statesmen. Jackson was herein the leader, as he was in all movements with which he was connected. He shrewdly understood the advantage of constantly pressing his enemy. "Say what you will," wrote Hammond, "these Jacksonians are excellent politicians." And so they were, if the word "excellent," may be interpretated to mean shrewd, cunning, false, and malicious.

"I assert," said McDuffie, "and am willing to stake my humble stock of reputation upon the truth of the assertion, that the circumstances of the extraordinary coalition between Adams and Clay, furnish as strong evidence of an abandonment of political principle on the part of Mr. Clay, and of a corrupt political bargain betweeen him and Mr. Adams, as is ordinarily required to establish the guilt of those who are charged in a Court of Quarter Sessions with the common crimes known to the law."

This published in the Heroite prints, and in the Jacobin Clubs, and reiterated in every gin shop, made a great impression on the people. Against it only the simple facts could be related. But

"Truth lies entrapped where cunning finds no bar."

There was one friend of the administration who had the courage to face this clamorous horde and assail their leader single handed. In November, 1827, Hammond wrote Mr. Clay:

"I send you the prospectus of a new work, intended to be conducted with spirit, and calculated to travel into all the by-ways of politics. It will be adapted to the meridian of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and not unsuited to Pennsylvania. If the press can effect any thing we are determined to do what we can in that way."

The title of this unique campaign paper was "Truth's Advocate," which Hammond edited in addition to his practice at the Bar and work on the Gazette. It was an extraordinary paper. "It was terribly severe on Jackson," says Mr. Mansfield, in his Memoirs, "chiefly because it was truth that it stated and proved. But of what value is truth when opposed to human passions?" The historical articles on Jackson's military career, his arbitrary conduct, despotic character, and illegal marriage provoked Jackson to retaliatory measures. He threatened to challenge Clay and force a duel. This phase will be explained by the following letters:

CLAY TO HAMMOND.

WASHINGTON, *December* 23, 1826.

(Confidential.)

DEAR SIR:

I had a curious call the day before yesterday from Major Eaton. He came at the instance of General Jackson to inform me that the General had received a letter from some person in Kentucky (whose name was not given), communicating to him that you had, during your visit to Kentucky, last summer, obtained from *me* papers which I had collected for the purpose of an attack on Mrs. Jackson which you were preparing; and

to inquire if I had furnished any such papers. As there was not a particle of truth in the communication which had been made to the General, I, of course, contradicted it, adding what is perfectly true that I had never seen the papers relating to the transaction referred to, nor did I know that you had on your above-mentioned visit procured any such papers. I stated that I saw you in Lexington a day or two, and that I understood when you left it you passed by Paris to visit Judge Trimble on your return home.

I have now no recollection that the case of Mrs. Jackson formed any topic of conversation between us when you were in Lexington. I do recollect that you mentioned something about a suit in chancery concerning the purchase of the press in Lexington, and that you had obtained a copy of the bill, etc.

The session so far remains calm. In what quarter the storm of opposition will burst forth can only now be a matter of conjecture. I think it will be the British colonial question, on what, if I am not greatly deceived, you will agree with me in thinking that the administration stands on perfectly impregnable ground.

The subject of the Vice-Presidency begins to engage conversation. My name, I find, is spoken of by some.

I confess my judgment leans against its use. What is your opinion?

I am yours with great regard.

HAMMOND TO EATON.

CINCINNATI, *January* 3, 1827.

SIR:

I am advised information has been communicated to General Jackson that Mr. Clay had furnished me with certain documents in relation to Mrs. Jackson, upon which I was preparing an attack on her. I deem it an act of justice to say to you that this information is wholly incorrect. I never received from Mr. Clay any paper or document upon that subject; it was never but once a subject of conversation between us. According to my present recollection, from my earliest knowledge of General Jackson's character, I had heard exception taken to the manner in which his connubial relation was commenced. I had heard various stories with respect to it. At Columbus, in the summer of 1824, I enquired of Mr. Clay what was the true state of facts. He stated that he knew nothing but by report. The relation he gave was palliatory, and he expressed his opinion that the subject ought not to be brought before the public. I mentioned this conversation to Colonel Andrew Mack, of this city, on our return from Columbus, who is now and was then a warm supporter of General Jackson for the Presidency, and he expressed himself entirely satisfied with the conduct of Mr. Clay.

It has been for some time my opinion that this matter should be investigated, and I set on foot an inquiry to obtain the information that would enable me to decide, for myself, at least, how far the public were interested in it. From Mr. Edward Day, a traveling collector for merchants of Baltimore, I obtained reference

to the petition of Roberts for a divorce, addressed to the Virginia Legislature in 1790; the act that was passed by that body December 20th of the same year, and the judicial proceedings founded upon it, in Mercer county, Kentucky. What use I shall make of these documents, and the facts connected with them, must depend upon future events. I meditate no attack upon Mrs. Jackson. I do not view the character of the General in a light so favorable as you and many others do; and I propose to use this affair in no other manner than to elucidate my estimate of that character. I wish to shun no proper responsibility, and should I make any publication, it will be accompanied with my name.

This letter is addressed to you in a spirit of frankness to prevent any misconception of my intention, and any mistake as to the channels through which I derived my information.

Respectfully yours, etc.,

(To John H. Eaton, Esq.) C. HAMMOND.

One purpose Hammond had in view in reciting the story of the Hero's life, was accomplished: Jackson drew off his dogs for a time and the administration had a few weeks of peace.

A glance at "Truth's Advocate" may not prove unacceptable. Besides the telling exposition of Jackson's career of blood and violence, there are thoughtful and able discussions of public affairs, and the qualifications requisite in an administrator of civil government, and many flashes of wit and humor interspersed. Among the lighter papers, a drama in five acts, entitled "The Hero of two Wars," well pays a reading. The verse

is much above the average of such productions, the wit is capital, and the political characterizations accurate. The characters are Hero, Lady Hero, Antiquary (Caleb Atwater), Toady (Lee), Director (Van Buren), Outcast (Aaron Burr), Cypher, Orator Puff, citizens, messengers, and ghosts, the latter seven in number, representing the shades of the seven, including Harris, the Baptist preacher, whose violent deaths Jackson was responsible for. The drama opens—scene, an inn at the capitol—with Hero soliloquizing and plotting for the overthrow of Adams and Clay:

> *Hero:* Kremer, importing charge of vile intrigue,
> Corruption, management, and base design,
> Against the opposers of my great intent,
> Has laid the corner-stone on which I'll build
> The glorious edifice of future fame.
> Born in the tempest of tumultuous war,
> I relish not this "piping times of peace;"
> Hero must be foremost or be nothing,
> Sink to oblivion, and be known no more,
> "Or mount the whirlwind and direct the storm."
> Propitious now the season to begin,
> I'll fan the spark of slander's fiery brand,
> Until I'll wrap the nation in a flame
> That shall consume my foes, though they were pure
> As min'st'ring angels from the realms of light.
> * * * * * *
> The disaffected first I'll conjure up.
> Mischief! how apt a counsellor art thou,
> For now thou dost remind me of a wretch
> Whom once his country at her bar arraigned
> For deep conspiracy against the state.
> And though he 'scaped the meshes of the law,
> Yet dark suspicion fastened on his name,
> For which he bears that country deadly hate.

This person, of course, is Burr, to whom the Hero writes and dispatches the letter by a messenger, and then adds:

He wants no prompter
But his strong revenge—no spur to action,
But his, and kindred spirits aggrandisement.
Thus will I start the quarry, and the pack
Of hungry office-hunters will join in,
And raise the general clamor of the chase.

The portrait of Van Buren and his attempt to overreach Aaron Burr, is a clever piece of work. I can read but two or three passages:

Van Buren is introduced as Director. He is not prepared to trust the Hero, without further information as to his faithfulness to political pledges. If this is favorable, he resolves to accept the trust and become Hero's manager. He decides to go and consult Outcast (Burr).

He knows this chieftain well—has fully proved him;
His nerves, his faith, his mighty master passion,
Have all been probed; their deep and secret working
Drawn to the surface, and made bare before him.
The times are in conjunction too, with Outcast;
His friends are in repute, and he looks upward:
A second Marius from the dust of Afric,
Rising to wreak his vengeance on his country,
And die with gloating joy, a bloody dotard.
His hopes are in full action, and awake him
To old ambitions and deep smothered vengeance.
'Tis long since he were soothed with courtier-language,
'Twill steal upon his soul, as I shall use it—
Oh thou! the subtle genius, by whose aid
I have threaded the dark maze of policy,

In all its crooked windings, and have reached
The lofty pinnacle on which I stand!
Inspire me now with Machiavelian skill;
Grant that the bland, insinuating smile
In all its softest tints may rest upon me;
Let every look evince sincerity,
And every motive seem as undisguised
As maiden's blushes at a tale of love.
Give me the eye of Argus: let me hear
As with a thousand ears: let nought escape me,
For now the crisis of my fate approaches,
I rise to power, or fall to rise no more.

Scene shifts again, a parlor in which is Outcast seated. Cypher enters and informs him that Director seeks a private interview.

Outcast.—With me, and does not name the object of it?
Cypher.—He does so; and he says he has good reasons,
Which, when disclosed, you will appreciate.
He speaks you fairly, as it is his wont,
When he would serve himself by others' aid.
Matters of high import, of deep concernment,
To you, your friends; thus he speaks:
Smiles graciously, and grasps the yielding palm,
Presses it softly, looking wondrous things.

Outcast knows his man and reads him unerringly. He resolves to expose him and teach him a lesson in the art of the crafty politician. He consents to see Director, and appoints an hour and place of meeting. He sends word to his associates to meet him at the appointed place, where they lie concealed, and appear at a given signal to the confusion of Director.

Last scene.—A chamber dimly lighted. I wish I could give you this scene entire. As a subtle piece of

wit and character delineating, it is well worth reading. The old politician outshines the new in blandishments, and outwits him in craft. At a signal his witnesses appear, but the Director, although knowing that he is caught, preserves a calm exterior. He greets the friends cordially as compatriots banded in the common cause.

> "Give me your hands; I hope to know you better.
> The fiat shall go forth. The mouthing herd,
> The hurrah boys, can not be safely trusted.
> Power must be wrested from them, and confided
> To our kindred spirits who will wield it,
> To place our chieftain in the highest seat.
> Success is never treason. My humble board,
> My services are all at your command;
> Time moves apace. My honored friends, adieu."
> (*Exit Director, smiling and bowing gracefully.*)
> *Outcast.*—And this man passes for a deep intriguer!
> The times indeed are altered. Can it be
> The great Magician,* my once hated rival,
> Was duped by such a caitiff?
> *Cypher*—Nothing more certain; but his powers were sinking,
> And death removed him from the humiliation,
> As in compassion of his former greatness.
> *Toady.*—'T is useless to disparage the Director.
> Say what you may, he's a well spoken man,
> A polished gentleman—his easy manner,
> His sweet insinuating smile, his bow,
> The pressure of his hand, his every motion,
> Steal on the good opinion of his friends—
> He's almost Hero's equal in the graces.

The reflections of Outcast need not be rehearsed. He is sure of outwitting the Director in case of Hero's

* Alexander Hamilton.

election. When, he exclaims, was a southern nabob ruled by Low Dutch cunning!

Towards the close of Mr. Adams' administration, the President tendered to Clay a position on the Supreme Bench—a fact communicated to Hammond in one of those confidential letters Mr. Clay was wont to write to him. Later, this appointment was tendered to Mr. Hammond, and was declined. In my opinion it was declined because the place had first been offered to another. Hammond knew that he was better fitted for a judicial position than Clay, and he knew, too, that his great services merited high recognition. I know the friends of Hammond assign another reason, but the correspondence to which I have referred to-night, and human nature confirm my opinion. It is true Hammond refused all political honors, but the Bench was his place, and there his great talents would have shown brilliantly. In 1829, the correspondence between Clay and Hammond ceased, and was not renewed until 1832, after the nomination at Baltimore. During this and the following year, the great editor with characteristic independence, wrote a series of articles to show that the strength of Jacksonism was so great, a new policy should be adopted, and the old leaders retired. This gave offense to Clay. In 1832, Hammond wrote Clay a manly letter vindicating his independence. One passage is worth our attention: "My life," wrote he, "has been devoted to politics rather as a master passion, than from any yearning of the most honorable ambition. I have never wished or sought public employment, either for the pecuniary reward, or that of distinction. Though always an ardent actor, I felt myself a disinter-

ested one, and have therefore (not very modestly perhaps) claimed to be a more impartial judge of surrounding prospects than others of equal experience."

Mr. Hammond had found a new favorite, and one with tastes in harmony with his own. "I am much gratified to mark how rapidly Mr. Webster is growing in public estimation. That such a man acquires a permanent popularity, as he becomes better known, is highly creditable to the good sense of the community. In my view it is a redeeming trait in the character of a people sufficient to atone for very many aberrations." This was in 1826. Later, he submitted to Mr. Webster, a plan for the reorganization of the courts.

Hammond had formed a much higher opinion of Mr. Adams, whose motives in political action he had come to understand better. I am tempted to read to you a letter from Mr. Adams after he had retired from office, but our brief time will not admit of it.

The history of the effort to crush out the freedom of speech and the press in America in the interest of the slave-holders of the Southern States, is full of exciting interest and deep humiliation. You are familiar with the Virginia Bill of rights drawn by George Mason, and the fact of the opposition to the adoption of the Federal Constitution by Southern Statesmen, because a similar clause had not been incorporated in that instrument. Either these distinguished gentlemen were mere theorists or their successors were degenerate in a love of liberty. Most conspicuous in the Virginia Constitution during these years whose events we are considering, was this clause:

"The freedom of the press is one of the great bul-

warks of liberty, and can never be restrained but by despotic governments."

We have seen that Charles Hammond freely discussed the slavery question in its relations to government and society for years, while being a leader of his party and intimately associated with Mr. Clay. The influence of his pen was widely felt. We have seen how Hayne, White, and others, demanded that all discussions, and all negotations affecting slavery, should cease. In time other men came to the front, who were not content to abide by constitutional rights, or rely on a firm assertion of the same, but who, holding that slavery was a sin, proclaimed a crusade against the Constitution itself. The combined commercial and political power of the South was exerted, after 1830, to crush out agitation with remarkable vigor. The general acquiescence on the part of the North was no less remarkable. The moral degradation, and the subserviency to party must have been great when a President could recommend in an annual message, the exclusion from the mails of anti-slavery literaature; and when his Postmaster-General openly encouraged the rifling of the public mail. And yet these things were done under the administration of Andrew Jackson.

The logical result of all this was a resort to mob violence, and the attempted forcible suppression of the freedom of speech. Hammond continues his manly assertion of constitutional rights, and in this way is surely quickening the conscience, self-respect, and manhood of the North which in time shall be overwhelming. His soul is moved as never before. He strikes ponderous blows. He is indignant at the subserviency of the

North. The radiant humor that has heretofore characterized his editorials, gives place to sarcasm and fierce denunciation. The Methodist General Conference of the West met and resolved that the church was opposed to modern abolitionism, and disclaimed any purpose to interfere between master and slave. Hammond's comment was brief but effective: "What strange revolutions of feelings and sentiment are produced in which just principles bear no part! If, at the General Conference of 1828, it could have been suggested that such a proceeding could have been had at the General Conference of 1836, every member would have indignantly exclaimed: 'Are we dogs that we should do this thing?'"

To those who demanded that agitation should cease because slavery was recognized in the Constitution, he replied with crushing force: "It is said the Constitution has secured slave property, and now none should argue against it. Yes, the Constitution has secured it, and how? By never naming it. By a kind of shamefaced endurance of it! But the Constitution has secured freedom of speech by a broad, strong, explicit declaration, and now collision has arisen between that which is barely tolerated as an admitted curse, and that which is asserted as an essential good, viz.: 'Freedom of speech and of the press.'"

James G. Birney, Gamaliel Bailey, Dr. Colby, and others, had established a press in Cincinnati, under the direction of the Anti-Slavery Society of Ohio. The Philanthropist newspaper had Achiles Pugh for printer and publisher. These are familiar names. In the summer of 1836, there was an active agitation in the com-

munity against the publication of this paper, which culminated in a citizens' meeting in Lower Market, and the appointment of a committee to endeavor to secure its suppression by peaceful means. On that committee were such distinguished citizens as Judge Jacob Burnet, Nicholas Longworth, Morgan Neville, John C. Wright, Wm. Greene, David T. Disney, Robert Buchanan, and John P. Foote. These gentlemen represented to Mr. Birney and his associates that the publication of the Philanthropist would drive away the Southern trade, and ruin the property interests of the city, and begged them to desist. This being refused, a mob under the direction of the mayor, took possession of the city for two days and nights, destroyed the presses and office of Mr. Pugh, destroyed the residences of several inoffensive colored people, and established a reign of terror. During the progress of the storm, Mr. Hammond called a few citizens together at the Gazette office, and arranged for a public meeting at the court-house of the friends of law and order and the Constitution. The call bears the names of forty well known citizens, including Charles Hammond, W. D. Gallagher, and Salmon P. Chase, the latter a young man then preparing for the great part he was afterwards to take in public affairs. When these law and order citizens and friends of the Constitution went to the court-house, they found a meeting already organized in the interest of the other side. The only way to reach the public was through the columns of the Gazette. Mr. Hammond made a public statement, and in it included what he had prepared for adoption at the meeting.

The spirit of it will be understood from the following paragraph:

"We regard slavery as a domestic institution of the states in which it exists, with which the other states have no right to interfere. But while we respect the rights of our fellow-citizens of the slave-holding states, and would, by no means, break through or suffer any others to break through the sacred barriers of the law for the purpose of invading those rights; we also respect the rights of our fellow-citizens of the non-slave-holding states, and will never suffer the law and Constitution to be trampled in the dust for the purpose of destroying those rights. Among these rights—and of all the dearest, because it is the bulwark of all the rest, is the right of FREE DISCUSSION—the right of every citizen to write, speak, and print upon every subject as he may think proper, being responsible to the laws and the laws ONLY, for the abuse of that liberty. If this right shall perish through the violence of a mob, the grave that entombs it must be the sepulchre of American freedom. True-hearted Americans, therefore, must defend this right at all times, in all places, under all circumstances, by whomsoever assailed. When this right is abused, the remedy is at hand. The courts are open. If the existing laws do not provide an efficient remedy, let new laws, adapted to the object, be enacted. The annual sessions of our Legislature are held for that purpose. But let not the hand of violence be raised against the exercise of this precious right. However obnoxious the exercise may be, let the right itself be acknowledged and respected. Let us not for the sake of removing

some unsightly blemish, pull out the very corner-stone of the great temple of constitutional liberty."

Hammond's calm statement exasperated the desperate men in control of the city. They sent bullies to attack him and threaten his life, and mobs with tar and feathers to terrify him, but these he faced with splendid courage, and single and alone drove them before him—the cowardly scullions! A night raid on the Gazette office was organized, but the sight of that brave man scattered the mob.

The successive issues of the Gazette for several days had no editorial comments, but instead, contained that chapter from Job, in which the just man says:

"Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, 'there is a man child conceived.'"

Passages from the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Ordinance of 1787, bearing on the freedom of speech and the press. A contemporary, an eloquent divine, says that the citizens concerned in the disgraceful events I have described, afterwards attempted to destroy the records of their shame, and that the Gazette for July 24, 1836, was removed from the library files. After the civil war had destroyed slavery, he referred to Hammond's work in these words: "Since now no wind on this mighty continent bears on its wings the sigh of a slave, or will bear one forever, let Charles Hammond's biography be written. Let our children's children declaim his sentences. Let their prize orations paint him at that darkest hour of the Republic, far darker than the darkest battle-day of the war, standing here at the commercial head-quarters

of slavery, and standing alone against the brutal terrors of mobs by which many fell; against aristocratic threats and hatred; against children weeping and entreating; against the diabolical ferocities of caste; against the fulminations of the sanhedrims of Protestantism; against mercantile avarice and greed; against all his political enemies and associates; yet standing at the wheel when all the timbers below him were cracking and giving way; the fragments of three abolition presses broken by mobs lying round his feet; driven back, absolutely pushed out of his own editorial chair, retreating behind the Bible, the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, and by the sole force of his integrity and truth, filling the assailants of freedom and justice with such terror, as to drive them to seek the shelter of oblivion, by destroying the records of that day."

Mobs at Alton, mobs at Boston, and mobs at Philadelphia, are also notable events. But these are chiefly exhibitions of passion aroused by prejudice and ignorance. Far different were the scenes enacted in Congress during this, the midnight of the American dark age. In the House of Representatives, surrounded by men whose faces indicated fierce passions and intense hate, there stood a man day after day, and week after week, defending and upholding the Constitution, asserting the right of petition, and the freedom of debate—to my eyes the noblest figure ever seen in the American Congress, and one of the noblest and grandest ever seen in parliament of men in any country—this Old Man Eloquent, then and there in the nineteenth century, representing the conscience and manhood yet alive in the nation. As for myself, I can not think of this struggle for constitutional princi-

ples without emotion, and a feeling of thankfulness that, under divine Providence, America was then blessed with men of courage and wisdom and patriotism like John Quincy Adams and Charles Hammond. I can not look upon the cramped handwriting of these letters which tell the story of the struggle for freedom, without a feeling of reverence for this the noblest of all the Adamses. He was the superior man contending for righteousness in the midst of "the thieves of virtue." Possessing that sublime courage, unerring vision, and largeness of soul, that distinguishes the man of action from his fellows. It is profitable to dwell on this scene. A man who has enjoyed the highest honors, possessed of wealth, and invited to the comforts of leisure, filling a lower station, surrounded by warring elements, and of these, he only comprehending the danger to the Republic. Will he to the rescue?

"On a sudden, from the opposite side of the horizon, see, miraculous Opportunity, rushing hitherward —swift, terrible, clothed with lightning like a courser of the gods;—dare he clutch *him* by the thunder-mane, and fling himself upon him, and make for the Empyrean by that course rather? Then must he be quick about it; the time is now or never!"

The deed is done! Freedom of the press, the right of petition, are saved to the citizens, and under their blessed influence in time, Liberty and Union do become one and indivisible.

Fifteen years before Adams, Hammond was discussing these very principles. He now rejoices that a voice is heard in the Halls of Congress, proclaiming the truth. He says, in the Gazette, February 16, 1837:

"The course of J. Q. Adams, in Congress, on the subject of presenting abolition petitions, has been censured by some. It meets my unqualified approbation. I rejoice that there is one man in Congress who has the boldness to stand up for what is right; the firmness to maintain his ground against denunciation; the talent to sustain himself, though assailed by violence on one side and meanly deserted by cowardly skulkers on the other. . . .

"Mr. Adams is avowedly no abolitionist. He plants himself upon the right of petition; upon the right of every citizen to present his grievances for hearing and redress to a legislative body whom the petitioner honestly supposes may act upon his case.

. . . "The Constitution of the United States secures the right of petition. The provision is found in the first amendment; that amendment originated in Virginia, and is in these words:"

(Here follows the amendment.)

"The right to petition is here secured in connection with the right to enjoy religious opinion and the freedom of speech and of the press. Thus, this right of petition is arranged with, and noted as one of the great fundamental rights of freemen. Mr. Adams does nothing but maintain this right in presenting abolition petitions. In the uproar raised by Southern members of Congress against receiving these petitions, there is a direct attempt to subvert a constitutional right. I venerate the man who distinguishes between the unwise use of a right on one side, and an unconstitutional effort to subvert that right on the other: who plants himself in

the breach, between fanaticism and usurpation, and regardless of consequences does his duty.

> "'In Freedom's field, advancing his firm foot,
> He plants it on the line that Justice draws,
> And will prevail or perish in her cause.'"

Then follows an argument on the duty of Congress to act on the subject of slavery in several particulars, which are specified, and the powers of that body under the Constitution. Mr. Hammond concludes in these words:

"In respect to abolition petitions, the South has assumed an unconstitutional attitude. She denies the right to petition. She denounces the exercise of the right, and she contemns members of Congress, who differently regard their constitutional obligations, as no better than incendiaries. Mr. Adams, in the true spirit of those who threw the tea into the water, says:

"'Nay, gentlemen, I take no sides with these petitioners. I disapprove their object, but they have rights under the Constitution, and they ask me to assert these rights here in their behalf, and I do so. I regret to give you offense. I more than regret the fury you manifest; but I can not swerve from the performance of a duty which I feel that I owe to the Constitution and to the rights of a fellow-citizen, however injudiciously asserted.' In this light I regard the course of Mr. Adams, that has recently brought upon him so much opprobrium. Thus viewing it, I deem it my duty, as *I feel it my privilege*, to express my opinion in relation to it. Were I a member of Congress I should be glad to stand by Mr. Adams in the contest in which

he is engaged. Regardless who are the petitioners, or what the object, if the one be respectful, and Congress can have power over the other, I would never shrink from their presentation, or be driven, unless by brute force, from maintaining the right to present them."

Mr. Adams acknowledged the help he had received in this letter, the chirography of which is so cramped as to require to be written out before it could be publicly read:

ADAMS TO HAMMOND.

WASHINGTON, *March* 31, 1837.

DEAR SIR:

In the severe trial through which I was destined to pass, during the session of Congress now closed, nothing occurred more cheering and encouraging to me than the notices taken of the debates in your paper, and your friendly letter of the 16th of February.

The abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, in the purpose of the petitioners for it, is a *step* towards the abolition throughout the Union of the Institution of Domestic Slavery—and indeed throughout the world. The object is noble—the motive pure—but the undertaking of such tremendous magnitude, difficulty, and danger, that I shrink from the contemplation of it, and much more from any personal agency in promoting it. I have abstained, sometimes perhaps too pertinaciously abstained, from all participation in measures *leading* to that conflict for life and death between *Freedom* and *Slavery*, through which I have not yet been able to see how this Union could ultimately be preserved from passing. While the people of the Slave-holding States

professed the speculative opinions upon the subject of slavery, of which Mr. Jefferson was the principal promulgator, I had flattered myself that slavery was in this Union gradually perishing with a marasmus, and that its dissolution and interment might be left to those of whose constitutions it formed a part. This hope I was encouraged to entertain by the continual progress of the spirit of emancipation, manifested by the abolition of the African slave trade, spreading all over Europe, and enacted by our own Congress, even before I thought they were authorized by the Constitution of the United States to exercise that legislative power; by the earnestness with which Great Britain was pursuing the policy of emancipation, and by the co-operation, apparently cordial, which our government under slave-holding Presidents, was yielding to that policy. But the consequences of the emancipation by Great Britain of all her slaves in the West Indies, with the abolition of slavery in all the new South American Republics, on the one hand, and of the Southampton insurrection, and the subsequent debates in the Legislature of Virginia on the other, have gone far towards bringing my hopes to a pause. Since then, the spirit of universal emancipation has been ripening into a religious principle, fortified with unanswerable logic, stimulated by the fervor of conscience, and armed with the irrepressible energies of martyrdom. On the other hand slavery, driven from her strongholds of power, has changed her tone and become a reasoner. Professor Dew, of William and Mary College, Virginia, Chancellor Harper, and Governor McDuffie, of South Carolina, have become the founders of a new school of political morality for Re-

publics founded upon the Declaration of Independence, and the unalienable rights of man. Their first principle is that the negro is an inferior race, neither possessing nor entitled to the rights of man, but born for servitude, and destined to it as long as this globe shall last. That this degradation of the African black, was intended by the Creator, for the express benefit of the white *Anglo-Saxon*, for his temporal and spiritual improvement in wisdom, virtue, and especially freedom, and that your negro-driver is the only man upon earth who understands and practices the true principles of liberty.

These doctrines, with the atrocious aggravations of oppression in the recent sharpening of the Draconian black code of our Southern States, with their demands upon the free States to deliver up their citizens to their revenge, and upon Congress to strangle the circulation of free thought by the mails, have, I confess, moved my indignation, and sometimes provoked me to think it time to try their temper in turn. Yet, so strong has been the current of popular feeling in all the free States, to support the slavery of the South, and against the Abolitionists, that when I found myself almost the only man in the House who dared ever to present their petitions, they crowded upon me in such multitudes, that for merely presenting them I brought all the resentments of the South upon me without even a prospect of support from my own constituents, representing as I did, a district where the abolition cause is in special disfavor. The articles in your paper were almost my only support in the House, and the blind fury of the

nullification party which took the lead for the South in in the House broke them down there.

Presidential electioneering, remote as well as present, makes up a false issue against the Abolitionists, in all the free States, where alone they are permitted even to exist. For the first time since the existence of the Constitution of the United States, the election of a President has turned exclusively upon the slavery and abolition conflict. It is the only point upon which the new President has declared his fixed and irrevocable determination in advance. Is not our whole political system irresistibly tending to turn upon that hinge alone? I am deeply apprehensive that it is.

I took the pen only to thank you for the articles in your Gazette, on my trial, and for your kind letter; and tender you my respectful salutations and good wishes.

J. Q. ADAMS.

(Charles Hammond, Esq., Cincinnati, O.)

The lateness of the hour warns me to bring my address to a close. I pass by the subsequent discussions in which Mr. Adams and Mr. Hammond are concerned, and turn to a new scene, in which Henry Clay is the central figure.

"What a loud-roaring, loose and empty matter," says Carlyle, "is this tornado of vociferation which men call 'Public Opinion!'"

True. But we have seen what tremendous power it had in these dark days, and how only a very few refused to be silent. It presses Mr. Clay so hard that he consents to come to the front as the apologist and defender

of the Southern view. The hope of the Presidency is, alas! greater than the love of truth and the aspiration to do right in the sight of God.

Mr. Hammond is called on to publicly criticise his old friend, which he does fearlessly and most thoroughly in a series of nine editorials. He is in feeble health; the beckonings from the Silent Land are now discernible, and he can leave his house but seldom. All of his strength is husbanded to perform a few duties of deep concernment to others and to his country, which he has loved with such fervid, unselfish patriotism; and this protest against the utterances of his life-long friend is one of them. The editorials appeared at intervals during a period of two months immediately following Mr. Clay's speech.

It would be a vain task to attempt to describe these articles which embrace the best thoughts of the patriot whose light is nearly out. Mr. Clay quickly heard of them, and in a touching note, from Washington, asked his old friend to send him copies as they appeared.

Towards the close, Hammond, in a tone of sadness, considers the effect of the influence of the great name of his friend, now used freely by the enemies of the Constitution—the old Constitution of freedom as they once both read it—but he warns him that even this will suffice only for a season: that the South are seeking to crush out rights founded upon divine law that will surely be vindicated in the future.

"I say the opponents of slavery *must* be heard. The great question of human liberty in this land can not be decided by the denunciation of masters, the accommodations of trade, or the impulsive violence of infuri-

ated men. Mr. Clay himself can not effect this. The effort he has made, strong as it is, must fail in compromitting to his views the slavery antagonists of the land. Their passive deference to his behests, can not be pressed too far."

"Has all discretion," asked Hammond, on another occasion, "deserted the owners of slaves? Do they suppose that blood liable to be heated flows in no veins but their own? One day they must learn otherwise."

With this warning, and the light of this prophecy streaming into the future, I close this very imperfect record of the life-work of Charles Hammond, who, for over forty years, was one of the Republic's ablest, most unselfish, and most faithful sons, and a witness to the spirit and principles of government as established by the Fathers.

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HANCOCK

IN THE

WAR OF THE REBELLION

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By FRANCIS A. WALKER

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HANCOCK IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

A Paper read by General FRANCIS A. WALKER, *late U. S. V., of Massachusetts, at a Meeting of the New York Commandery, February* 4, 1891.

THE outbreak of the war found Hancock, then in the thirty-eighth year of his age, a captain in the regular army, in charge of the quartermaster's depot at Los Angeles, on the Pacific coast. Christened with the name of America's greatest living soldier, graduated from the military academy in 1844, he had joined Scott's column in time to take part in the later battles of the marvellous campaign which ended in the capture of the Mexican capital. At Molino del Rey he was in the column of attack with Longstreet, Pickett, and Armistead —men whom he was to encounter sixteen years later in another and more memorable assault—and was brevetted for his gallantry at Contreras and Cherubusco.

In the long interval which followed the conclusion of peace, Hancock saw much instructive service as aide-de-camp to General Clark upon the Great Plains, as quartermaster during the troubles with the Seminoles in Florida, in the border war in Kansas, in the Utah expedition of Harney, and upon the Pacific coast. Absolutely destitute of asceticism, full of hearty fellowship, fond of ease, and given to good cheer, his stirring ambition, his intense interest in his profession, and his high standard of duty rendered these fourteen years one long term of military education. I doubt if there was an officer in the United States Army who, during that period while political, social, and industrial forces were preparing the war of secession, learned so much that was to become of use when that great occasion came. Hancock was not a man of lofty intellectuality. He had courage—fiery, enthusiastic courage; positive, active, unfaltering loyalty to

country and comrade; he had industry beyond measure; the ambition that stirs to do great deeds, and be worthy of high promotion; the power of patient labor, that has been called genius; above all, an unrest while anything remained to be done; a dissatisfaction with what was incomplete; a repugnance at what was slovenly, coarse, or half made up. I am disposed to believe that this period of Hancock's life was passed to even better advantage than if it had comprised active operations, on the large scale, against a powerful enemy. The time was to come, all too soon, when lives were to be thrown away by thousands and money by millions; when orders of infinite consequence were to be given as the result of one glance over a field as restless as the ocean after a storm; when the conjectures of a single officer on the picket line were to determine the movements of twenty thousand men on the morrow. Meanwhile, the future commander of the Second Army Corps, of the left wing at Gettysburg and in the Wilderness, was being trained for his high duties by conducting the orders and correspondence of a military department, or by fitting out expeditions of a company or a squadron, supplying outlying posts, making long marches with a column that would scarcely have served, a few years later, for his headquarters' escort, or conducting the business of a quartermaster's depot on the plains or on the Pacific coast. To a man who is willing to do things just so well that they will pass without censure from his superiors, caring himself only for pay-day and poker, such a scale of operations is cramping and dwarfing. To a man who is trying to do everything in the best possible way, who is studying his profession, and accumulating experience against the day of larger things, nothing is more instructive, enlarging, and strengthening, if not pursued too long, than such preliminary practice.

It followed that the outbreak of the war found Hancock singularly well endowed and equipped for the responsibilities and duties that were to devolve upon him. What he knew of infantry and could do with infantry, let Williamsburg and

Fredericksburg and Gettysburg and the Salient at Spottsylvania testify. While he was not a master of the science of logistics, like Meade and Humphreys, he could conduct a long march, over bad roads, with artillery and trains, better, in my humble judgment, than any other officer of the war, Federal or Confederate. In a somewhat protracted experience, I never but once knew the Second Corps, while under his command, no matter how extreme the distance or severe the conditions, by day or by night, arrive at its destination in bad form, straggling and broken; and its marches were often very long and trying, as on the 29th of July, 1862, when the corps made thirty-two miles, on a single road, with artillery and trains.

In the supply of troops, Hancock, as the result of thorough training and downright hard work, and with the aid of one of the ablest quartermasters of the volunteer service, Colonel Richard N. Batchelder, now quartermaster-general of the army, achieved almost the highest possible success. Of the uses of cavalry and artillery, Hancock knew enough, first, not to think that he knew everything, or to lead him to interfere in the conduct of those charged with these highly specialized services; and, secondly, to recognize good work whenever and by whomsoever done.

Finally, Hancock's experience before the war had made him a perfect master of the regulations, of the procedure proper to every department of the army and to every occasion of the service, and of the forms of military correspondence and record. A master, I say, not a slave; for, while no man understood better the beneficial uses of red tape, no one knew better how to cut red tape when the occasion required. An essayist—Lord Macaulay, I think—in satirizing the employment in the English language of certain Latin terms, asks us to imagine a Roman consul seated in a back office in Bordeaux, a goose-quill over his ear, making out invoices for the skippers of merchant vessels. But the union of martial and civic functions need not be ludicrous. It would be hard o believe that Scipio at Zama looked one inch more the

commander than Hancock at Fredericksburg or Gettysburg, or bore himself more knightly and heroically in danger and hardship, in weariness and wounds; yet Hancock was, perhaps, the greatest hand at "papers" that the army ever knew. Even now my head aches from the long night vigils, when, after some weary march or fight, we pored for hours over reports and returns, and discussed minute points of the regulations *àpropos* of the correspondence appertaining to seventy or ninety regiments and batteries. It is usual to make flings at this sort of work, and express contempt for "papers" and regulations and red-tape. But it is more likely that a mill or factory or railroad will be well managed, whose accounts and correspondence are always in arrears, in confusion, in error, than that a brigade or division or corps will be well administered under the same conditions. The need of order and system is even greater in the latter than in the former case. This Hancock perfectly understood. He deemed it no less important a part of his duty to study the state of his command through the morning reports and the monthly returns than on parade or review; and he knew that he could administer a tonic to a sickly regiment through the order-book and the letter-book not less effectually than at Sunday-morning inspection.

Such, in his qualifications for service, was Hancock, as, at his own request, he was ordered East in the early summer of 1861, that he might take an active part in the war which had broken out, amid such direful portents, on the Atlantic slope. For him there was not a moment of hesitation or of indifference as to the coming struggle. To the very centre of his being he was loyal to the Constitution and the laws; and he never valued his commission in the army so highly as when it gave him a place in the front rank of their defenders. He knew too many of the men who, like his friend Armistead, had reluctantly and painfully broken the main ties of their lives in taking the other side, to indulge in puerile talk about traitors and sour-apple trees; he knew too much of the Southern temper to make light of the task before the nation,

or to predict a holiday parade for the Union armies; bu with all his soul he stood by the Government, and never did his faith in the ultimate triumph of that cause waver, even amid disappointment, defeat, disaster, and disgrace.

On his first arrival in the East, he was assigned to duty with General Anderson of Fort Sumter fame; but in every lineament, in every motion, he was so manifestly a commander, that it was soon seen to be absurd to keep such a soldier on staff duty when an army of hundreds of thousands was to be officered; and on the 23d of September he was made a brigadier-general of volunteers and assigned to the Army of the Potomac.

No commander ever more carefully prepared in camp for success in the field than did Hancock here and through all his subsequent career. Doubtless most who have any impression whatever regarding Hancock's personality think of him as a kind of meteor on the battle-field, an object of admiration or of terror, flashing hither and thither, achieving his triumphs by sheer brilliancy of bearing, force of intuition, and mysterious power over men. In fact, it was with infinite labor that he forged the weapon his hand was to wield with such effect. He knew that the greater the force exerted the more likely was the sword to break under the blow unless it were perfectly wrought; and it was with care and pains inexpressible that he shaped and tempered it for the conflict. If at Williamsburg, in his first encounter with the enemy, he met and easily vanquished the Confederate brigade sent against him, led on one wing by D. H. Hill, and on the other by Jubal Early, it was not more by reason of the great tactical skill, calm courage, and majestic bearing which stamped upon him McClellan's epithet, "superb," than by reason of the long and painful training to which his troops had been subjected.

Of Hancock in the winter camps of 1861 two things especially require to be said:

First, while he was a strict and even a stern disciplinarian, he was wholly incapable of any of those brutalities

which a few officers of the regular army who were set over volunteer regiments, and many volunteer officers who thought they were imitating regular army methods, practised during the first year of the war.

Second, although a "regular" in every fibre of his being, Hancock was altogether destitute of that snobbishness regarding volunteers which was exhibited by so many small minds in so many great places during the first year of the Rebellion. He recognized the fact that the war was to be waged by volunteers, and that, however much the regular army had to give to the vast masses of earnest soldiers swarming in from east and from west to the defense of the Union, it was, after all, these men who were to bear the heat and burden of that great conflict. He saw that it was of supreme importance to promote the self-respect and self-confidence of volunteer regiments; to lead them to think that they could do anything and were the equals of anybody; and that to be everlastingly talking about the regular army, as so many were, bewailing the lack of its methods and forms, instituting odious comparisons, and sneering at the deficiencies of the new troops, was a very poor way of accomplishing that object.

Hancock not only never sneered at volunteers, he did not even patronize them. He made them feel by his evident respect, his hearty greeting, his warm approval of everything they did well, that he regarded them as being just as fully, just as truly, just as honorably soldiers of the United States Army as if they belonged to the old Fifth Infantry. Such was the spirit in which Hancock met his new command. We know with what assiduity, patience, and good feeling, what almost pathetic eagerness to learn and to imitate, the volunteers of 1861 sought to fit themselves for their part in the great struggle.

Hancock's thorough and cordial acceptance of volunteers was seen again in his choice of staff officers throughout the war. Even after he had become a corps commander, when any captain in the service would have been proud to come at

his call, he showed no disposition to prefer an officer of the regular army, as such. Mitchell and Bingham, Batchelder and Wilson, Bronson and Livermore, Miller and Parker, were good enough for him.

At the battle of Fair Oaks, Hancock's brigade, then in the Sixth Corps, was not called to take a part; but while Porter was waging his bitter fight against odds at Gaines's Mill, Hancock's brigade was engaged in holding back the enemy, who sought to break in our lines near the Chickahominy. On the following day, while the Army of the Potomac was beginning the first march of that dreary retreat to the James, the enemy again threw themselves upon Hancock's lines, but were again beaten off by the prompt and resolute action of his well-trained regiments. On both these occasions Hancock displayed that high degree of tactical skill which so strongly characterized his later work in command of a division, of a corps, and of a wing of the army.

The eve of Antietam found Hancock the most conspicuous brigade leader in the Army of the Potomac. There was hardly a question who should succeed to the command of the First Division of the Second Corps, when, at noon of that memorable day, tidings were borne to general headquarters that the gallant Richardson had fallen, never to mount horse or draw sword more. At once Hancock was sent for in haste from his brigade of the Sixth Corps, and despatched to take command of Sumner's old division, as it lay under arms, after its desperate battle around Piper's house.

It is always more or less of an experiment to promote even a capable and efficient brigadier to the command of a division. It may be that the natural range of his powers will be found to be exceeded. Even should he, in time, grow up to the position, it is most likely that the new charge will be exercised at first with too much either of timidity or of rashness, with somewhat less than a full grasp of the situation, with comparative feebleness of authority and influence over the unfamiliar body. No such painful interval of self-distrust or of inadequacy to new and larger commands characterized

Hancock's successive promotions. The very day he was advanced from captain and quartermaster to be brigadier-general he was, in every sense, a general officer, confident of his powers, rejoicing in the exercise of his functions, and master of his place, himself, his staff, and his troops. An hour after Hancock rode down the line at Antietam to take up the sword that had fallen from Richardson's dying hand, one could not have told—he himself hardly knew—that he had not commanded a division for a year. So thoroughly had he prepared himself for promotion during his service with his brigade, so sure was he of his powers, that he stepped forward to the higher command upon the field of battle, amid its wreck and disorder, without a moment of hesitation or doubt, and at once became the leader of the division as fully and perfectly as Sumner had been, as Richardson had been. The staff knew it; the troops felt it. Every officer in his place, and every man in the ranks, was aware before the sun went down that he belonged to Hancock's Division.

In the command of that division, composed of fine material, admirably moulded by the heroic Sumner in the winter camps of 1861–62, and gifted with an extraordinary wealth of brilliant young soldiers destined to great careers, like Barlow, Zook, Brooke, Nugent, Patrick Kelly, Miles, and McKeen, Hancock remained until the 10th of June, 1863.

Time will not serve to tell the story of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. Of Fredericksburg, where, on the 13th of December, 1862, Hancock led the brigades of Meagher, Caldwell, and Zook out of the city, through streets commanded by the enemy's guns; crossed bridges by the flank at canister range; and there, deploying his forces, moved forward, over a plain swept from end to end by direct and enfilading fires, up towards Marye's Heights, against two tiers of musketry, to within pistol-shot of the Stone Wall which was held by four ranks of veteran riflemen, only desisting from the hopeless attempt to which he had been assigned when his gallant division had lost 2,013 men, including 156 commis-

sioned officers killed or wounded. Of Chancellorsville, where, on the 3d of May, 1863, when all others had left the neighborhood of the Chancellor House, Hancock held his command in two lines of battle, back to back, one fronting towards Gordonsville, the other towards Fredericksburg, with his artillery firing down the lane between; and so kept the enemy at bay until the roads leading to the rear had been cleared of troops, and the way was open for his own slow and orderly retreat.

Each succeeding battle had but heightened Hancock's reputation for exact obedience to orders, for almost magical influence over men, for great tactical skill, for unflinching resolution, whether in attack or in defence; while his administrative ability and the strict discipline of his command, in camp or on the march, had clearly pointed him out as the rising soldier of the Potomac Army, so that, when that excellent officer, Major-General Couch, relinquished command of the Second Corps, on his assignment to the Department of the Susquehanna, every eye instinctively turned to Hancock as his successor. It was with a stern joy at the fulfilment of his righteous ambition, with a glad confidence in his own powers, yet not the less with an earnest sense of the responsibility thus devolved upon him, that, on the 10th of June, Hancock first drew his sword at the head of the corps which, in losing fifteen thousand men in battle, had never lost a color or a gun; whose fair fame, he was well resolved, should never suffer wrong at his hands.

Already had his reputation so far outrun even this high promotion, that, within three weeks of the day when he ceased to be the commander of a division, General Meade sent him forward to Gettysburg, to stay the disaster of the opening battle; to take command of the three corps at the front, over two officers his superiors in rank; and to report upon the suitability of the position for the concentration of the entire army.

In every great career, whether civil or military, there is some one day which is peculiarly memorable; which, by rea-

son, in part, perhaps, of favorable opportunities or especially conspicuous position ; in part, also, through some rare inspiration quickening the genius of the statesman or the warrior, becomes and to the end remains the crown of that career: the day which the mention of that leader's name instinctively suggests; the day to which, in disappointment or in retirement, his own thoughts go back as for him the day of days.

Such to Hancock was Gettysburg. From the hour when, by his splendid resolution, force of character, and power over men, he checked the rout of the first afternoon, restored order and confidence, and formed the new lines which were to be held unbroken to the end, down to the hour when the divisions of Gibbon and Hays, leaping the stone walls and rail fences which had partially sheltered them during the cannonade and the great charge, gathered in thirty Confederate colors and four thousand prisoners from the shattered divisions of Pettigrew and Pickett, Gettysburg was to Hancock all-glorious, all-fortunate. Even the desperate wound he received in the moment of victory seemed at the time scarcely to cast a shadow upon the great triumph he had achieved during the first month of his career as the commander of an army corps.

That the campaign of 1864 did not bring him a proportional increase of fame was due chiefly to three causes :

First, he had already reached an almost dangerous elevation in popular reputation, from which one was far more likely to fall than to rise.

Second, Hancock's Gettysburg wound continued, almost from the opening of the campaign in May, till his enforced departure from the field in November, to be a source of weakness, suffering, and at times of total disability, requiring him frequently to seek rest in an ambulance or on the ground at times when, according to his pristine habits as a commander, he would have been galloping over the field or leading the march of his foremost division.

Third, the species of warfare that was initiated in May, 1864, against an enemy acting almost wholly on the defensive,

behind breast-works protected by slashing and abattis, and largely, also, by swamps; in a region where clear ground was highly exceptional, and where the uncleared ground was often covered by dense and stubborn growth of trees and underbrush through which a single woodman could with difficulty force his way, was one that offered few opportunities for brilliant actions.

Indeed, the campaign of 1864 was one which, except in the case of a few dashing young brigade commanders, was to destroy reputations and not to make them. Sheridan, it is true, won great fame during the year; but it was by his operations in the fertile and open Valley of Virginia, rather than in the jungles of the Wilderness or of Spottsylvania, or among the swamps of the Totopotomoy or the Chickahominy.

To Hancock the loss of opportunity, through the peculiar character of the campaign, was relatively greater than to any other commander, since those qualities in which he preeminently excelled, namely, tactical skill and personal influence over his soldiers in critical moments, were, on most of the battle-fields of 1864, largely neutralized by the nature of the country. Yet, though that campaign afforded little opportunity for brilliant strokes and great successes, the fame of Hancock suffered no diminution under its trials. He it was who, bringing his troops up to the support of Getty's fine division, on the Orange Plank Road, in the afternoon of the 5th of May, forced back the corps of Hill, which had advanced to seize the Brock Road Junction, and thus intervene between the two wings of the Union army. He it was who, in the early morning of the 6th, encountering, with his own divisions and those of Getty and Wadsworth, the corps of Hill and Longstreet, fought that great battle of the Left, in the Wilderness, which has become a synonym for savage ferocity and unrelenting determination. If the tremendous charge at Cold Harbor failed to secure its object, the high-heaped mounds of patriot dead remain a monument of unsurpassed valor and discipline. And it was Hancock's closely

massed divisions, moving under his eye, which broke into that wild, spontaneous cheer, as the red earth of the Salient came into view, on the early morning of the 12th of May, dashed forward against a storm of lead, and all together leaped the Confederate intrenchments. Some of you remember, for you were there, how, from that bloody dawn till 12 o'clock at night, the Second Corps, with the good Sixth fighting on its right, held those captured intrenchments against the utmost efforts of Lee's veteran brigades, roused almost to madness by the losses of the early morning; how trees were cut down by the fire of musketry alone; how the foemen fired their pieces full in each other's faces, or gave bayonet thrusts across the intrenchments on which at times both hostile flags were planted; how, again and again, the trenches had to be cleared of the slain, that the living might have a place to stand. Over that desperate and protracted contest Hancock presided, stern, strong, and masterful; withdrawing the shattered brigades as their ammunition became exhausted, supplying their places with fresh troops; feeding the fires of battle all that long day and far into the night, until the Confederates, at last abandoning their attempts to retake the captured works, retired from the field, full twenty hours after the order "Forward" had been given to the column of assault.

In the brilliant strategic movement upon Petersburg, and in the bloody assaults which followed the miscarriage of the attempt to seize the Cockade City before the arrival of Lee's army, Hancock took a part which was abruptly terminated by an outbreak of his Gettysburg wound.

Recovering from his disability, he conducted in July and August two expeditions to the north bank of the James River, of which time will allow me to speak only so far as to relate an incident strikingly characteristic of Hancock and of the gallant commander of the Union cavalry, who was, at this time, under Hancock's orders.

The July expedition to Deep Bottom, as it is called, had in view two possible results. First, that the enemy's lines on that side of the river might be found so thinly held as to

allow our powerful corps of cavalry, after the Confederate infantry should have been pushed back upon Chapin's Farm, to capture Richmond by a rush, or, at least, cut up the railroads on the north of the city.

Second, that failing in this, the movement might serve as a feint to draw a large part of Lee's army away from Petersburg, which the Fifth, Ninth, and Eighteenth Corps were preparing to enter through the ghastly avenue that was to be laid open by the explosion of Burnside's mine.

The first object was defeated by the rapid concentration of the enemy's forces; but, as a demonstration in favor of Burnside, the expedition was an overwhelming success. So alarmed were the Confederates that they drew over to that side the larger part of their entire army. This, while favoring the projected assault upon Petersburg, was, of course, accompanied by no inconsiderable danger to the little column on the north bank of the river. Critical as was the position on the 28th, it was rendered highly perilous when the lieutenant-general, on the evening of that day, ordered Mott, with nearly one-half the Second Corps, back to Petersburg. This was to leave two small divisions, scarcely eight thousand strong, to confront overwhelming odds throughout the succeeding day. It was, however, provided that the cavalry should cross to the south bank, leave the horses there, in charge of every fourth cavalryman, and, returning, help the infantry to hold their extended lines. In such a situation everything depended on the enemy's obtaining not even a suggestion of the weakness of our remaining column. To this end the most precise instructions were issued regarding the crossing; not a man was to enter upon the bridge after the first break of day. Every subordinate commander was required to acknowledge receipt of these instructions; and then the headquarters, worn out by the excessive exertions of the three preceding days, sank to rest. From the sound sleep into which I had fallen, I was awakened by hearing my name called from the general's tent. Running in I found Hancock tossing on his camp-bed. "Colonel," he said, "I

am anxious about the cavalry. Go to Sheridan and say to him that he must see to it that not a man goes upon the bridge after it is light." I jumped upon an orderly's horse which was kept saddled for an emergency, and galloped to Sheridan's headquarters. As I approached, the first voice that challenged me was not the sentinel's, not a staff officer's, but the voice of the great cavalryman himself. "Who's that?" I gave my message. "I was thinking of the same thing," was the reply. "Forsythe, go down to the bridge, and if General Kautz has not crossed, tell him to mass his division behind the woods." Forsythe and myself rode together toward the bridge. A division of cavalry was just entering upon it. Fifteen minutes more, and the Confederates, who had all night listened to the low rumbling sounds and the dull jarring of the bridge, and from their lookouts had been straining their eyes to catch the direction of the movement, would have seen our troops passing to the rear, and, in all probability, would have swooped down upon our little force and driven us into the river. As it turned out, when it became light enough for them to see, what they beheld was our dismounted cavalrymen, returning from the south side, with their carbines over their shoulders, looking, for all the world, like honest infantry, seemingly the end of a column which had been crossing all night. The effect was complete. The Confederate leaders did not doubt that every brigade which could be taken from the Petersburg lines had been sent in haste across the James, to force a passage into Richmond. This illusion, aided by the activity and audacity of our skirmish line, under Miles, not only sufficed to save us from an attack which could hardly have failed to result in our destruction, but held the Confederate forces closely in place, twenty miles from Petersburg, where the assault of the 30th of July was impending.

My story carries its own moral. Here were the two men of the Potomac Army regarding whom it was popularly sup posed that they won their successes by daring and brilliant strokes. Yet we see them lying awake at night, after incred-

ible fatigues, to ponder the chances of a possible miscarriage. In how many critical moments of the war, comrades, did the disappointment of well-laid plans, if not disastrous defeat, result because able and skilful officers deemed their duty discharged when they had given the appropriate orders! This was not Hancock's or Sheridan's idea of a commander's work. They gave the right orders, and then saw them executed; and it was to this, fully as much as to their more brilliant qualities of soldiership, that the successes of these two chieftains were due.

Time will not serve to tell the story of that blackest of days in the calendar of the gallant leader of the Second Corps, when, on the 25th of August, after his command had lost twenty-three thousand men in battle since it crossed the Rapidan, two of his oft-decimated divisions, scarce sixty-six hundred strong, caught in the ill-constructed intrenchments at Reams's Station, were driven from a portion of their works. by repeated assaults from a superior force, with the loss of seven standards, nine cannon, and seventeen hundred prisoners. The agony of that day never passed away from the proud soldier, who, for the first time, in spite of superhuman exertions and reckless exposure on his part, saw his lines broken and his guns taken. "Were I dead," said Nelson, "'want of frigates' would be found written on my heart." So, one who was gifted to discern the real forces which in us make for life or for death, looking down upon the cold and pallid form of Hancock, as he lay at rest, beneath the drooping flag of his country, there on Governor's Island, would have seen "Reams's Station" written on brow and brain and heart, as palpable as, to the common eye, were the scars of Gettysburg.

Nor can I tell of the honorable expedition to the Boydton Road in October, 1864, which closed the career of Hancock in the field. During November, his wound still distressing him, it was proposed by the President and the Secretary of War that he should relinquish his command, and, returning to the North, during the season when active operations would

be impracticable through stress of weather, should raise a corps to be composed wholly of veterans who had served honorably through one term of enlistment. This trust Hancock accepted in the same spirit with which he had received, and so far as lay in him had executed, every commission and order since he left the quartermaster's camp at Los Angeles.

In the opening of the year 1865, he took the field at the head of his new command, officered by well-approved soldiers like Carroll, Brooke, and C. H. Morgan; but before he was called to encounter the enemy, the brilliant combinations of Sheridan, Warren, and Humphreys, the sturdy valor and indomitable energy of Wright and Ord, and the fine soldiership and loyal devotion of Parke and Gibbon, had brought the long contest to a close; Petersburg had fallen, and with it Richmond, the objective point of four years' incessant fighting; Lee's army, attempting to escape, had been beset in flank and rear by troops that seemed for the time to have lost the sense alike of fatigue and of fear; battles had been fought upon the double-quick, divisions and army corps had marched or run, in deployed lines, from daylight until dark; and, at last, at Appomattox Court House, the much-enduring Army of Northern Virginia, after performing prodigies of valor, surrounded and brought to bay before five-fold odds, surrendered without shame; Sherman came sweeping up from the South like a whirlwind, driving Johnston's army before him, and the greatest rebellion of modern times was crushed.

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THOMAS STERRY HUNT, M. A., D. Sc., LL. D., F. R. S.

By Persifor Frazer.

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T. Sterry Hunt

The American Geologist.
Vol. XI, Plate I.

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[*From The American Geologist, Vol. XI, January, 1893.*]

THOMAS STERRY HUNT, M. A., D. Sc., LL. D., F. R. S.

By Persifor Frazer.

The subject of this notice expired of an affection of the heart in the Park Avenue hotel, New York city, February 12th, 1892; a man who made his influence felt in many departments of science, and whose labors in the fields of chemistry, geology, and mineralogy have enriched those sciences; not only directly, but indirectly by drawing the attention of other master minds to many moot points concerning them. On his father's side, his ancestors and their descendants have left enduring remains of their work both in art and letters, one of the earliest of his line who lived in America, William Hunt, having been one of the founders of Concord, Mass. On his mother's side his lineage is enriched by "the gentle, mystic Peter Sterry, and that uncompromising preacher, Thomas Sterry, who wrote the notable tract, 'The Rot Among the Bishops,' in 1667, and that gave to New England Consider and Thomas Sterry, the Mathematicians" (Biographical sketch of T. S. Hunt by James Douglas). Consider Sterry was a civil engineer and the author of text books on arithmetic and algebra in use a hundred years ago. Thomas Sterry Hunt was born in Norwich, Conn., September 5th, 1826. During his early childhood his father moved to Poughkeepsie and died there when the subject of this memoir was but twelve years old; whereupon

his mother and her family of six children returned to their old home in Norwich. For a while Thomas attended the public school, but soon was called to assist in the support of the family.

He found employment first in a printing office; then in an apothecary's shop; and finally in a book store. Although he remained but six months in each of these situations it is more than probable that his extremely receptive mind was strongly influenced by all of these occupations. He frequently attributed his attention to details in the correction of MS., and his quick and unerring detection of faults in typography, to his experience as a practical printer. His after love of chemistry could not but have been developed if it was not instigated by his surroundings in the second of these situations; and his love of general literature and familiarity with authors doubtless commenced with his opportunity to prowl over a collection of miscellaneous books, absorbing their contents in the interval of his active duties, and laying the foundation of that correct expression and pure style which distinguished to the last his spoken and written thoughts. Some of the elements of Dr. Hunt's genius were a life-long habit of attention, an accurate judgment to select out of the assorted impressions received that which was valuable or new, a phenomenal memory in retaining such concepts, and consistency in adopting them to regulate his conduct or modify his ideas. It is therefore not at all incredible that this exceedingly impressionable mind at its most impressionable age may have assimilated both the tastes and the faculties which directed the course of his after life during the short periods of those diverse occupations. This is rendered the more probable from the fact mentioned by Mr. Douglas, that on leaving these three employments to assume the duties of clerk in a not too busy country store, the future Cantab. Doctor kept a skeleton and certain home-made chemical apparatus under the counter for use in the intervals afforded by his commercial duties. He carried on original research in this rural retreat even while mastering the rudiments of chemistry. He visited the sixth annual meeting of the Association of American Geologists and Naturalists held in the geological lecture room of Yale college from Wednesday, April 30th, to Tuesday, May 6, 1845, and was there elected a member of that body. It is interesting to note that in his nineteenth year, at this, the first meeting he attended of the body

which four years afterwards became the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. C. T. Jackson made a communication "On the copper and silver of Kewenaw Point," and Prof. H. D. Rogers "submitted some remarks on the question of the Taconic rocks," &c., which the speaker believed to be "only the well known lower Appalachian strata disguised by some alteration of mineral type induced by igneous metamorphosis." These two subjects were destined to receive great attention at the new member's hands down to the last days of his life.

At the first meeting of the A. A. A. S., held in Philadelphia, September, 1848, Prof. Hunt read a paper "On Acid Springs and Gypsum Deposits of the Onondaga Salt Group," and at this meeting Profs. W. B. & R. E. Rogers read a paper on "The Comparative Solubility of the Carbonate of Lime and Magnesia," establishing the fact that in water impregnated with CO_2, carbonate of magnesia is more soluble than carbonate of lime." The study related to the formation of dolomites, and contained the germ of an idea splendidly developed by Dr. Hunt in after years in connection with the cause of the difference in per cent. of magnesia of the limestones deposited in the oldest and those in the newer geological seas. One might easily and perhaps profitably trace the origin of many investigations which Dr. Hunt has pursued to brilliant discoveries in the sometimes vague, but to him, suggestive questions and observations at these scientific meetings. He remained in Yale for about a year and a half, until some time in 1846, as the assistant of Prof. B. S. Silliman, Jr., through whose aid and that of Prof. Benj. Silliman, Sr., he obtained the appointment of chemist to the geological survey of Vermont, under the charge of Prof. C. B. Adams.

The year following, on the death of Mr. Dennison Olmstead, Jr., whose place on the Vermont survey he had taken when Mr. Olmstead assumed similar duties for the geological survey of Canada, Mr. Hunt again stepped into the vacated position and moved to Montreal, where began that intimate association with the chief geologist, Sir William Logan, which was to last for twenty-five years, or from 1847 until 1872. During a part of this time he lectured on chemistry (in French) at the University of Laval (1856-'62), and for four years on chemistry and mineralogy at McGill University. Besides these duties and the absorbing work of the geological survey which required not only his research in the labo-

ratory and in the field, but a very considerable amount of the literary supervision of the volumes issued, he wrote an immense number of papers, many of which were contributed to "Silliman's Journal."

His first voyage to Europe was undertaken as a delegate of the Geological Survey of Canada to the International Exposition at Paris, in 1855, where he was selected as one of the jury of award, and during his stay was invested with the decoration of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Subsequently he was promoted by the French Government to be an officer of this order.

In 1859 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of London. He was again an official delegate from Canada to the London Exposition of 1862, and afterwards served in the some capacity at Paris in 1867. In 1871 he was elected a member of the National Academy of Science of the United States.

From 1872 to 1878 he resided in Boston and lectured on geology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In 1871 he was elected president of the A. A. A. S. Before this Harvard had recognized his merit and conferred upon him the title of M. A., and the University of Laval that of LL. D. In 1877 he was elected president of the American Institute of Mining Engineers. In 1881 Cambridge University, England, bestowed on him, with more than usual ceremony, the degree of LL. D. He was one of the original members of the Royal Society of Canada and its third president. During the year 1876, of the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia (where he was also on the jury), he first definitely took measures to insure the calling together of a geological congress of the world, and caused a resolution looking to that end to be passed at the Buffalo meeting of the A. A. A. S.

The reunion of this congress, which occurred in Paris, in 1878, was so far due to his skillful efforts that without his aid it could not have been held at that time, though that there would ultimately have been called together such a congress sooner or later, no one doubts. The first suggestion was made by Dr. Hunt, even if we accept the date at which Prof. Capellini, of Bologna, claims that he made a similar proposition not knowing of the earlier one; but even after the proposal had been accepted by the American Association, and a committee appointed, the enterprise would have been relegated to the dust hole of so many of its magnificent uncompleted plans, but for the tact, skill and perse-

verance of Dr. Hunt, who placed himself in relations with some of the more prominent foreign geologists, wisely adding them at first to the American committee, and afterwards gave indispensable aid to the French committee which organized the first meeting in Paris, in 1878.

At the celebration of the one hundreth anniversary of the discovery of oxygen gas (which was fitly selected as the date of the birth of modern chemistry), held near the grave of Priestley, in Northumberland, Pennsylvania, Dr. Hunt was among the most distinguished guests and vice-presidents, and made, as was usual with him on such occasions, one of the most thoughtful and impressive addresses, entitled "A Century's Progress in Chemical Theory."

It had originally been intended that young Hunt should fit himself for the profession of medicine, but his strong inclination for research in chemistry and geology resulted, as has been shown, in his adopting a career of pure science, interrupted only occasionally by economical reports which only differed from his other work by having the consideration of values added to them.

Among his earlier chemical essays such as "The theory of chemical changes and equivalent volumes," in 1853, it was evident that he was strongly impressed by the brilliant results of Laurent and Gerhardt in the forties and early fifties, and as in so many other cases, this influence is apparent even in his latest chemical works, and is notably in the Northumberland address just alluded to.

It was characteristic of the man that, while fully alive to every new discovery of science, he never forgot the researches of the older savants, and invariably preferred to proceed from their unfinished lines to the newest generalizations, rather than to take a discovery which was a natural consequence of one of these incomplete lines as a new departure. It is through the labors of such men as he that the history of scientific discovery is a continuous narrative and not a mere desultory collocation of dazzling paragraphs. He gleaned the memoirs of the past thinkers, carefully pondering their words and endowing much that was vague and ambiguous with a meaning which bridged over the gap between theirs and the most modern work.

In the "Introduction à l' étude de la Chimie par le systeme unitaire" (Ch. Gerhardt, Paris, 1848, p. 79), the author writes,

"To each metallic or metallous equivalent correspond peculiar properties as we shall see further on. It is as if hydrogen were replaced in these two kinds of combinations by the same metal differently condensed."

Further on he states the law of condensation in the form of $\frac{p}{d} = v$ in which p = atomic weight; d = specific gravity, and v = the atomic volume. Precisely the same equation is used by Dr. Hunt in his essay on "The coëfficient of mineral condensation in Chemistry," &c., where p represents an *aliquot part* of the chemical species, d = the specific gravity, and v = the reciprocal of the coëfficient of condensation. It will be noticed in Dr. Hunt's works that he avoids where possible the employment of the word atom, and uses instead "equivalent weight." He did not believe that the existence of atoms had been demonstrated, nor did he accept the doctrine of interatomic space. He believed matter to be continuous and without interstices. Thus, in the address at Northnmberland, he says: "Dalton, as you are aware, linked his discoveries with the old hypothesis of the atomic constitution of matter which is however by no means necessarily connected with the great laws of combination by weight and by number." And again, in his peroration, he says: "The phenomena of chemistry lie on a plane above those of physics and to my apprehension the processes with which the latter science makes us acquainted can afford at best only imperfect analogies when applied to the explanation of chemical phenomena to the elucidation of which they are wholly inadequate. In chemical change the uniting bodies *come to occupy the same space at the same time*, and the impenetrability of matter is seen to be no longer a fact, the volume of the combining masses is confounded, and all the physical and physiological characters which are our guides in the region of physics fail us, gravity alone excepted; the diamond *dissolves* in oxygen gas and the identity of chlorine and of sodium are lost in that of sea salt.

"To say that chemical union is in its essence identification, as Hegel has defined it, seems to me the simplest statement conceivable."

"The type of the chemical process is found in solution, from which it is possible, under changed physical conditions to regenerate the original species. Can our science affirm more than this, and are we not going beyond the limits of a sound philosophy

when we endeavor by hypotheses of hard particles with void spaces, of atoms and molecules, with bonds and links to explain chemical affinities, and when we give a concrete form to our mechanical conceptions of the great laws of definite and multiple proportions to which the chemical process is subordinated? Let us not confound the image with the thing itself, until, in the language of Brodie, in the discussion of this very question, 'we mistake the suggestions of fancy for the reality of nature, and we cease to distinguish between conjecture and fact.' The atomic hypothesis by the aid of which Dalton sought to explain his great generalizations, has done good service in chemistry, as the Newtonian theory of light did in optics, but is already losing its hold on many advanced thinkers in our science."

He says in a previous part of the same address: "The doctrine of types, first enunciated by Dumas, advanced by Laurent and perfected by the labors of others, may be said to be the basis of our present chemical theory. It was the conception of the dual water type which first rendered clear the theory of ethers and anhydrous monobasic acids, and thence the generation of bibasic and tribasic acids, whose derivation from the water type I taught as early as 1848, some years before these views were accepted by Williamson and Gerhardt, whose names are usnally associated with this extension of the original doctrine of Dumas."

Relating to his peculiar views in regard to interstellar space and the connection of the matter which he supposed to fill it with an atmosphere, he says (id.):

"If now we admit, as I am disposed to do with Mattieu Williams, that our atmosphere and ocean are not simply terrestrial but cosmical, and are a portion of the medium which in an attenuated form fills the interstellary spaces, these same nebulæ and their resulting worlds may be evolved by a process of chemical condensation from this universal atmosphere to which they would sustain a relation somewhat analogous to that of clouds and rain to the aqueous vapor around us."

Dr. Hunt elaborated this theme in his presidential address before the Amer. Inst. of Mining Engineers on another accasion, his query being, 'whence is all the carbon derived which is found in organic structure and combined in the rocks as carbonates?' and his conclusion that it was drawn from "interstellary space," perhaps indirectly from other planets.

This attitude of Dr. Hunt towards the atomic theory and the concrete notions of atoms and molecules has been assumed in past years by some distinguished chemists and is not yet wholly obsolete. It was due, with little doubt, to the reaction which had set in from the mistaken fear that chemists had been led afield by the brilliant generalizations of Berzelius. The writer has elsewhere considered this panic,* but it is pertinent to mention briefly the facts here.

The great Berzelius had successfully determined the least combining weights of a great number of substances, and had been led to apply to these weights the theory of Dalton, and a theory based upon the electrical results of Sir Humphrey Davy.

He had thus built up his system of atoms, binary, and ternary compounds; each molecule of the latter two being composed of an electro-positive and an electro-negative element or compound. He made the single mistake of supposing that in a supposed electro-positive group no electro-negative element could be found. When he carried this idea into the synthesis of organic compounds, he was met by discoveries (such as Melsens' in 1842, of chloracetic acid) which rendered it impossible for him to maintain this hypothesis. It was not duly considered at the time that the portion of the Berzelian hypothesis which was proven to be inconsistent with the facts was a minor and unessential part of the whole, and that the great and important generalization of this master among masters remained untouched. His ineffectual efforts to bolster up the fallacious part of his system threw doubt on it all, and one by one his strongest supporters abandoned his entire beautiful theory for a species of chemical agnosticism.

Finally, in 1848, Gmelin, in the colossal dictionary of chemistry, (humorously called "a handbook,") abandoned all attempts at graphic description of compounds and went back to the apparent weight of combination of Lavoisier's time. This timorousness of the chemists of that day affected the progress of theory for nearly thirty years, and it was during these years that Dr. Hunt was active in research. [See the History of Chemistry by von Meyer, Leipzig, 1889]. The motive of this abandonment of the ground so gallantly won by Berzelius was doubtless a good one, viz: the desire to avoid the faults of the alchemists, and to confine the

* "The Helps and Hindrances to the Progress of Chemical Theory," Introduction to chemical lecture course at the Franklin Institute, November 10th, 1890.

activity of workers to concrete facts and indisputable conclusions, but it was like a panic in an army, and lost many a great mind like that of Dr. Hunt to the abstract branch of chemical research.

In the period covered by Dr. Hunt's work it was not good form among the masters to consider theoretical chemistry at all, but rather to work sedulously to collect facts. Yet these facts once gained it has resulted that the old fabric of Berzelius has been re-erected. Additional superstructure indeed has been added, but his foundations have been left untouched.

As an illustration of the unconscious repetition by Dr. Hunt of the mental processes of Gerhardt, compare his statement regarding the definition of organic chemistry in "A new basis of chemistry (§ 15) with the following language of Gerhardt: "Comme toutes les matières organiques sans exception aucune, renferment du carbone, on peut dire qu'elle—(la chimie organique)—"est la chimie du carbone." [Ch. Gerhardt Précis de Chimie Organique, Notices préliminaires, Paris, 1844.] The minds of these men worked in similar grooves, and had Dr. Hunt replaced Laurent in collaboration with Gerhardt it is very probable that similar results would have been obtained.

His research in mineralogy and geology was of similar character to that in chemistry. Here again besides the keen observing power of a "Forscher" Dr. Hunt was an attentive student of the literature of his subject, and he seldom, if ever, made the mistake of beginning an old investigation as if he were the first to think of it. On the contrary, it seemed his mission to exhume and revitalize the views of the oldest savants in the subjects that he treated; imparting to their words a meaning which either had not been understood, or the import of which had been overlooked. It is thus that we find him going back to Werner's views in his "crenitic" hypothesis; to Amos Eaton, in his reconstruction of the base of the American column; to Breithaupt, in his classification of mineral species. And whether or not in every case the original views of his subject justified his interpretation of them, the attention which he called to these views threshed out the remaining seed which had not been previously extracted and made more secure the fame of the old masters. The tendency of this treatment also was beneficial in restricting the number of new "schools."

On the other hand it must be acknowledged that Dr. Hunt in

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the later period of his life often spent too much of his valuable time in reclamations of precedence in the announcement of generalizations which had been ascribed to others, basing his claim sometimes on printed words of his own which did not unmistakably define the same ideas. There is no question that in these cases he was sincere, and that from his point of view his claims were just, for he commenced his useful career as a scientific writer with more than the usual amount of that caution which is the indispensable quality of a true savant. Still, he was the unquestioned author of so much that was valuable that he might well have spared himself the controversy and annoyance of these struggles, some of which were very unpleasant to him.

He will be remembered chiefly by his valuable additions to our knowledge of the constitution of the crystalline rocks and his theories concerning their genesis and classification. His leading thought for thirty years was that minerals took the place in crystalline rocks of fossils in the clastic rocks as a means of determination of their history, relative age, &c., but he nowhere pretended (as sometimes has been unjustly said of him) that we were yet able to interpret aright all of the phenomena they presented.

He was an enthusiastic admirer of flowers and a skillful botanist and arborist, contributing much to bring to the attention of the public the necessity of caring for our wantonly wasted forests, and interesting himself greatly in the establishment in Canada and the United States of Arbor day.

He was also a keen critic and an omniverous reader of the current French and English literature, being especially fond of poetry. His memory of the thoughts of those poets whom he most admired was extraordinary, and as a rest from the graver labors of a geological investigation he would sometimes repeat pages of graceful lines. While extremely cautious in expressing any opinions on religious subjects he did not conceal from those who enjoyed much of his society that he was an agnostic of his own peculiar kind, neither affirming nor denying any of the dogmas of any church, but finding much to respect in all of them.

Like most men of ability, Dr. Hunt admired women and recognized the need of their refining influence. He was too great a man to be above enjoying "small talk" when he found himself among those who produced no other kind, and if it was surprising

to hear this learned scientist repeating pages of sentimental verse, it was still more so to note that not only could he on occasion excel in the art of colorless polite conversation, but invariably excited the admiration of his hearers by his accurate memory for the thousand trifles which form its staple, and, in fact, actually enjoyed it. Nevertheless, a word was enough to divert him from this light pastime, and he would lose the smiling presence which accompanied his badinage and drop by instinct into a thoughtful and well expressed monologue.

He had a keen sense of the humorous and a loud and contagious laugh which inspired in others as much hilarity as the sally which called it forth. His nature was emotional, but controlled by strong and well balanced reasoning power, so that no serious view of his on any scientific subject was influenced by it. It follows that where this reasoning power was not exercised, as in the ordinary small worries and mishaps of life he exhibited an extreme passion, tenderness, or sensitiveness. This characteristic while it enabled him to enjoy much that was unfelt by a coarser nature, was nevertheless, the cause to him of extreme suffering from causes which would have made no impression on most men.

His weaknesses were not those which could detract from his greatness, nor did they contain anything sordid or hateful, while the salient points which distinguished him above others placed him in that indefinable class of great men whose thoughts have moulded our century. It was an instructive lesson in psychology to stand beside him and observe how smoothly and forcefully his mind worked on subjects of the greatest difficulty, and how beautifully it recorded its work in well chosen sentences cadenced to express the smallest variations of meaning, and so beautifully clear as to render further interpretation unnecessary even for the least intelligent of his hearers.

The conversion of Dr. Hunt from the views of Mather, who in 1843 rejected the theory which assumed the Adirondacks or Macomb mountains to be primary gneiss, as described by Maclure in 1817 and afterwards more fully by Amos Eaton in 1832, and substituted another in which a great part of the crystalline rocks of New York, such as the Highlands, and also those of Canada, were considered altered Silurian deposits, gives a good illustration of his fairness and astuteness. While Murray and his official superior,

Logan, were of the opinion that the Green Mountain range in Canada was altered paleozoic, Hunt was privately convinced of the truth of the conclusions drawn by Macfarlane & Bigsby in 1862-63, and though for several years he could not state his change of view in the official publications of the Canada Geological Survey, he announced it in 1870, and added additional reasons in its support. Dr. Hunt has given a sketch of this episode in the AMERICAN GEOLOGIST. [Geological history of the Quebec group, vol. v, p. 212, 1890.]

This conversion made him an active partisan of the pre-Cambrian party in similar controversies in other countries, and brought him in contact with Dr. Hicks, who in 1867, in collaboration with Harkness, published his reasons for differing from the opinion of De La Beche, Murchison and Ramsay, that the crystalline schists of north and south Wales were altered Cambrian. Hicks finally announced in 1877 that they belonged to two unconformable series of different geological ages, but both older than the oldest Cambrian. In 1878 Dr. Hunt, Prof. Hughes, of Cambridge, Prof. Torell and others, visited the localities in Anglesey and Carnarvonshire, and confirmed Dr. Hick's conclusions. The history of this controversy between the official geologists of the British Geological Survey and Dr. Hicks, and ultimately the complete triumph of the latter, are matters of recent occurrence. Dr. Hunt lent valuable assistance to his Welsh friend besides finding a confirmation of his own conclusions as to the pre-Cambrian character of like American series in this analogous discovery across the sea.

One of the secrets of Dr. Hunt's success was his indefatigable industry. He rarely made notes in the field, but on returning from a long and arduous day's tramp through the mountains retired to his room after the evening meal and wrote down the results of the day's work; thus sparing himself many an erasure of opinions expressed in the morning which further observation in the afternoon served to refute. This labor would often occupy him far into the night, but he never omitted it, and his thus thoughtfully compiled notes often became without change, parts of his permanent works.

He was one of the few great observers who was also a great

generalizer. Many persons who could not fully grasp his ideas spoke disparagingly of the manner in which he would often allude to some geological horizon as occurring from Alabama to Canada, but he had well weighed his words before making such statements, and further investigation but serves to confirm their accuracy.

He could see farther into the plan of construction of the earth's shell than his observations would justify him in asserting, and he chafed at the restrictions which the slow accumulation of facts condemned him to; still he did not abuse that highest of research's weapons, the scientific imagination, but subordinated it in stating conclusions, and only gave it full play in the reconnaissance which precedes research.

By Dr. Hunt's death, science is poorer by one earnest votary, and America is deprived of one brilliant and useful son.

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VISCOUNT FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

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From the Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences
Vol. XXXI.

VISCOUNT FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

In the biographical notice that follows we do not expect to make an adequate exhibit of the work and honors of a life so long and impetuous as that of M. de Lesseps, but hope, by presenting the salient points in his career, to indicate what manner of man he was, from first to last, without intruding mere opinion.

Of his boyhood we know very little, except that he had every advantage of refined social life and education. As he reached manhood he found himself down at the front where volunteers for the

advance were called, and he went forward. Fortune was inconstant, but he never looked back. For more than a half century he was the most conspicuous and interesting figure in the rush of the busy world; —he turned its tide, but it overtook him and whelmed over him when his footsteps faltered in old age. He was the hero of one generation, and the victim of another.

He was born at Versailles in the year 1805, and educated at the Lycée Napoléon for the foreign service, to which the family had a sort of traditional claim. His grandfather, Martin de Lesseps, was Consul at St. Petersburg before the Revolution, and his father, Matthew de Lesseps, held the Commissariat-Generalship of Egypt at the time that Ferdinand was born. Subsequently he was Imperial Commissary at the Seven Islands (Ionian), where he won the good will of everybody, and in the fantastic diction of the period he was declared to be "liberal even to fanatical generosity." In 1817 he was sent on a mission to Morocco, and shortly after appears as French Consul at Philadelphia, where he assisted at a Commercial Convention, and was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society. He married Mademoiselle de Grivegnir, daughter of a distinguished jurist in Malaga. It was through this Spanish mother that Ferdinand de Lesseps came to be a kinsman of the Empress of the French, in the unfolding plot of this family's missions.

The first professional employment for Ferdinand was offered by his uncle, Jean Baptiste de Lesseps (best known to scientific men as that Viscount de Lesseps who, in 1787, crossed Siberia from the Okhotsk Sea to bring a report — which proved to be the last tidings — from La Pérouse). This uncle in 1825 was French Consul at Lisbon, and Ferdinand, then twenty years old, was sent by him on a diplomatic errand. Shortly after this we find him a "student consul" at Alexandria, under his father, Matthew de Lesseps.

In 1833 he was given a sub-consulate at Cairo. It was in the following year that the great plague broke out, memorable as perhaps the most fatal visitation of modern times. Young Lesseps was then left in management of the Consul-Generalship, and he won such golden opinion that he was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor. In 1838 he went as Consul to Rotterdam, in 1839 to Malaga. It was as French Consul at Barcelona that he won, during the revolt of 1842, the admiration of Europe as a humanitarian. His personal courage and his devotion to suffering people induced four governments to send him decorations. He was made an officer of the Legion of Honor. The city of Marseilles awarded him a medal, and the city of Barcelona

caused his bust to be set up. A few years later he received the insignia of Chevalier of the Grand Cross of Isabella the Catholic.

In 1848 he was summoned to Paris by Lamartine, and sent as Minister Plenipotentiary to Madrid. After about one year he was withdrawn by Prince Napoleon, and sent in the same capacity to Rome, at the time of Garibaldi's occupation, — "a man," said M. Odilon Barrot, "who enjoys our full confidence, whom we have put to the test in very trying circumstances, and who has always served the cause of liberty and humanity."

M. de Lesseps has told the vexations of his Roman mission very interestingly in his "Recollections," but with singular absence of personal consciousness even in failure. He often defends himself, and designs to do so; but it is always an argument for the merit of the work upon which he is engaged, rather than any declaration of his own higher motives, except that he attributed all his successes to the energy of "patriotism," — a word which seemed to embrace about all the world. He seems to have used this word simply as the most modest admissible expression for public duty, and the obligation to serve in the great march.

He learned in the foreign service to respect and sympathize with earnest people everywhere, and formed enthusiastic friendships among even those of radically different blood and radically different traditions. To bring people together in some common interest and intent seemed to him to be the cure for national prejudice, and he saw in foreign trade this catholicon. In the administration of foreign affairs during periods mostly peaceful, he acquired a pretty clear impression of those larger principles of reciprocal trade that escape the merchant's more short-sighted view. The consulates were for him not only schools of commercial jurisprudence, but they enabled him to distinguish the interest of the community from that of the individual. An obstruction or difficulty in the path of trade may be of value to the few who know or can afford the roundabout way; but it is the mission of public spirit to equalize opportunities as well as to shorten process. M. de Lesseps, in his letter to Cobden (1854), advised those statesmen who opposed the Suez Canal because it would reduce the number of ships and men by shortening the route to India, to induce shipmasters to take the Cape Horn route, and thus employ more men and more ships. This retort is a pretty good illustration of his way of meeting disingenuous criticism by the *reductio ad absurdum.*

In this earlier part of his life, following in the footprints of his fathers, he often missed complete success, — although always in

earnest. But all the while he was unwittingly fitting himself for his true mission, and gaining strength, and knowledge, and courage for a practical interpretation of a sublime thought: "*Je veux détruire cette muraille de sable qui arrête le progrès.*"

This *muraille de sable*, this wall of sand, separates two worlds. In one, man plays the roll assigned to him in the original setting of the piece; in the other, he assists in never-ending creation. In one he awaits his orders in harness, in the other he is charioteer. But from whichever point of view we look backwards across the Isthmus, from Islam or from Christendom, history foreshadows the canal. And now that it is finished and in full operation, so that its direct effects upon the commerce of the world have ultimated, one reads the history of trade by a new light, which discovers prophetic meaning in many events that anticipated this new dispensation.

If we seek the origin of the idea, we are taken back to a remote past; and we may follow the thought down through a hundred generations, which it dimly pervades, till the sifting of the French Revolution discovers its "fixity, that true sign of the law"; thenceforth, it is a pressing obligation hastening to maturity.

In Napoleon's message to the Directory, "Whatever European power holds Egypt permanently is in the end mistress of India," he put the cart before the horse, as we have since learned; but the necessity for the canal in the scheme of human progress is reflected even in such inverted conceptions, and to the short-lived Egyptian Institute we owe the first scientific investigation of the problem of joining the two seas, although the errors of survey, which deferred the project by placing the two seas out of level, reflect little credit upon the pupils of the Normal School. To make errors that should prove stepping stones to the truth was, however, in the spirit of the age; and the report of Lapère — reasserting "the *wisdom of the ancients*," that had already afflicted and separated the nations of the earth for thirty-five hundred years — only aroused a new and defiant generation, that with better observations and in better temper reconciled the two seas forever.

M. Mimut, "one of the most distinguished diplomats ever in the service of France," holding the great work of the French expedition in his hands, gave to M. de Lesseps the first quickening thought, and from that moment his mind and heart received the ancient hope renewed, and he became its champion. It was a religious experience. "You have," said Renan, addressing him at the Academy, "caused to blossom once more a flower which seemed faded forever. You

have given to this sceptical age of ours a striking proof of the efficacy of faith."

We are satisfied that here is the point of view from which the confidence and the enthusiasm of M. de Lesseps is comprehensible. How could he possibly have expected to convert such a man as Lord Palmerston? The result of their interview was that M. de Lesseps doubted the sanity of the Premier, while the latter regarded him as an adventurer, — a soldier of fortune, — employed, perhaps, in the interest of some French "move" in Egypt. In reality, there stood before the great statesman a simple-minded Da Gama, who had discovered a new route to India and offered himself as the pilot. It was nobody's interest then to make him a figure-head, — he was at the other end of the ship; it was his trick at the wheel.

After the failure of the Egyptian expedition, Napoleon, in 1803, instructed Matthew de Lesseps, Political Agent in Egypt, to nominate for election and for the Sultan's approval an officer of ability to serve as Pasha of Cairo. M. de Lesseps named one who was then in command of a regiment of Basha Bazouks, a Macedonian, who could neither read nor write, and who had come to Egypt as a subordinate of contingents. This man was Mehemet Ali, — the wise and terrible, — who subsequently made himself master and mortgagee of Egypt. It was he who built the Mahmoudieh Canal, — the last, and perhaps the greatest, of non-militant works ever executed by unaided human hands. He also inaugurated work on the Barage — the dream of Hassan — over which Egypt had brooded five hundred years; and it was he that discovered the potential energies of young Lesseps, whom he caused to sit at his feet and listen to the narrative of his slaughter of the Mamelukes, and the now possible project of a cut through to Suez, which the Viceroy was ready to undertake, under a grand *corvée*, except that he feared the would-be and could-be mistresses of India.

It was at this time (while consular pupil in 1832) that Ferdinand de Lesseps became the companion, and incidentally the teacher, of Saïd Pasha, the son of the Viceroy, on whom was laid the futurition of the father's dream, — and the dream of all the Pharaohs. The "memorandum" prepared for this prince by M. de Lesseps, long after, connects itself in our minds with these boyhood days, when he says, "The names of the Egyptian sovereigns who erected the Pyramids remain unknown, — the name of the prince who opens the great maritime canal will be blessed from century to century down to the most distant posterity," — so well did this "grand Frenchman" understand and share the hope of glory upon which he counted.

Ever since the establishment of British power in India, the best minds in England had seen the necessity of securing a right of way across the Delta of the Nile, and a step in this direction seemed to be made in the treaty of Warren Hastings in 1776; but nothing came of it till the vigorous movement of Mehemet Ali to open a transit route via the Mahmoudieh Canal brought Waghorn to the front in 1829, — the Indian mail service really opened two years later, — although it was not till 1840 that a steamship company used the Red Sea route. Young M. de Lesseps was witness of Waghorn's triumph, and, more than all the world besides, did him the honor of a just appreciation. He was an example and an inspiration all his life, and when his own hour of triumph arrived he raised a statue to Waghorn at Suez.

Professional detractors discover, now, that the Suez Canal never really presented any physical difficulties or dangers; but how many of this class resisted the heresies of the French expedition, or forsook them at the bidding of a Bourdelau? Many of us are old enough to remember when in popular belief the two seas were out of level, the sand storms of the desert buried caravans and armies, and thousands of dead fellaheen were used each month to raise the banks of the Mahmoudieh Canal. Children in our Sabbath schools were taught these things of the land of Mehemet Ali, — that bold bad Napoleon of Islam. And yet the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, away back in 1835, ventured to say, "Mehemet Ali is working for Europe, which will become his heir."

None of these bugbears troubled the mind of M. de Lesseps, who was the first to declare that the Isthmus was only a *muraille de sable qui arrête le progrès.* This was not the "bluff" of the speculator, but the faith that moves mountains. Yet, as late as July, 1852, in a letter to the Consul General of Holland in Egypt, he says, "I confess that my scheme is still in the clouds, and I do not conceal from myself that, as long as I am the only person who believes it to be possible, that is tantamount to saying it is impossible." At this time he had forsaken Egypt and was setting up a model farm in the Berry district and restoring the castle of Agnes Sorel. Abbas Pasha was then Viceroy of Egypt, and this prince knew not Joseph. It was under this Viceroy that the English Transit Railway was built.

In 1854, when M. de Lesseps was nearly fifty years old, Abbas Pasha died, and the "sympathetic Mohammed Saïd" became Viceroy of Egypt, and immediately sent for his old master to return; and before the close of the year, the concession of powers for the formation of the canal company had been issued.

A few little touches of nature in the journal of Lesseps, at this critical turning point of his career, reveal the entire consecration of every faculty to the great mission of his life. As he left his tent in the early morning of that anxious day, when the Viceroy was to hear his story and decide upon building the canal, he beheld a rainbow in the sky: "I confess that my heart beat violently, and that I was obliged to put a rein upon my imagination, which was tempted to see, in this sign of alliance spoken of in the Scriptures, the presage of the union between the Western and the Eastern world, and the dawning of the day for the success of my project." And again, on the same day, "When I leave the Viceroy to go and get my breakfast, I jump my horse over the parapet. You will see that this foolhardy act was one of the reasons that induced the Viceroy's *entourage* to support my scheme, — the generals at breakfast telling me as much." On the same day there was target practice, and a whole regiment had failed to hit the mark. M. de Lesseps seized a musket and put a bullet through the bull's-eye. Again, as he stood there, a bird hovered in the sky, — he raised his piece and fired, — an eagle fell at his feet. Even misfortune betokened success, as when on the Nile his cabin took fire and he was severely burned, he said, "The accident was of good omen, in that we had acquitted our debt to ill luck." Later, he found himself accidentally a lodger in the building which had once held the Institute of Egypt, and "this too was a good sign." All signs point our way when we are on the right road.

The gods were propitious, the prince was gracious. M. de Lesseps did not pause to consider whether these gods were of his own creation, or this prince only his docile pupil. Besides, he was not alone to carry the burden of this project, even in its initial stage. He had taken two friends into his counsels long ago. These were Linant Bey and Mougel Bey, engineers of the Barage and countrymen of his. These three put their earnings together, and with a capital of six thousand dollars they formed the nucleus of the "Compagnie Universelle."

Linant Bey had long before tried to raise a company to build the canal, and he and Bourdelau had run double lines of levels reconciling the two seas. He had also traced a line of location, which was very nearly that adopted in exploitation. Mougel, well known since as the chief engineer of the Barage, was recognized as the essential third point of support. In his journal of this initiatory period, M. de Lesseps notes down his dependence upon the knowledge, skill, and devotion of these two friends; and in his days of greatest glory he published

these notes, that all the world might be just to those who ventured with him in the forlorn hope.

These three kindred spirits, with only the Bible for their guide-book, made a reconnaissance of this route. The journal of Lesseps, which contains over twenty quotations from the Old Testament, is full of the confidence and courage of hope and health. In that desert land the skies are clear and the north wind full of joyous life and stored up energies. The whole horizon is in view, and he who has singleness of purpose may march straight to his destiny, whether he holds the Koran or the Bible. And here we are minded of that fearful contrast offered by the Isthmus of Panama on the other side of the earth, — with its weary mountains and dark forests breaking down the trade winds, and shortening and degrading the vision till high hopes and purposes are starved out, and man becomes a timid, sickly animal.

We agree that, as it turned out, the Suez Canal did not involve the solution of any new problems of physics, or very greatly tax the skill of French engineers. Indeed, it was not the practical and direct difficulties that really made the nations timid. In "this wall of sand," separating the Moslem from the Christian world, there lay sealed up with the seal of Solomon afreet and genii that made nations tremble to think of; for these, rashly let loose, might disturb the balance of power and throw out of adjustment trade and industries all over the world. It proposed radical change, and who could tell what might happen? Engineers and laborers stood ever ready to do the work, but the world waited for the prophet who could forecast a healthy and happy result. M. de Lesseps filled this office. His training, his knowledge, and his enthusiasm commanded respect. His promises of advantage east and west once seemed florid beyond the measure of his careful computations and great array of statistics, but, as we read his articles now, we are struck with his acuteness of foresight and his moderation.

He seems to have been a man of unusual singleness of purpose, — in something wider than a moral sense, — and to have absorbed himself absolutely in the work before him without ulterior design. He was in politics a republican, but he "never even from curiosity attended a political meeting." He was a partisan of the Prince President, but he could not follow him in the *coup d'état*, and only submitted to the Empire in the interest of peace, — and the canal. The Empress was a kinsman of his, and he had rendered her, in her humbler life, a personal service which she requited in personal good will. These relations may have procured for him the *entrée* to the

family circle, and brought the Emperor within the sphere of good influence. French journals were quick to discover an epigram, — the expression of good omen: "The marriage of two families, and the marriage of two seas." And this ran through the newspapers all around the world: "There is an Arab proverb (much affected by M. de Lesseps) quite apposite here: 'The dogs bark, — the caravan passes.'"

M. de Lesseps was not, by early training, an engineer, but a diplomat. To us his real assimilated rank is that of a discoverer. Why not, as well as Da Gama and Magellan? These declared that a ship could reach the Pacific Ocean by sailing *around* the continents, and they proved it. De Lesseps declared that a ship could reach the Pacific Ocean by sailing *through* the continents, — and he proved it. "He discovers who proves," said Aristotle. None of these men originated a new thought, but each of them did a new thing for the relief of mankind. Vasco de Gama was a prize drawn in a lottery in answer to prayer. He received his instructions through a great prince; and the miracle of his selection and vicarious appointment raised him above all fear. M. de Lesseps presents the antithesis. He was a volunteer who taught princes a good doctrine, and held them down to it. "Hear me for my cause" was all he asked, and those who paused to listen fell under the spell of his enthusiasm and received his testimony.

That was a period of great strain, when Robert Stephenson, one of his own professional caste, turned upon him in Parliament and spoke of his project as "one of those chimeras so often formed to induce English capitalists to part with their money, the end being that these schemes leave them poorer, though they make others much richer." The good temper and even the good sense of M. de Lesseps gave way, and he crossed the Channel to demand explanation. The explanation was made, and we are constrained to say that, if M. de Lesseps had not long afterwards, in his old age, published the correspondence, we should have overrated these contending champions of land and sea.

We can appreciate the causes for anxiety that afflicted intelligent men of affairs in Great Britain. Any change in the course of trade involves national risk. In this way the Venetian Indian trade had dwindled away after the Cape route was opened; then arose Portugal and Holland, to be outdone by England only after a tremendous struggle. Who could say which way the wheel might turn if the Egyptian Transit Railroad came to be supplanted?

England hardly attempted to disguise her apprehensions of danger

to her trade from the success of the canal built by a rival nation; but when she prevailed upon the Sultan to order the withdrawal of the fellah labor, our American journals charged her with complacent hypocrisy, and very naturally, since she had just completed the Transit Railway under the corvée in its most cruel form. Under this corvée, Egypt had always draughted men for public works, much in the same way that other countries procure soldiers in time of war. In a country whose existence is involved in a system of canals of irrigation and dikes, there must be no hesitation at critical moments.

M. de Lesseps had prevailed upon Mohammed Saïd greatly to modify the corvée so far as to provide wages and hospitals, but the Viceroy insisted that the abolition of the system would ruin Egypt. Inducing the peasant to work for government by offers of reward was an untried experiment, and one too dangerous to try, since its failure involved, as alternative, the calling in of foreign labor, — an abomination to the Egyptian. England's suggestion that, to avoid the foreign force, the dimensions of the canal should be reduced to the capacity of the native labor, was perfectly logical, and consistent with her alarm policy. But England's policy, like our own, is the net result of conflict among varied interests, theories, and sentiments. The Transit Railway had been practically a national interest, and in the *composition of forces* this interest had been strong enough to determine the direction of the *resultant* till the work was finished. But reports from the scene gradually aroused the humanitarians, who threw their weight into the scale where the interests of the fellahs seemed to lie. In this way, Lord Palmerston, wholly misunderstanding the signs of the times (as events proved), worked more wisely than he knew, and the spell that had darkened Egypt from her birth broke forever.

M. de Lesseps — always single in his purpose — made the withdrawal of the corvée another stepping stone to success. He procured the reference of the question of damages to the Emperor of the French, who made a generous decision in his favor, — far too generous, perhaps, but it enabled the company to introduce machinery in place of hand labor, till the Suez plant excelled that in use in any other part of the world.

The writer of this notice, who made an inspection under full authority from M. de Lesseps the year before the canal was opened, can bear witness that never before or since, in his long experience, has he seen laborers so kindly cared for and so free under the most absolute discipline. M. de Lesseps said, "I have no difficulty in controlling my laborers, because I treat them kindly and make them comprehend

that they are working for all mankind." His labor then was drawn from many races, but did not include the "sambos," "bravos," coolies, and mongrels of Panama.

His sympathies were always with the fellaheen, even to his own prejudice. He had lived among them, they had served him, and when the struggle came for the possession of the canal he did not ask that it should be French, but that it should be neutral under a pledge from Araby Pasha, the chief of revolting fellaheen and Arab troops. One can hardly conceive of a professional diplomat so blind to his own interests and the interests of the *Compagnie Universelle*, but, like his grandfather of the Seven Islands, "he was generous even to fanaticism."

It must not be overlooked that the Suez Canal is an extension of the Mediterranean and an improvement upon the old route of trade between Europe and Asia, along which ports have been made, warehouses established, and political relations adjusted. Its opening was an easement to all the world. Its construction was sure, because it was the next legitimate step forward under the pressure of an enormous demand. It was, as it proved, no experiment. The ground had been profiled and bored, the climate had been tested and found healthy and cheerful; and laborers were near at hand, not likely to suffer in temper and spirits from the slight change of scene. In short, there were no difficulties, except familiar vicissitudes — and the pride of kings.

The successful opening of the Suez Canal, near the close of 1869, induced throughout the world, perhaps for the first time, a conviction of common interest. The struggle in Egypt had been with the common enemy, and the victory belongs to us all. It was the old allegory adapted to our age, with Count de Lesseps in the part of St. Michael. Among the Mohammedans, as among Christians, there are sects that believe in an internal sense of the word. To these, human life and history, and all events, both great and small, are allegories, and he who catches so much as a glimpse of the esoteric meaning of the piece plays his part like a god. This is the source of enthusiasm.

Some newspaper men are comparing the traffic of the Sault de Ste. Marie with that of the Suez Canal, — as if these two works were of the same world-wide interest, or of the same dramatic import. There may be more tonnage passing through the lock at the "Soo" than through the desert of Suez, and there may be more yet passing through a city street, but the gonfalon was borne by the *Compagnie Universelle*.

During the construction of the canal, we never heard of a single

American purchaser of a share. Yet these shares are worth now many times their original face value, and we, indirectly or through foreign ships, are among the best customers. The Report for last year shows that of the three thousand three hundred and fifty-two ships that passed through the canal (averaging considerably over two thousand tons each) England sent two thousand three hundred and eighty-six and the United States only five.

Since the days of the Conquistadors, the project for a canal through the American isthmus had been an alternative to the shorter route to the Indies by way of Suez, to be considered in case physical or political difficulties should intervene. The completion of the Suez Canal and the guaranty that British control gave it, reduced very much the commercial demand for the westward route. Nevertheless, the immense revenue at Suez excited the popular mind, especially in France, with the hope of a great speculation in the establishment of a rival company, which, while sharing in some measure the overflowing trade of India and China, might secure the interchanges between the two coasts of America, and perhaps the whole of our trade with Japan.

The Panama project was high born and burst into life a full grown scheme. There were no prime ministers, emperors, and sublime portes lying in wait to stifle it. With Count de Lesseps for its godfather holding the lamp of Aladdin, all the world attended its baptism with complacent expression, — except, perhaps, that the Monroe Doctrine cast a sinister shadow over the scene, — a very thin shadow, but enough to depress the market for the securities after the first rush was over. But what the scheme lacked from first to last was justification in immediate necessity. It had an illegitimate and ~~premature~~ birth, and its sponsors limited their risks to broker's charges, — except M. de Lesseps, who gave all. He gave his past earnings in the best service of our age, and he gave his fair fame as endowment enough for the whole credit of the company — at the start.

Professor Nourse and other clever writers have said that the American canal would be of greater benefit than the Egyptian, because it would connect greater oceans, and that commerce demands a navigable zone around the world. Half in sympathy with these ideas, we cannot help thinking that in this aphoristic form they lack practical merit. Man does not inhabit the sea, and the road that traverses or connects intimately the most inhabited portions of the earth must be the most valuable. Our system of overland railways to the Pacific is practically a supplement to the Suez Canal in the all around commerce of the world, and it was the building of this system with its connec-

tions that for many years diverted our capital from the ocean, to which it reluctantly returns.

"Fear only the unforeseen" is a classic proverb, much affected by the French, but among no other people has it less practical honor. For the Panama project, the almost unprecedented depth of the cut, the peculiarly obdurate ledges, the great rainfall interrupting labor and causing sloughing of the banks, the necessity for turning the Chagres River, were difficulties weighed and discounted at the start, by able engineers and by a very large and very intelligent company in France. But the "bodily slipping of the hills," in the excavations near the summit level, was a frightful disappointment. It necessitated a postponement of the sea level cut, and the adoption of a scheme of locks, which involved the ponding of the Chagres River. This *change of base* was fatal, and the company broke. A new company has been formed and may keep the project alive till a stronger call from the commercial world comes to its aid.

The King of Spain, looking from his chamber window, shaded his eyes and said, "I am looking for the walls of Panama, — they have cost enough to be seen from here."

With regard to the charges of fraud against the financial management of the Panama Canal Company, we do not feel competent to speak, except to call attention to their diminution as investigations proceed. But with regard to the waste of plant, it does not seem in undue proportion to the magnitude of the experiment. Charges of waste were made against the Suez Canal Company, — especially by our journals and those of other distant people, — and they attend all great enterprises. The plant that does not prove equal to the new work must be cast aside, and lost, if far away from the junk market. The greatest and most successful works that we have visited are strewn with wreckage, marking the field where the battle was won.

Throughout the whole period of the construction in Egypt, M. de Lesseps was actual manager in chief. Many thousands worked under his direction, holding all gradations of rank, but he was the real master spirit. His reports from the beginning are full of acknowledgments of the services and merits of his subordinates. At the outset he leaned upon the superior engineering of Linant Bey and Mougel Bey, and for many years preceding the completion of the canal his reports place Voisin Bey in the foreground, not as a shield from responsibility, but as the support of an enthusiastic company whose millions were thus insured. In his old age, the dependence upon others necessarily became greater and greater, and in the

Panama scheme he no longer verified the statements of the engineers by adequate inspection and exploitation, but absolutely fell back upon others. His old attitude of control and command continued, but he merely indorsed the reports of the chiefs of divisions, — *whose figures, we now know, were correct,* — without discovering their misleading limitations. His famous promise that the canal should be open to the passage of vessels in 1889 was based, as he stated, upon the unanimous acquiescence of his chiefs of division. Moreover, if we plot on profile paper the amount of work done from date to date, the curve of increments, projected, seems to justify the prediction. His own belief in it is enthusiastically stated in his "Recollections of Forty Years," and he adds: "I am an octogenarian. Old age foresees, and youth acts." This last *mot* was lost upon the public, who saw him now only as the figure-head of a brave ship given over to pirates.

In 1869, the year of the triumphal opening of the Suez Canal, M. de Lesseps was sixty-four years old. This is the age of compulsory retirement for our United States Engineers. But M. de Lesseps was so vigorous that he was for many years later a most valuable man in council. He aided the ship canal of Corinth, and the grand canal from the Elbe to the Baltic. It was not until he was seventy-six that the *Société du Canal de Panama* was constituted, and he was eighty when he crossed the ocean to make a personal inspection of the work in progress. The execution for a year or two, under the full contracts, seemed to realize his predictions, and warrant great expectations; but after that everything went wrong. The master's mind failed before he could have discovered how much he had been betrayed. He lived to be eighty-nine, and died a poor man. His widow and her children are now dependent upon a pension from the Suez Canal Company.

1896. HENRY MITCHELL.

NOTE. — The foregoing had been written out for transmission to the Academy, but was withheld under misgivings as to the adequacy of our very much foreshortened view of the causes of the failure at Panama, until Mr. Nathan Appleton (American Agent of the Panama Canal Company) sent us the last word spoken on the subject by a *competent* witness. This was in the form of a biographical notice by M. Gabriel Gravier, which the Countess de Lesseps sent to Mr. Appleton with her autograph indorsement. This writer takes the ground that all was going well, till a senseless panic upset the market. "The work was marching to a certain success; the original

estimate had proved very nearly sufficient. Whence came the cyclone which swept away the company and its four hundred thousand shareholders? From Paris, the distracted brain of France!" With some personal and professional knowledge of the American isthmus, and from reading the recent reports of Kimball, Rogers, and others, we distinctly see that the difficulties in the Panama scheme were really intrinsic, — although not insurmountable, — and we have let our account stand.

DEDICATION

OF THE

STATUE

OF

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK,

U. S. ARMY,

AT

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OF THE

STATUE

OF

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U. S. VOLUNTEERS, COLONEL FOURTH U. S. CAVALRY,

AT

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OCTOBER 21, 1868.

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1869.

PROCEEDINGS.

Early in November, 1864, the Sixth Corps being then encamped on Cedar Creek, in the Valley of the Shenandoah, Major-General H. G. Wright, the corps commander, called together the division and brigade commanders, and at this meeting it was proposed and decided to erect at West Point, N. Y., a bronze statue of Major-General John Sedgwick, who had recently been killed while in command of the corps. A Committee, consisting of the corps and division commanders, was appointed to effect this design. The funds estimated to be necessary were promptly supplied by the corps, and were placed in the hands of Bvt. Colonel W. S. Franklin, Treasurer of the Committee.

May 19th, 1868, a contract was made with Mr. Launt Thompson, sculptor—a copy of which is appended. Congress, by the following Act, directed that the requisite amount of bronze should be supplied :

I.—[PUBLIC RESOLUTION—No. 37.]

A RESOLUTION DONATING CERTAIN CAPTURED ORDNANCE FOR THE COMPLETION OF A MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of War be, and he is hereby, authorized and required to place in charge of Major-General H. G. Wright, Major-General Frank Wheaton, Major-General George W. Getty, and Major-General Truman Seymour, three bronze cannon, captured by the Sixth Army Corps in battle, for the construction of a statue of the late Major-General John Sedgwick, to be placed on a monument erected to his memory by the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac.

Approved July 3, 1868.

The model was completed in clay in July, 1868. The casting in bronze was made by Robert Wood & Co., at Philadelphia, Pa., on 20th of August, 1868, and it was completed by L. A. Amoreux, of New York. The stone pedestal was constructed by Alexander Edwards, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Committee gave public notice of the inauguration in the journals of the day, which was widely republished throughout the country. Especial invitation was extended to many distinguished Government and State officials, letters from some of whom are here appended.

The Committee, after discharging all pecuniary obligations, found that a sufficient sum remained to

admit of the publication of these papers, and believing that such an appropriation would best subserve the interests committed to their charge, have caused five hundred copies to be printed for the use of the corps.

H. G. Wright,

Late Maj.-Gen. U. S. Vols., Commander 6th Army Corps, and Bvt. Maj.-Gen. U. S. A.

Geo. W. Getty,

Late Bvt. Maj.-Gen. of Vols., Commander 2d Div. 6th Army Corps, and Bvt. Maj.-Gen. U. S. A.

Frank Wheaton,

Late Bvt. Maj.-Gen. of Vols., Commander 1st Div. 6th Army Corps, and Bvt. Maj.-Gen. U. S. A.

Truman Seymour,

Late Bvt. Maj.-Gen. of Vols., Commander 3d Div. 6th Army Corps, and Bvt. Maj.-Gen. U. S. A.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY,
WEST POINT, N. Y., *October* 20, 1868.

Special Orders,
No. 22.

The formal dedication and unveiling of the statue erected in memory of the late Major-General John Sedgwick, commander of the Sixth Army Corps, who fell in the battle of Spottsylvania on the 9th of May, 1864, will take place on Wednesday, the 21st instant.

The following arrangement of the exercises, prepared by the Committee in charge, will be observed on the occasion, viz.:

I.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

The line will be formed at three o'clock P. M., with the right opposite the west tower of the Cadet Barracks.

Immediately thereafter the procession will move to the site, under the command of Brevet Major-General H. G. Wright, U. S. Army, in the following order:

1. Battery of Light Artillery.

2. Music—consisting of Military Academy Band, Governor's Island Band, First U. S. Artillery Band.

3. Battalion of Cadets.

4. Family and relatives of the late Major-General John Sedgwick.

5. Orator, Monument Committee, Chaplain, and Mr. Launt Thompson, artist.

6. President of the United States and Heads of the Executive Departments.

7. General U. S. Grant and Staff.

8. Governors of States, and their Suites.

9. Senators and Members of the U. S. House of Representatives.

10. Members of the Sixth Army Corps.

11. Officers and Soldiers of the Volunteer and Regular Forces.

12. Officers of the Navy and Marine Corps.

13. Officers and Professors of the Military Academy.

14. Citizens desirous of participating in the ceremony.

II.

ORDER OF PROCEEDINGS.

1. Prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. John W. French.

2. Music—(*Stabat Mater.*)

3. Unveiling of the Statue—"Present arms, rolls and battery salute of thirteen guns."

4. Oration, by the Hon. George W. Curtis, of New York.

5. Music—(*Moses in Egypt.*)

6. Benediction by the Chaplain.

7. Music.

By command of Brevet Brigadier-General PITCHER.

EDWARD C. BOYNTON,
Brevet Major and Adjutant.

Prayers by the Rev. John W. French, D. D., Chaplain U. S. Military Academy.

FOR THE GOVERNMENT.

Almighty God, from whom the blended voices of liberty and law flow forth forever, sounding alike in Thy works and word; who hast taught us, by thy lessons in history, that we must so unite them in all good government, as to shelter men from the desolations alike of anarchy and of tyranny, we bless Thy holy name for their union in our American institutions. So may Thy benedictions rest perpetually on all the branches of the National Government, on all the States, and the whole united people, that all of them may shine together in their constellated array, image of the pattern which Thou hast set before us in the heavens, among all posterities forevermore. So may they stand in their order, none of them ever fainting in their watches, that they may be a light to lighten the nations, and the glory and blessing of a Christian people. We ask it through Him who taught us to render what is theirs to governments, and to Thee what is Thine, even Jesus Christ Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Lord God of Hosts, be pleased to receive into Thy Almighty and most gracious protection the Navy and Army of the United States. May Thy blessing rest on all who command and all who serve. On sea or land, in peace or war, may they deserve and receive the affection of their countrymen. Under Thy benediction may the schools of both services be nurseries for producing *men*—men, like him whom we remember to-day, conscientious, accomplished, brave, loyal, benevolent. In all ages, under law, and supporting law, may Navy and Army be the means, under Thy Providence, for giving to us, Thy people, a sheltered spot, where, in the agitations of this mortal life, we may lead quiet and peaceable lives, in all that thou ever approvest, and in all that men ever honor. Grant this, O Lord, for the glory of our Master, our Friend, our Life-Giver, Jesus Christ. Amen.

FOR A BLESSING ON THE OCCASION.

O Fountain of primal and everlasting love, issuing for us forever, in the mercy of the Spirit that leads, of the Son that frees, and of the Father that adopts us, may our love even in its feebleness, answer in harmony to Thine in its unspeakable fulness. May we rejoice whenever in this world, not darkened by Thee but by sin, disinterested love brings out from human hearts their love in return! On this occasion, when from a smitten corps of the army, and from the hand of those refining arts which Thou hast sent forth as civilizers among mankind, there rises before us a beautiful tribute from the love of soldiers to a grand, brave, loving com-

mander, we ask that the lessons embodied in the life and death of him whom we honor may never be lost. We ask not only that around both the graves and the sculptured images of heroes may ascend, in men's hearts, aspirations to be likewise heroes in defence of land and law, but we specially ask that the young persons who will daily pass by this spot, and the thousands who will visit it, may catch its peculiar instructions: that the tragedies of war are to be brightened by tender mercies; that the true commander is to see in his soldiers his children, and in subdued enemies his brothers; and that with and after all labors of head in campaign or battle, must work the anxieties of the heart that no needless suffering may come upon one of Thy human family. So may the voice breathing of loving-kindness from this statue blend with the ten thousand voices coming from Thy blessed word, and coming from this Thy temple of nature, rising all around us with its majestic walls in tinted loveliness, and so blended that we may be guided by them all, under Thy Spirit sent from Thine own deeps of purity and love, to walk in love as Thou hast loved us — love in which we may forget ourselves for Thee and for each other. We ask it through Him who came to us in His tender charity, and taught us when we pray to say:

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

Oration by George William Curtis.

Under this October sky, among these historic hills, with this historic river flowing at our feet; here, upon ground that Washington once trod, and which knew the darkest tragedy of the Revolution; beneath that flag, the bright morning star of hope to the nations—the flag that now floats unchallenged from this central post to the remotest frontier; surrounded by fields golden with immeasurable harvests, by homes of happiness and peace, by hearts of fidelity to country and to man, we come to honor the memory of the brave and modest soldier who died to give to our homes that peace, to confirm in our hearts that fidelity, to keep those fields prosperous and secure—your father, men of the Sixth Corps—our soldier, fellow-citizens—the silent, affectionate, heroic leader, whom the eye desiring sees not, whom the ear attentive hears not:

> "Whose part in all the pomp that fills
> The circuit of the summer hills,
> Is, that his grave is green."

"Death hath this also," says Bacon, "that it openeth the gate to good fame." But good fame, in turn, conquers death. He is not dead, although we no more see him. Behold how vast and various is his life! In this fair and noble statue he lives again. On the most heroic page of our history he lives and moves. In your hearts he is immortal. In the deeper splendor of the flag he

bore, in the supremacy of the Union he maintained, in the equality in that Union which he secured, in the larger power and increased justice of the regenerated country that he served, John Sedgwick lives now and shall live forever. Natural, and noble, and beautiful is the instinct that inspires our hands to build monuments to the illustrious dead. We carve their names upon memorial stone; exquisitely the sculptor moulds their forms in bronze or marble; but they carve their names upon history—they impress civilization with their likeness; and whiter than marble, more lasting than bronze, is the monument which their influence builds in our purer purposes and nobler lives. The American Union is the great monument of Washington and the men of the Revolution; the American Union as the security of equal rights is the monument of Sedgwick, and of three hundred thousand of our brothers who rest with him.

The tale of his life is the simple story of a brave and good man who did his duty, and died in doing it. Sedgwick was but one of the soldiers of the Union, in the fierce struggle with which the land still rocks and the air thrills. That struggle is as old as history. It is fought by the tongue and pen as earnestly as with the sword and shell. It is the contest for the largest individual freedom. Now it is a nation fighting for independence; then a man asserting moral and intellectual liberty. Now it is Leonidas and the Persians linked in the death-struggle at Thermopylæ; then it is Galileo wrestling with the Inquisition. There, upon the continent of Europe, it is Philip II. and the Netherlands; again, in England, it is the King and Parliament. Yesterday, it was the Colonies against the mother country; to day, it is the Union against the Confederacy. Three hundred years ago, it was

Gerard shooting the Prince of Orange; three years ago, it was Wilkes Booth shooting Abraham Lincoln. But everywhere and always, in whatever crude and imperfect form, it is a movement of the same conflict—it is the struggle between those who declare that some men have no rights and those who hold the truth to be self-evident that all men are created equal.

In Europe, three centuries ago, the cause of the people took form as the Protestant Reformation, and, transferred to the battle-field, was the thirty years' war. In England —drawn to a finer point in the sermons of stern preachers, in the debates in Parliament, in the loud snarl of pamphlets—it was known as Puritanism. But, at length, it was preaching and debating no longer. At Edgehill, John Pym's speeches had become pikes and Charles's falsehoods, swords. The Cavalier fought for privilege; the Puritan, for the people. The struggle was fierce and long, and, when the smoke of battle rolled away, Puritanism remained bivouacked upon the field. But its complete victory was reserved for another country and another continent. The old Puritanism was, doubtless, gloomy and severe—the tree that bore the rosy and delicate fruit of American liberty was knotted and gnarled. But, while the Cavalier, the Tory, and the aristocrat, here as everywhere, have always derided Puritanism, remember that the greatest of all English rulers was a Puritan; the greatest of all English poets but one, was a Puritan. The Puritan policy abroad swept the Mediterranean of pirates, and protected the Protestants of France and Savoy. The Puritan policy at home defended civil and religious liberty against despotism, mitred as a bishop and crowned as a king. Across the sea, it planted the rocks of New England with the seed of popular liberty

and equal rights. The harvest is as vigorous as the soil, for freedom is a rude plant, and loves the cooler latitudes. In the auspicious air of a new continent, the Puritan spirit became modified and enlarged. Out of strength came forth sweetness. Government by church members became government by the people. John Pym became James Otis. The larger and generous Puritanism of America inspired the Revolution. They were Puritan guns whose echo is endless upon Bunker Hill. It was the Puritan spirit that spoke in the Declaration of Independence. It was the Puritan will that shook the glittering hand of the Cavalier Burgoyne from the Hudson. It was to the Puritan idea that Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, and, eighty-three years later, it was the Cavalier who again surrendered to the Puritan under the Appomattox apple-tree. Those stern, sad men in peaked hats, who prayed in camp and despised love-locks, and at whom fribbles in politics laugh and sneer to-day, were the indomitable vanguard of moral and political freedom. If they snuffled in prayer, they smote in fight; if they sang through their noses, the hymn they chanted was liberty; if they aimed at a divine monarchy, they have founded the freest, the most enlightened, the most prosperous, the most powerful Republic in history.

As we look back to-day upon that tremendous conflict, we see, emerging from the bitter smoke, the grim champion of the people—Oliver Cromwell—and, by his side, there rides a sturdy Puritan, Major-General Robert Sedgwick. When Cromwell became Protector, he sent his General as commissioner to Jamaica, and, when the King returned, the Puritan decided to remain in America. "E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires," and, more than a century after Naseby and Worcester, a descend-

ant of Robert Sedgwick, a Major in the Revolutionary army, defended the good old cause at Valley Forge. At the end of the war, he was made a Major-General of Militia, and his house, which the Connecticut Tories had burned while he was away, was rebuilt for him by his townsmen. It was in the little town of Cornwall, in the pleasant valley of the Housatonic, in the northwest part of Connecticut—the State of Putnam and of Wooster—and there his grandson—our General John—was born, on the 13th of September, 1813. He is remembered as a quiet farmer's boy, going to the common school, and working in the peaceful fields of Cornwall Hollow — a generous, manly lad, a natural leader among his companions. But the spirit of the Ironside trooper and of the Continental volunteer was in his blood, and, as a little boy, he called himself "General John Sedgwick."

Thus, a soldier, born of soldiers, on the 1st of July, 1833, when he was twenty years old, he came here to the Military Academy, where, three years later, he was graduated, and was promoted Second Lieutenant of the Second Artillery. He served immediately in the Florida war against the Indians; a little later, upon the Northern frontier, during the Canadian border troubles, and was engaged in recruiting at various stations. Thirty years ago, the profession of arms in this country did not seem to be very alluring; but it is very much to those whom it did allure that we owe our national existence. This academy, indeed, is accused of aristocratic tendencies, of educating a class of men in a republic, not to be self-respecting and thoughtful citizens, but deaf and dumb and blind instruments merely. If the charge be true, it is fatal to West Point. If West

Point be a machine, in which those born and bound to be moral and responsible men and citizens are ground into slaves, then it is the most pernicious and perilous of all institutions in the country. For why has a large standing army always been considered the curse of liberty, and the enemy of civilization? Because a king and a ministry depend upon it to defy reason, humanity, justice, and common-sense. Because the army was regarded as a vast, insensate trip-hammer, and the king, plus the trip-hammer, might pulverize the people at his pleasure. But the moment the trip-hammer begins to think, that moment the hand of tyranny is relaxed, and the people are relieved.

A republic is possible only among thinking men. In a republic, therefore, political interest and power are not a privilege of the few; they are the imperative duty of all. Every man need not be a skilled politician, but no man has a right permanently to seclude himself from knowledge and interest in public affairs. The only hope for all is in the general intelligence and the general conscience, and there can be no general knowledge if individual men and classes are willing to be ignorant. Therefore it is that, in this country, while every man is true to the conditions of the Republic, there is no need of a huge standing army, for the great body of the citizens is the army. The arms they bear, in Kossuth's phrase, are bayonets that think, and the officers whom they professionally educate are no more justified in renouncing the fundamental duties of citizens than the rest of the people. The American citizen who, under the plea that he is a soldier, excuses himself from political responsibility and duty, betrays his country. Eighty years ago, when the French Guards refused to

fire upon the people of Paris, Charles Fox said that the French had abolished the fear of a standing army, because they had shown that in becoming a soldier a man remained a citizen. A storm of reproach followed his words; but if the spirit of them be not true, a soldier is the most contemptible of men. Discipline and obedience, indeed, are indispensable to military service; but when the position of any honorable man anywhere requires him to do what seems to him unjust, mean, wicked, he will resign his position, and retain his manly honor. In your name, gentlemen, and in your presence, here in the school in which our officers are trained, I deny that to become a soldier is to cease to be a citizen and a man. I deny that a soldier is a moral monster, for whom right and wrong do not exist. I deny that in a noble breast, whether in or out of uniform, the sense of loyalty to the flag will be deeper and stronger than that of loyalty to conscience and to manhood. And if our own heaven-born Stars and Stripes should ever become the black flag of infamy and injustice, it is an insult to you, as to your fellow-citizens, to suppose that you or they would imagine it to be an honorable duty to bear it. We are citizens of the world before we are citizens of any country; we are men before we are Americans—*ubi libertas, ibi patria*—and our duty as Americans is to make America the home of noble men, and that flag the flag of liberty for mankind.

In our late war, it was not the resignation of their commissions by those who felt, however mistakenly in our judgment, that they could not honestly fight under the flag, which cast so deep an odium upon them. It was not the conscience, it was the want of conscience. It was not the honest conviction, it was the treachery

that was so despicable. If Benedict Arnold, whose name is so tragically associated with this spot, had honestly resigned his commission, the consequence might, for a time, have been deplorable, but his name would not be infamous. It was the treachery that dooms him to eternal execration. It was not Twiggs's wish to leave the army, it was his base surrender of men and material that blackens his name. It was not the resignation of Lee that forever marks him, it was his following the flag which he confessed he saw no reason for unrolling. The condemnation of all the West Pointers who resigned was not of the soldiers, but of the men. It was that they obeyed the authority of States, which they said they held to be paramount, when that authority ordered them to raise the flag of injustice and inhumanity. If it be said that a soldier must obey commands, whatever they may be, I reply that no honorable man will remain for a moment in a position which demands dishonor. If King Herod orders his officer to slay all infants under two years of age, he will refuse longer to be an officer of Herod's, and, if every officer did so, Herod's murders would be left undone. "I have ever had in my mind," said Algernon Sydney, "that when God should cast me into such a condition as that I cannot save my life but by doing an indecent thing, he shows me the time has arrived wherein I should resign it;" and when that time came he did resign it. He did not say, "My King orders it, my State commands it;" he said, "My conscience forbids it," and he died.

But the records of the Academy show that the officers educated here had not merged the man in the soldier. They had retained and exercised the duties of citizens. West Point, at least, had not made them machines;

and let the tree be judged by its fruit. In the month of June, 1861, there were eight hundred and twenty living graduates of West Point; from the Slave States there were three hundred and eleven, of whom one hundred and thirty-three refused to follow the fortunes of their States. Add to those who resigned or were dismissed, ten from the Free States, and, of the whole eight hundred and twenty, only one hundred and ninety-seven renounced the flag of the Union. "Nearly four-fifths of its graduate officers remained faithful," says General Cullum, in his biographical register of West Point; "one-half of those from the South stood firm by the Stars and Stripes, and in the battles for the Union, one-fifth of those engaged laid down their lives; more than one-third, and probably one-half, were wounded." If the rebellion in the interest of the aristocracy was officered by West Pointers, so was the people's army of the Union; and if the military chief of the rebellion had been Superintendent of this Academy, he surrendered to the military chief of the Union, who had been its pupil.

At the end of the Revolution General Washington was made President, not only for his military renown, but for those qualities which the people knew that they could trust in the civil administration of the Republic. Washington, as President, recommended the establishment of this Academy, and when, after the fierce but triumphant struggle to save, upon the true principles of the Republic, the Government and the Union which he founded, those who have succeeded look to find a successor of his whose character and career promise an administration which will secure peace with liberty and honor, their eyes, their hearts, and their hopes turn to a graduate of West Point.

It is not possible, and you will not expect, that I should trace our soldier step by step in his career. Before the late war, his services were those of the officers of his time, and he rose by brave and brilliant conduct in the field and faithful duty out of it until the spring of 1861 which found him Major of the First Cavalry, and engaged in the building of Fort Wise, near Pike's Peak, in Colorado. From this remote retirement the shot at Sumter brought him into the constant and conspicuous service in which the brief remainder of his life was passed. In March, 1861, he was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Cavalry; in April, Colonel of the First; in August he was appointed, in the place of Robert Edmund Lee, Colonel of the Fourth Cavalry, and in the same month Brigadier-General of Volunteers, serving in the defences of Washington and along the Potomac in Maryland. When the Virginia Peninsula campaign opened, John Sedgwick was a division commander, and his story to his death is that of the Army of the Potomac.

See how the story opened, for it ended as it began. After the battle of Williamsburg, the first considerable action was that of Fair Oaks and Seven Pines. The mass of the Union army lay upon the eastern side of the Chickahominy, and two corps, counting about thirty thousand men, were upon the other shore. A furious storm in the night promised to swell the river to an impassable flood, and in the morning the whole rebel force bore down upon the Union lines to annihilate one wing of the army in full sound and sight of their brothers, hopelessly separated from them. All the morning the battle hotly raged; the Union troops were slowly, slowly, driven back. By noon the river began to rise.

General Sumner who was upon the eastern shore, and in whose corps General Sedgwick commanded a division, was ordered to cross, and he sent word to Sedgwick, the "always ready," as General Scott used to call him, to advance; but, as Sedgwick came toward the bridge, he saw that the river had become a sea, sweeping fiercely by. Far out in the midst of the waves a plank, apparently anchored, showed the channel; beyond the further end of the plank the waters stretched for a quarter of a mile. It was a perilous task to feel his way through the water with a heavy battery of twenty-four guns, and then to trust a frail, trembling plank for the passage of the channel. But the smoke and roar of the battle beyond the flood came nearer, and he knew that his brethren were sorely pressed. After a calm, thoughtful survey, he gave the word "forward." Into the waters moved the steady line; the gun-carriages sunk almost to the guns; floundered, staggered. But painfully dragging on, soldiers and batteries crossed the quivering bridge, which was whirled away as they left it. Toiling again through the swift water and the mire, an hour and a half before sunset Sedgwick came upon the field. The rebels, flushed with success, were driving their victorious columns as a wedge between the centre and the right of our wavering forces, but, like his Ironside ancestor, Sedgwick swiftly advanced, formed his line, opened his batteries, and shattered the wedge. The wasted foe recoiled before his tremendous fire, his whole division in blazing line of battle moved steadily on, seized the stricken enemy, hurled him into the woods, and the battle of Fair Oaks was won.

On the 4th of July, 1862, Sedgwick was made Major-General of Volunteers. In all that great army, struggling

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in the slimy toils of the Peninsula, there was no officer more trusted and beloved than this most unobtrusive man, this almost ideal American soldier. In person not tall, with dark hair, dark, almost still eyes, with the tranquil aspect of reserved power, a man who did not talk much or loudly, but who was always gayly chaffing his associates, who was smilingly suspicious of newspaper fame, and never went to Washington; a man of iron will, promptly obedient, and therefore requiring exact obedience; in council clear and swift, in action every faculty nimbly alive, his powers intensely concentrated, his soul glowing with eager purpose, as at a white-heat, but not mastered either by victory or defeat—he had all the cardinal soldierly qualities, the positive masculine manly traits, but with them that depthless tenderness and sweet humor which complete the finest natures. One night a young officer of his staff whom he tenderly loved had been absent at a merry-making, and, losing his way homeward, did not return until after daybreak. As he entered, the General, who had feared some mischance to his friend, with a severe air said inquiringly "Well, sir?" The young officer, grieved with the apparent censure of the tone, began eagerly to explain; but the General's face softened with inexpressible affection, and, rising, this man who never knew wife or child, with a father's fondness laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder and quietly kissed him.

Simple in his habits, and of a rustic modesty of manner, Sedgwick's humor played pleasantly over every event. Sitting one day at head-quarters, in plain undress, a Yankee soldier sauntered up and said: "Say, old fellow, do you live here about head-quarters? Can you do a fellow a good turn?" "I cannot exactly say," replied the General, "until I know what it is." "I want an order on the Commissary for a canteen of whisky for some friends who have come over

to see me." "Well," said the General, "the Commissary is a friend of mine, and you can try what friendship will do," and he wrote a few words on the back of a letter, folded it, and handed it to the soldier. The man looked at it, and when he saw at the bottom "John Sedgwick," he raised his wondering and abashed eyes, gazed long and with mingled respect and affection at his commander, folded the paper carefully and put it in his pocket. The Commissary never saw it, but doubtless some wife, or child, or mother, or sweetheart, cherishes the story and the paper, and loves the memory of John Sedgwick.

This was the man whom, early on the morning of the battle of Antietam, we see advancing in line under a terrible fire through the famous bloody corn-field already won and lost. Ricketts and Meade had driven the rebels back, and in their turn had been overwhelmed. Hooker had demanded of Doubleday his best brigade, and, joining it to the line that Hartsuff led, once more the fiery rebel mass recoiled. Mansfield had fallen; Hartsuff was wounded; Hooker himself was wounded, and as he retired the rebels threw fresh men upon the field. These Sedgwick encountered. His orders were to advance, but his quick eye saw at once the imminent danger, for the supporting division was too far away. He moved partly by the flank to cover the gap, but the enemy saw it also and dashed swiftly in. Sedgwick's ranks wavered; they were shattered. Struck by a bullet in the leg, and again in the wrist, pale and dripping with his own blood, he rode among his soldiers, while the hurricane of fire and death devoured them, and his mighty will strove to re-form his melting columns and hold the enemy at bay; but in the midst a third shot struck him, and he was borne insensible from the field. He rejoined the army on December 22d, 1862, and on January 5th, 1863, John Sedgwick was placed

in command of the Sixth Corps. It had loved its old commanders—Generals Franklin and "Baldy" Smith—and it received a new leader coolly; but brave men love a hero, and when the story of Fair Oaks, of Seven Pines, of Antietam, came thrilling from the warm hearts of Sedgwick's old division of the Second Corps to the willing ears of the Sixth, the Sixth, hearing what its new General had been, knew what he would be, and the corps and the General soon proved each other's quality.

When General Hooker decided upon the movement at Chancellorsville, Sedgwick, with his own corps, twenty-two thousand strong, and General Gibbon's division of the Second Corps, six thousand strong, crossed the Rappahannock two or three miles below Fredericksburg. He was ordered to advance toward Chancellorsville, fall upon the rebel rear simultaneously with Hooker in front, and so destroy the rebel army. At three in the morning, under a bright moon, Sedgwick began his march; the enemy immediately opened fire, and at daylight Sedgwick, fighting his way, was entering Fredericksburg instead of Chancellorsville. His advance was impeded by the enemy intrenched upon Marye Heights, and after disposing his men and planting his guns, Sedgwick gave the order to assault. Forward went Newton's Second Division, jubilant and resistless, like a great glittering wave, and swept straight over the hostile works. Then pressing on with his own corps, leaving Gibbon at Fredericksburg, General Sedgwick met the enemy at Salem Church. Meanwhile, Lee had baffled Hooker, and with a constantly increasing force stayed Sedgwick's advance. All night the Sixth Corps lay upon their arms; Hooker was no longer an obstacle to the rebel chief, and with the full force of his victorious army Lee turned, struck Sedgwick in the flank, and the Sixth Corps, which had achieved a success so splendid upon that

tragical field, was enveloped in the general disaster of the army.

As the Sixth Corps marched from battle to battle, from the heights of Fredericksburg toward the hills of Gettysburg, the indomitable will of the General urged the men so ardently that they called themselves "Sedgwick's Cavalry," and declared they were kept upon the gallop. They said he only halted when his horse gave out, and when he stopped every day to watch from the roadside the passing columns, the men shouted good-humoredly from the ranks, "Get another horse and come on; we'll wait for you, Uncle John; we're in no hurry, Uncle John;" and if the General smiled, the shout became a laugh, which broke along the ranks and echoed from companies and rippled along regiments until whole divisions rang with the loud response of merriment to "Uncle John's" kind smile. But it was a weary march to Pennsylvania in the frowning early summer of 1863, and the eve of the battle of Gettysburg brought a dispatch from General Meade which found General Sedgwick just gone into camp after a hard day's toil. But he saw what must be done, and at nine o'clock at night his columns began the march.

All through the hot July night, after a weary day, and at a quick step, they pushed manfully on—brave boys who helped to save a nation. Sedgwick was never more aroused. His unconquerable will nerved and moved the long ranks of his army as the force of the ocean urges the waves. If his Generals suggested that there must be some rest or the corps would straggle, he replied shortly: "Have you seen Meade's order?" When the corps made a brief halt for breakfast he ate nothing, but passed constantly among the troops, then gave the order to advance; and when one of his officers was

three minutes late in moving, the General exclaimed, "Tell him if he is so tardy again I will—" but no threat reached the trusty lieutenant, and none was meant; but the distant thunder of the great battle even then announced the struggle, and the untiring leader, his soldierly soul aflame, knew that his absence might lose the day. This Ironside fervor again inspired the men, and at two o'clock, foot-sore, staggering, weary, having marched thirty miles since nine o'clock the evening before, the columns of the Sixth Corps came upon the memorable field. They were exhausted and held in reserve; but so sharp and furious was the struggle that their aid was constantly demanded, and Sedgwick sent brigade after brigade of those indomitable soldiers, who stayed the rebel onsets, and so had their glorious part in the crowning field of Gettysburg, that drove armed rebellion from the loyal States, and gave the true heart of patriotism an exulting faith in final victory.

Before going into winter-quarters, the army forced the passage of the Rappahannock at Rappahannock Station. The enemy was intrenched upon the hither side of the river. Against this position Sedgwick led the Fifth and Sixth Corps, under instructions to push the enemy across that day. Until sunset the artillery thundered in vain. Then General Wright, commanding the Sixth Corps, directed General Russell to carry the position by infantry assault; and Russell leading through the fiery hail from the rifle pits, through the smoke, and roar, and dust of the storm of battle, his frail and silent and unfaltering line, advanced steadily across that dreadful field into the "jaws of death, into the mouth of hell," and never spoke until the bayonets clashed, and

then his word was "Surrender;" and as the enemy crumbled and fled, the "Boys in Blue" rent the air with three triumphant Yankee cheers, and "Uncle John" knew that his trusty children of the Sixth Corps had done it.

In the following winter, during the illness of General Meade, General Sedgwick commanded the Army of the Potomac. The winter wearing away, the most ample preparation was made for the operations of the year, and with the opening spring the Lieutenant-General commanding the armies of the United States began the last campaign against the rebellion. You, gentlemen, helped to make the history which I describe—the famous story at which the world still wonders, with which the loyal heart of the country beats forever grateful.

But before we mark the individual part of Sedgwick in that great campaign, let us see it as a whole. On April 30th, 1865, President Lincoln wrote to Lieutenant-General Grant: "And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you." And, indeed, if the names of those who win battles that save civilization are dear to the heart of man, how cherished will be that of the taciturn, tenacious soldier, whom nothing could shake off from success! Neither the tool of political tricksters, nor the dupe of his own ambition, he shewed himself, in the final campaign, the true type of American genius in action. Grimly in earnest, he knew that war is not conciliation, and that the rebellion was to be suppressed, and suppressed only by the destruction of rebel life and rebel supplies. He knew that he could better lose a hundred lives than the rebellion could lose fifty; and he knew also that terrible

sacrifice was the least bloody road to peace. Breaking up on the Rapidan, early in May, he forced his fiery way through the Wilderness, and was called a butcher. By terrible blows, he drove the enemy; by swift and silent marches, he flanked him, and was called a blunderer. By one of the most masterly and daring of military movements, his resistless will threw his whole army over the James, and forced the enemy into his capital, and he was called incapable. The roses of June faded, and the victory was not won. The bells of the fourth of July died away, and the victory was not won. The auxiliary operations in the Shenandoah failed; those to the south of Richmond miscarried; public impatience grew, and passionate doubt and despondency clouded the summer. "Will he do it?" asked, in whispers, the lovers of liberty. "He'll do no more," shouted the exultant friends of the rebellion. They did not know the man. They did not remember Vicksburg; they did not remember Chattanooga. "I shall fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer," was the only reply. It did take all summer. It took all winter. But he fought it out, and followed that line to victory.

Undismayed by delay, undisturbed by impatience, holding Richmond in both hands, he ordered Thomas to annihilate Hood—and he did it. He ordered Terry to take Fort Fisher—and he took it. He ordered Sheridan to sweep the Shenandoah—and he scoured it clean. And Sherman—where was he? Suddenly the thick cloud of loyal doubts and fears and of rebel rumors parted, and revealed Sherman sauntering through Georgia, eating turkeys and sweet potatoes. Like a gnat, Wade Hampton hovered upon his path, trying to sting, and was brushed away. A gust of Wheeler's cavalry blew off Kilpatrick's

hat. Fort McAllister crumbled at Sherman's touch. Hardee stole from Savannah like a thief in the night. The terror of Sherman's presence a hundred miles away emptied Charleston of rebel troops, as when a huge craft passes in the river the waters recede from the distant lands. Across Georgia, across South Carolina, into North Carolina, he moved unopposed, spreading his terrible wings, and scourging the land with fire. Then, with the accumulated force of fragments, Johnston dashed against one of his arms at Bentonville. Sherman threw him prostrate in the dust with one hand, and stretched out the other to grasp that of his great commander on the James. The silent Captain by the river, still holding his antagonist fast in his capital, had now shown, by the end of March, that the army of that antagonist was the rebellion, and he prepared to strike. At the extreme left of his line the sting of the swift and fiery Sheridan struck the enemy first. He winced and suddenly recoiled. But sharper grew the sting; swifter, and more fiery, until the word came, "Sheridan is sweeping all before him from the West!" Then the genius of the great Captain, seconded by the tireless valor of his soldiers, lightened all along the line, struck everywhere at once, burst over the enemy's works, crushed his ranks, forced his retreat, and at the same moment the master loosening his victorious columns in pursuit, choked the rebel flight, and overwhelmed Lee and his army as the Red Sea engulfed Pharaoh and his host. So opened and closed the great campaign. So the Army of the Potomac, often baffled, struck an immortal blow, and gave the right hand of heroic fellowship to their brethren of the West. So the silent Captain, when all his lieutenants had secured their separate fame, put on the crown of victory and ended civil war.

But with what mournful and pitying eyes did Liberty survey her triumph, bought, as all her great triumphs have have been, with tears, and blood, and heart-break. How truly sang her poet amid the ghastly tempest of battle :

> "We wait beneath the furnace blast
> The pangs of transformation ;
> Not painlessly doth God recast
> And mould anew the nation !"

From the happy homes among the hills and valleys, upon the seaside and the prairie, three hundred thousand brave and beloved had marched to the field and returned no more. Him, also, whom your hearts recall, whom his country remembers, who fondly said, as he stood at his door, looking out upon the soft Housatonic landscape, "Is there another spot on earth so beautiful as Cornwall Hollow?" him, also, the green fields of Cornwall Hollow shall behold no more.

Emerging from the Wilderness, on the 9th of May, 1864, the army was concentrated around Spottsylvania Court-house, General Sedgwick and his corps holding the left of the line. It was Monday morning, and the General was watching his men place the guns. He was sitting under a tree, talking with General MacMahon, his Adjutant-General, and warm personal friend, one of the young heroes whom the war discovered and developed, and whose brilliant service and rapid promotion showed how wisely Sedgwick chose his men.* The General was speaking proudly and tenderly of his staff and his corps, when, observing some mistake in

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*General MacMahon, now Minister to Paraguay, is understood to be preparing a Life of General Sedgwick ; and I am much indebted to a biographical paper written by him immediately after the death of the General.

the work of his men, he said abruptly: "That's wrong." He and his Adjutant were together, and as they moved toward the working parties the rebel sharpshooters began to fire. The soldiers dodged as the bullets whistled. "Come, come, men!" said the General smiling; "dodging for single bullets! Why, they could'nt hit an elephant at this distance." "Ah! General," said one of the men behind a tree, "I've tried it, and I believe in dodging." "Very well, my man," said Sedgwick, "go to your place; but I tell you they can't hit an elephant here." He turned, still smiling, to continue the conversation with his Adjutant, who, at the instant, heard the sharp, low, singing sound of a bullet ending dully, and Sedgwick sank slowly to the ground. His friend, MacMahon, vainly tried to support him. He bent over him, and spoke to him with passionate eagerness; but Sedgwick did not answer. His eyes were closed; his hands were clasped; the sweet smile lingered upon his face. A little blood trickled down the cheek from beneath the left eye. His heart beat gently for a moment—and was still.

The country heard of his death as of the loss of an army. It was concealed from his soldiers, lest they should be unnerved in battle. Then from the sylvan bower in the old woods of Spottsylvania, in which he was tenderly laid that morning, Connecticut, remembering Putnam and Wooster; Connecticut, mother of the Grants and the Shermans, of Ellsworth, Winthrop, Ward, and Lyon; who had sent her children to every famous field of the war,—received, with love and sorrow, and with perpetual proud remembrance, the dead body of John Sedgwick. On the Sunday after he fell, borne by his neighbors, amid the tears of silent thousands, and wrapped in the flag, he was buried in Cornwall Hollow. No military salute was fired above his grave; but one soli-

tary peal of distant thunder sublimely suggested the soldier's life and death.

Sedgwick died, but the victory was won. What was the victory? It was twofold. First, it was the revelation of an overpowering national instinct as the foundation of the Union. It dissipated old theories; it interpreted the Constitution. Plant a homogeneous people under one government along the coast of a virgin continent; let them gradually overspread it to the farther sea, speaking the same language, virtually of the same religious faith, intermarrying, and cherishing common heroic traditions; suppose them sweeping from end to end of their vast domain without passports; the physical perils of their increasing extent constantly modified by science; steam and the telegraph making Maine and Oregon neighbors; their trade enormous, their prosperity a miracle, their commonwealth of unsurpassed power and importance in the world, and you may theorize of divided sovereignty as you will, but you have supposed an imperial nation which may indeed be a power of evil as well as of good, but which, until it is fatally demoralized, can no more recede into its original elements and local sources than this abounding river, pouring broad and resistless to the sea, can turn backward to the petty forest springs and rills whence it flows. "No, no," murmurs the exultant river; "when you can take the blue out of the sky; when you can steal heat from fire; when you can strip splendor from the morning, then, and not before, may you reclaim your separate drops in me." "Yes, yes, my river," answers the Union, "you speak for me; I am no more a child, but a man; no longer a confederacy, but a nation. The States are the members; I am the body. I am no more New York, Virginia, Massachusetts, Carolina; I am the United States of America, one and indivisible." "Amen," roar Vicksburg, and Gettysburg,

and Port Royal. "Amen," thunders the Kearsarge, as she sinks the Alabama. "Amen," sings Sherman, as he marches to the sea. "Amen," says Sedgwick, as he sinks dead at Spottsylvania.

But the victory was more than that. A great nation may be a great curse to humanity. An imperial flag may be a black flag of injustice. It is not great power, it is the great use of power that is admirable. The true triumph of the war is not that the Union shall henceforth be an undivided power merely, but that it shall be an undivided power of justice and equality. Of the two forces that from the first have struggled for its control, the evil principle, finding that, by all the laws of heaven and of human welfare, it was failing, sought to ruin what it could not rule. Baffled in its bloody effort, let us now take care, with malice toward none, with charity for all, that it be baffled for ever. But this can be done only by ceaseless activity. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, because its foe is as crafty as it is cruel. Beaten in one form, it will try another. The magician who was a tiger yesterday will be a fox to-day. Sedgwick died to preserve the integrity of the Union; we live that we may secure its justice. From the three hundred thousand who see not this peaceful autumn sun, from field and river, from mount and sea, from the blood in the streets of Baltimore, from the torture and despair of Andersonville, from Fort Wagner and Fort Pillow, from all your heroic fields, men of the Sixth Corps, from the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, and from your brothers who are buried there, comes the glorious cry: "We conquered under the flag of the Union, the flag that promised liberty. We won our victory and died. See that you die rather than surrender it."

Officers and soldiers of the Sixth Corps, for the last time you stand here together, and before parting, never as a corps to meet again, your hands and hearts that, with his, beat back the cruel flames of war—here upon the spot he knew so well, in tender memory of him, and in bond of faithful union among yourselves, raise this statue to the brave and gentle Sedgwick. It is wrought of cannon that, with his eye watching you and his heart trusting you, you captured in the blazing fury of battle. It is a monument of your valor as well as of his devotion. His modesty would have refused it for himself, but his affection would have accepted it from you. Here leave it, under the sky and among the hills. Upon this soldier's field it shall outwatch, at its silent post, the sentinels of to-day, the sentinels of coming years. This noble pageant, this living multitude, these spoken words, this roar of cannon, these peals of echoing music, shall pass away; but thou, mute soldier, shalt remain! Thy lips shall speak when we are gone. And to the young and docile hearts that, through long years hereafter, shall hither come to give themselves to the service of the flag, say, changeless lips, for us, say for America, say for mankind: "That flag is the flag of liberty and justice, and therefore the flag of peace!"

Military History of Major-General John Sedgwick.

(*From Cullum's Biographical Register.*)

Cadet at the U. S. Military Academy from July 1, 1833, to July 1, 1837, when he was graduated and promoted in the Army to

SECOND LIEUT., 2D ARTILLERY, JULY 1, 1837.

Served in the Florida war against the Seminole Indians, 1837–38, being engaged in the skirmish near Fort Clinch, May 20, 1838; in the Cherokee Nation, 1838, while emigrating the Indians to the West; on Recruiting service, 1838–9; on Northern Frontier during Canada Border Disturbances, at Buffalo, N. Y., 1839.—Fort Niagara,

(FIRST LIEUT., 2D ARTILLERY, April 19, 1839.)

N. Y., 1839, and Buffalo, N. Y. 1839–41; in garrison at Fort Monroe, Va., 1841–42; Fort Hamilton, N. Y. 1842–43; Fort Columbus, N. Y., 1843–45, and Fort Adams, R. I., 1845–46: in the War with Mexico, being engaged in the Siege of Vera Cruz, March 9–29, 1847; Battle of Cerro Gordo, April 17–18, 1847; Skirmish of Amazoque, May 14, 1847; Capture of San Antonio, Aug. 20, 1847; Battle of Cherubusco, Aug. 20, 1847; Battle of Molino del Rey, Sep. 8, 1847; Battle of Chapultepec,

(BVT. CAPT., AUG. 20, 1847, FOR GALLANT AND MERITORIOUS CONDUCT IN THE BATTLES OF CONTRERAS AND CHERUBUSCO, MEX.)

Sep. 12–13, 1847, and assault and capture of the City

(Bvt. Major, Sept. 13, 1847, for Gallant and Meritorious Conduct in the Battle of Chapultepec, Mex.)

of Mexico, Sep. 13–14, 1847; in garrison at Ft. Columbus, N. Y., 1848; Ft. Monroe, Va., 1848–49; Ft. McHenry, Md., 1849–51; Ft. Monroe, Va., 1851, 1851–52,

(Capt. 2d Artillery, Jan. 26, 1849.)

and Ft. McHenry, Md., 1852–55, and on Frontier duty at Ft. Leavenworth, Kan., 1855, quelling Kansas Border

(Major 1st Cavalry, March 8, 1855.)

Disturbances, 1855–56; Cheyenne Expedition, 1857, being engaged in the action on Solomon's Fork of the Kansas, July 29, 1857, and skirmish near Grand Saline, Aug. 6, 1857; Utah Expedition, 1857–58; Ft. Leavenworth, Kan., 1858; Ft. Riley, Kan., 1858–59, 1859–60; in command of Kiowa and Camanche Expedition, 1860; and at Ft. Wise, Col., 1860–61.

Served during the Rebellion of the Seceding States, 1861–64: In the defences of Washington, D. C., June

(Lieut. Colonel, 2d Cavalry, March 16, 1861.)

(Colonel 1st Cavalry, April 25, 1861; 4th Cavalry, Aug. 3, 1861.)

to Aug. 3, 1861; as Acting Inspector-General of the Department of Washington, Aug. 3–12, 1861; in command of brigade in the defences of Washington, D. C., Aug. 12, 1861 to Feb. 20, 1862; in command of divi-

(Brig.-General, U. S. Volunteers, Aug. 31, 1861.)

sion guarding the Potomac, about Poolsville, Md., Feb.–March, 1862; in command of division (Army of the Potomac) in the Virginia Peninsular Campaign, March to Aug, 1862, being engaged in the Siege of Yorktown, April 5 to May 4, 1862; Battle of Fair Oaks, May 31 –June 1, 1862; Action of Peach Orchard, June 29, 1862;

Battle of Savage Station, June 29, 1862; and Battle of Glendale, June 30, 1862, where he was wounded; in the Northern Virginia Campaign, on the Retreat from Bull

(MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. VOLUNTEERS, JULY, 4, 1862.)

Run to Washington, D. C., Sep. 1–2, 1862; in the Maryland Campaign (Army of the Potomac), Sep., 1862, being engaged in the Battle of Antietam, Sep. 17, 1862, where he was severely wounded; on sick leave of absence, disabled by wound, Sept. 18 to Dec. 22, 1862; in the Rappahannock Campaign, in command of the 9th Corps, Dec. 22, 1863, and of the 6th Corps, Feb. 5, 1863 (Army of the Potomac), being engaged in command at the Storming of Marye Heights, May 3, 1863,—and Battle of Salem, May 3–4, 1863; in the Pennsylvania Campaign, commanding 6th Corps (Army of the Potomac), June–July, 1863, being engaged (after a forced march) in the Battle of Gettysburg, July 2–3, 1863,—and pursuit of the enemy to Warrenton, Va., July, 1863; in the Rapidan Campaign, Sep.–Dec., 1863, being in command of the right wing (5th and 6th Corps) of the Army of the Potomac, in the Combat of Rappahannock Station, Nov. 7, 1863,—and Operations at Mine Run, Nov. 26–Dec. 3, 1863; in the Richmond Campaign, in command of the 6th Corps (Army of the Potomac), May 4–9, 1864, being engaged in the Battle of the Wilderness, May 5–6, 1864, and while making a personal reconnoissance, and directing the placing of some artillery for the Battle of Spottsylvania, was, by a sharp-shooter,

KILLED, MAY 9, 1864: AGED 50.

Chronologic History of the Sixth Corps.

The 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th Corps were organized by direct orders of the President of the United States, March 8th, 1862, from the Division organizations that, up to that date, had constituted the Army of the Potomac; the 5th and 6th Corps were organized, provisionally, by Major-General McClellan, the commander of that army, May 18th, 1862. These troops were at that date encamped at the White House, on the Pamunkey River, Va.

The 6th Corps was composed of the Divisions of Brigadier-Generals H. W. Slocum and William F. Smith, and Brigadier-General William F. Franklin was assigned to its command.

PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN—1862.

June 28, 1862—Action of Golding's Farm.
June 29, " —Savage's Station.
June 30, " —White Oak Bridge.
July 1, " —Malvern Hill.
July 2, " —Skirmish at Harrison's Landing.

MARYLAND CAMPAIGN, 1862.

Commanders of Division, { DARIUS N. COUCH, HENRY W. SLOCUM, WILLIAM F. SMITH.

Sept. 14, 1862.—Crampton's Gap, South Mountain.
Sept. 17, 1862.—Antietam.

Nov. 14, 1862.—The First and Sixth Corps were united to form the "Left Grand Division" of the Army of the Potomac, and Major-General Franklin being assigned to the command, that of the Sixth Corps devolved upon Major-General W. F. Smith.

RAPPAHANNOCK CAMPAIGN, 1862–3.

Commanders of Division, { JOHN NEWTON, WILLIAM H. BROOKS, ALBION P. HOWE.

Dec. 13, 1862.—Fredericksburg, Va.

Feb. 8, 1863.—Major-General John Sedgwick was assigned to the command of the corps.

May 3, 1863.—Storming of Marye Heights.

May 3–4, 1863.—Battle of Salem.

PENNSYLVANIA CAMPAIGN, 1863.

Commanders of Division, { HORATIO G. WRIGHT, JOHN NEWTON, ALBION P. HOWE.

June 9.—Combat of Beverly Ford.

July 2–3.—Gettysburg.

RAPIDAN CAMAPAIGN, 1863.

Nov. 7.—The Fifth and Sixth Corps were united to form the "Right Wing" of the Army of the Potomac, the command of which was conferred on Major-General Sedgwick, and Brig.-General H. G. Wright was placed in command of the corps.

Nov. 7.—Combat of Rappahannock Station.

Nov. 26.—Operations about Mine Run, and Action of Locust Grove, to Dec. 8.

RICHMOND CAMPAIGN, 1864.

Division Commanders, { J. B. RICKETTS, H. G. WRIGHT, G. W. GETTY.

May 5–6.—Battles of the Wilderness.

May 9.—Major-General Sedgwick was killed, and Major-General H. G. Wright assigned to command of the corps.

May 9–21.—Battles of Spottsylvania.

May 23–24.—Battles of the North Anna.

May 30.—Tolopotomy.

June 1–13.—Battles of Cold Harbor.

June 23–July 10.—Battles about Petersburg.

WASHINGTON CAMPAIGN, 1864.

Division Commanders. { JAMES B. RICKETTS, GEO. W. GETTY, DAVID A. RUSSELL.

July 9.—Battle of Monocacy (Ricketts' Division).

July 11.—Defence of Washington against Early.

July 12.—Action before Fort Stevens.

July 18.—Skirmish at Snicker's Gap, in pursuit.

SHENANDOAH CAMPAIGN, 1864.

Division Commanders. { JAMES B. RICKETTS, GEO. W. GETTY, DAVID A. RUSSELL (killed), FRANK WHEATON.

Aug. 21.—Action of Charlestown, Va.

Sept. 19.—Battle of Opequan.

Sept. 22.—Battle of Fisher's Hill.

Oct. 19.—Battle of Cedar Creek.

RICHMOND CAMPAIGN, 1864–5.

Division Commanders, { GEO. W. GETTY, FRANK WHEATON, TRUMAN SEYMOUR.

December, 1864.—Siege of Petersburg.

March 25, 1865.—Capture of intrenched picket line near Fort Fisher.

April 2, 1865.—Assault of enemy's works.

April 6, 1865.—Battle of Sailor's Creek.

April 9, 1865.—Capitulation of Rebel "Army of Northern Virginia."

April 23, 1865.—March to Danville, Va.

May 16, 1865.—March to Washington.

June 8.—Review of corps at Washington.

June 28.—Corps mustered out of service.

Letters.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, *Oct.* 15, 1868.

Major-General H. G. WRIGHT, and others,
Army Building, New York City.

GENTLEMEN,—I deeply regret that my official cares here, seem to render it impossible for me to accept your kind invitation to the ceremonies to be observed at West Point, on the 21st instant, in honor of the lamented Major-General John Sedgwick. Cordially sympathizing with your own loyal and patriotic feelings in regard to that interesting occasion, I have the honor to remain, Gentlemen, with very great respect,

Your obedient servant,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGHTON CITY, *October* 16, 1868.

Major-Generals H. G. WRIGHT, GEO. W. GETTY, FRANK WHEATON and TRUMAN SEYMOUR,
Sedgwick Monument Committee,
New York City.

GENTLEMEN,—I have received your invitation to be present at West Point, on the 21st instant, to witness the ceremonies of dedication of the bronze statue to be erected, by the Sixth Army Corps, to the memory of their late commander, Major-General John Sedgwick.

It would afford me great pleasure to take part in such a tribute of respect to the memory of that noble soldier, but my official duties will, I regret to say, prevent my attendance on that occasion.

I am, Gentlemen, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
J. M. SCHOFIELD,
Secretary of War.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *October* 14, 1868.

GENTLEMEN,—I am this morning in receipt of your courteous invitation to attend the dedicatory ceremonies of the statue to be erected to the memory of the late Major-General John Sedgwick.

It would afford me much pleasure to be with you on this occasion of tribute to the honorable memory of a gallant soldier, and I regret that the pressing nature of official duties, at this time, will preclude my attendance.

I am, Gentlemen, very truly yours,

O. H. Browning.

Sixth Corps Sedgwick Monument Committee,
New York City.

State of Rhode Island,
Executive Department,
Providence, *Oct.* 31, 1868.

My dear General,—Thanks for your kind attention in sending me an invitation to attend the ceremonies of dedication of the bronze statue in memory of the gallant Sedgwick. Absence from home not only prevented my acceptance of the invitation, but has delayed its acknowledgment. You know how glad I would have been to have joined you in paying that tribute of respect to the memory of our gallant comrade.

Truly your friend,

A. E. Burnside.

Genl. Frank Wheaton, U. S. A.

Pennsylvania Executive Chamber,
Harrisburg, Pa., *Oct.* 17, 1868.

Major-Generals H. G. Wright, Geo. W. Getty, Frank Wheaton and Truman Seymour,
Sixth Corps Sedgwick Monument Committee.

Gentlemen,—Please accept my thanks for your kind invitation to be present on the 21st inst., at the dedication of the bronze statue erected to the memory of Major-General John Sedgwick, by the Sixth Army Corps. It would afford me great satisfaction to accept the same, but an important previous engagement renders it impracticable.

I heartily commend the patriotic and praiseworthy spirit of the brave soldiers who have paid a high and deserved tribute of respect, in the erection of this statue to their gallant commander.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Jno. W. Geary.

Norwich, Conn., *October* 17, 1868.

Gentlemen,—I accept, with much pleasure, your invitation to be present at West Point, on the 21st instant, to witness the ceremonies connected with

the dedication of the statue of the late Major-General Sedgwick, to be erected by the Sixth Army Corps.

I loved and respected that distinguished and gallant soldier while living, and I cherish and honor his memory now that he is dead. Nothing, I am sure, could be more grateful to him than this tribute of affection and respect, which his brave companions in arms, the gallant Sixth Corps, are about to pay him—it is alike honorable to them and to him.

With great respect I am, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient servant,

L. F. S. Foster.

Major-Generals H. G. Wright, Geo. W. Getty, Frank Wheaton and Truman Seymour.

Mayor's Office,
New York, *October* 17, 1868.

Major-General H. G. Wright, U. S. A.,
Chairman, etc.

General,—I beg leave to express my sincere regret, that engagements already made will prevent my acceptance of your kind invitation to be present at West Point on the 21st instant, and that I shall therefore be unable to testify, by my presence, the deep veneration I feel for the memory of the late General Sedgwick, in whose honor his comrades purpose on that day to erect a monument.

I have the honor to be, General,

Your obedient servant,

John T. Hoffman.

Tivoli, *Oct.* 21, 1868.

Major-Generals Wright, Getty, Wheaton, and Seymour:

Generals,—Allow me—although your kind invitation for the 21st reached me, through misdirection, this evening—to thank you for your remembrance, and express my regret that the delay prevented my witnessing the ceremonies in dedication of a monument to a brave and large-hearted soldier, who died as bravely as he had lived, for our common and dear country.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. Watts de Peyster.

GALENA, ILL., *Oct.* 21, 1868.

To General H. G. WRIGHT,

West Point.

Invitation to attend dedication of Sedgwick monument too late. I regret not being able to join with the friends and companions of the gallant Sedgwick in showing respect to the memory of one so much beloved, and so honored for his patriotism and noble sacrifice in behalf of the country.

U. S. GRANT,
General U. S. A.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI,
ST. LOUIS, *Oct.* 21, 1868.

General H. G. WRIGHT, *U. S. Engineers,*

New York City.

DEAR GENERAL,—I have this moment received your invitation to be present at the ceremony of inauguration of the Sedgwick monument, this day, at West Point.

Of course, this comes too late; but I am none the less obliged to you for inviting me to so interesting an occasion. Though absent in person, I am present with you in thought, and am happy that Sedgwick's friends have been so successful in rearing to his memory a monument so richly merited.

Truly your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN,
Lieutenant-General.

LOUISVILLE, KY., *Oct.* 20, 1868.

Brevet Major-General H. G. WRIGHT, Brevet Major-General G. W. GETTY
Brevet Major-General FRANK WHEATON, Brevet Major-General TRUMAN SEYMOUR,

Committee Sedgwick Monument Association, Army Building, New York City.

GENTLEMEN,—I had the honor to receive yesterday your invitation to be present at the ceremony of the dedication of the monument to be erected by the Sixth Corps, at West Point, N. Y., to the memory of their beloved commander, Major-General John Sedgwick. I regret exceedingly that my public duties will not admit of my presence on the occasion of paying such honors to one so deserving and worthy.

I am, Gentlemen,
Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

GEO. H. THOMAS,
Major-General U. S. A.

WASHINGTON, *October* 19, 1868.

GENTLEMEN,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation from you to be present on the 21st instant at the dedication of the statue erected at West Point, N. Y., to the memory of that distinguished and beloved soldier, the late Major-General John Sedgwick.

Nothing could afford me more gratification than to participate on that occasion in honoring the memory of that illustrious soldier, whose career sheds such lustre on our country and its arms; but I am prevented from taking part in the ceremonies of the day by the condition of my health, which does not permit me to travel so great a distance at this time.

I am, Sirs,
Most respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,
Major-General U. S. A.

To Major-General H. G. WRIGHT, U. S. A.; Major-General G. W. GETTY, U. S. A.; Major-General FRANK WHEATON, U. S. A.; Major-General TRUMAN SEYMOUR, U. S. A.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *Oct.* 17, 1868.

GENTLEMEN,—I regret exceedingly that absence on duty from this city will prevent my being present at West Point on the 21st instant, on the occasion of the dedication of the monument to the memory of the late much-lamented Major-General John Sedgwick.

I have the honor to be,
Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
L. THOMAS,
Adjutant-General.

To Major-General H. G. WRIGHT, Major-General G. W. GETTY, Major-General F. WHEATON, Major-General T. SEYMOUR, *Committee.*

QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *October* 14, 1868.

Major-Generals H. G. WRIGHT, GEO. W. GETTY, FRANK WHEATON, TRUMAN SEYMOUR,
Committee of the Sixth Corps.

GENTLEMEN,—I have had the honor to receive your courteous invitation to be present at the ceremonies of the dedication of the statue

to the memory of the lamented General Sedgwick, about to be erected at West Point.

I should take great pleasure in doing anything in my power to honor the memory of this gallant soldier and leader; but the preparation of the official annual report of this department requires my presence in Washington, and I shall not be able to be absent on the 21st.

I am glad that the monument is being erected at the national military school, to whose training his life and services did so much honor.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

M. C. Meigs,

Quartermaster-General,

Bvt. Major-General.

Washington, *October* 22, 1868.

Major-Generals Wright, Getty, Wheaton, and Seymour,

Committee Sedgwick Monument.

Gentlemen,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to be present at the dedication of the bronze statue erected to the memory of the late Major-General Sedgwick at West Point, on the 21st instant, and to express my regret that official duties at this place prevented my uniting in that expression of admiration for his high qualities and distinguished services, and of sincere regret for his loss.

Very respectfully,

Your ob't serv't,

A. A. Humphreys,

Major-General.

Princeton, N. J., *December* 20, 1868.

Generals Wright, Getty, Wheaton, and Seymour,

Committee 6th Corps Sedgwick Monument Association.

Sirs,—I have great satisfaction in acknowledging the receipt of your invitation to be present at the ceremonies of the dedication, etc., etc.

It would have been my duty and my pleasure to have joined in this last tribute to one so brave, noble-hearted, and beloved as Sedgwick. The invitation was, however, received too late for me to be at West Point at the appointed time. With many thanks to you, gentlemen, personally, for your kindness and consideration,

I am very truly,

D. N. Couch,

Major-General, late U. S. Vols.

St. Paul, Minn., *December* 18, 1868.

To General H. G. Wright,

U. S. Army.

General,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to be present at the dedication of the bronze statue at West Point, which has been erected by the Sixth Army Corps in memory of their distinguished commander, Major-General John Sedgwick, who was killed in battle.

I should have been glad to participate in these ceremonies if I could, for I hold the memory of his noble qualities as a man and a soldier as warmly as if I had been one of his command.

Yours respectfully,

G. K. Warren

Headquarters Artillery School, U. S. A.

Fort Monroe, Va., *October* 17, 1868.

Major-Generals Wright, Getty, Wheaton, and Seymour,

Committee.

Generals,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend the dedication, at West Point, of the bronze statue to be erected by the late Sixth Army Corps to the memory of their late commander, Major-General John Sedgwick, on the 21st inst.

Under any circumstances I would be proud to render homage to the gallantry and virtues of such an officer as was Major-General Sedgwick; but when I mourn his loss and love his memory also as that of a beloved comrade and cherished personal friend of more than thirty years standing, I have a far higher motive in wishing to join with his late command in the dedication of the tribute of respect which they are now about to erect.

Unless prevented by unforeseen circumstances, I shall be present at the ceremonies of the 21st inst.

I am, Generals, very respectfully,

Your ob't serv't,

William F. Barry,

Col. 2d Artillery,

Brevet Major-Gen'l, U. S. A.

Albany, *Oct.* 17, 1868.

Gentlemen,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend the ceremonies at West Point, on the 21st inst.,

appointed for the dedication of a monument to the memory of the late Major-General John Sedgwick.

Engagements made some time ago, and which, I regret to say, are imperative, render it impossible for me to be present on an occasion so full of interest to one who served with the distinguished soldier whose career you commemorate. In the Army of the Potomac his name was always the theme of affection and praise. To him was given the rare felicity of honors without envy—of fame without detraction—and even the enemy, under whose fire he fell, united in the commendation bestowed by his comrades upon the blameless life and heroic death of Sedgwick.

I am, Gentlemen,

With high regard,

Very respectfully,

D. E. Sickles,

Brevet Major-General, U. S. A.

To Brevet Major-General H. G. Wright, U. S. A., and Generals Getty, Wheaton, and Seymour, *Committee, etc., etc., Army Building, New York City.*

St. Paul, Minn., *December* 18, 1868.

To General H. G. Wright,

U. S. Army.

General,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to be present at the dedication of the bronze statue at West Point, which has been erected by the Sixth Army Corps in memory of their distinguished commander, Major-General John Sedgwick, who was killed in battle.

I should have been glad to participate in these ceremonies if I could, for I hold the memory of his noble qualities as a man and a soldier as warmly as if I had been one of his command.

Yours respectfully,

G. K. Warren

Headquarters Artillery School, U. S. A.

Fort Monroe, Va., *October* 17, 1868.

Major-Generals Wright, Getty, Wheaton, and Seymour,

Committee.

Generals,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend the dedication, at West Point, of the bronze statue to be erected by the late Sixth Army Corps to the memory of their late commander, Major-General John Sedgwick, on the 21st inst.

Under any circumstances I would be proud to render homage to the gallantry and virtues of such an officer as was Major-General Sedgwick; but when I mourn his loss and love his memory also as that of a beloved comrade and cherished personal friend of more than thirty years standing, I have a far higher motive in wishing to join with his late command in the dedication of the tribute of respect which they are now about to erect.

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appointed for the dedication of a monument to the memory of the late Major-General John Sedgwick.

Engagements made some time ago, and which, I regret to say, are imperative, render it impossible for me to be present on an occasion so full of interest to one who served with the distinguished soldier whose career you commemorate. In the Army of the Potomac his name was always the theme of affection and praise. To him was given the rare felicity of honors without envy—of fame without detraction—and even the enemy, under whose fire he fell, united in the commendation bestowed by his comrades upon the blameless life and heroic death of Sedgwick.

I am, Gentlemen,

With high regard,

Very respectfully,

D. E. Sickles,

Brevet Major-General, U. S. A.

To Brevet Major-General H. G. Wright, U. S. A., and Generals Getty, Wheaton, and Seymour, *Committee, etc., etc., Army Building, New York City.*

end of the plank the waters stretched for a quarter of a mile. It was a perilous task to feel his way through the water with a heavy battery of twenty-four guns, and then to trust a frail, trembling plank for the passage of the channel. But the smoke and roar of the battle beyond the flood come nearer and nearer, and he knew that his brethren were sorely pressed. After a calm, thoughtful survey, he gave the word "forward." Into the waters moved the steady line ; the gun-carriages sunk almost to the guns ; floundering, staggering, but painfully dragged on soldiers and batteries across the quivering bridge, which was whirled away as they left it. Toiling again through the swift water and the mire, and an hour and a half before sunset, Sedgwick came upon the field. The rebels, flushed with success, were driving their victorious columns as a wedge between the centre and the right of our wavering forces, but, like his Ironside ancestor, Sedgwick swiftly advanced, formed his line, opened his batteries and shattered the wedge. The wasted foe recoiled before his tremendous fire, his whole division in blazing line of battle moved steadily on, seized the stricken enemy, hurled him into the woods, and the battle of Fair Oaks was won."

It is enough to say of the conception of the figure and face of this image of the hero that it is entirely worthy of the artist. It is a monument of genius.

There is but one fault, and that is a serious one. The place selected for the statue is too retired, and unless pointed out, not one visitor in a hundred to the National Academy will ever notice it.

The inscription on its pediment is as follows :

Major General
JOHN SEDGWICK,
United States Volunteers,
Born Sept. 13, 1813,
Killed in battle, at Spottsylvania, Va.,
May 9, 1864,
While in command of the Sixth Corps,
Army of the Potomac.
The Sixth Army Corps,
In loving admiration of its Commander,
Dedicates this Statue
to his
Memory.

The above is on a metal plate inserted in the south panel, while on the easterly side the insignia of the corps, the Maltese cross, is placed, surrounded by a wreath in metal (laurel) leaves. On the westerly side

is the shield of the republic, surmounted by an eagle, also surrounded by a wreath. The northerly panel is without inscription or insignia. The cross of the corps is also placed on the left breast of the statue.

The silence which immediately preceded the unveiling was followed by rounds of applause, all present being evidently highly pleased with the memorial.

The stripping was followed by music from the united bands, which a few moments before had rendered in magnificent style the *Stabat Mater.*

The orator then advanced to the front of the stand, while an officer of the army held an umbrella over his head and manuscript, to shield him and it from the rain that fell during the greater part of the delivery of his splendid eulogium in memory of the dead.

Mr. Curtis commenced by referring to the "historic hills" which surrounded the assemblage, and of the historic river flowing at their feet, and of the ground upon which Washington trod, and of the reminiscences of the revolution that had made the National School a school for heroes, and then, alluding incidentally to the beautiful statue, branched off into a review of the work of the Puritans, and showed that in every field, although sneered at for their sterling piety by the Cavaliers, they won the victory of freedom and of progress both for the Old World and for this. He then referred to an ancestor of the dead hero, Major-General Robert Sedgwick, a Puritan, who fought sternly and unflinchingly under the great Cromwell, and was intrusted by that leader with an important mission to an island in the West Indies, and who, Charles the Second returning to the English throne, rather than bow the knee to royalty, sailed for Connecticut, and there founded the Sedgwick family, a representative of which, grandfather to Major-General John Sedgwick, fought through the Revolutionary war, and was subsequently made a major-general of militia by the State of Connecticut.

The orator then in eloquent terms reviewed the career of the deceased during the rebellion and anterior thereto, closing with a magnificent peroration.

In consequence of the rain-storm, but few comparatively were present. Among those on the platform were noticed Mr. C. H. Tompkins, Senator Foster, of Connecticut; Governor Ward, of New Jersey; Major-Generals McClellan, Meade, Heintzelman, Wright, Wheaton, Seymour, Hamlin, Franklin, Towers, Doubleday and Shaler; Colonels A. W. Adams, S. J. Smith, D. J. Nevins, Samuel Truesdale, O. Milne; Majors H. C. Ellis, T Norton Bundy, and Lieutenant W. R. Heddon and others, of the Sixth Corps. Colonels H. C. Pratt and F. F. Flint, United States Army; Major T. M. Farrell, United States Army; Dr. Paige, United States Army;

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY

Lieutenant Algiers, United States Army, and Dr. Simmons, of the British Army. The only sister, Mrs. Welsh, and a cousin of the deceased were also present.

At the close of the address, "Moses in Egypt," was played by the bands, after which the assemblage was dismissed with the Benediction.

The cadets on the plain then executed the manual of arms in splendid style, and upon leaving the parade the pleased company retired to the river to seek passage homeward.

[*From the New York Sun, October* 22, 1868.]

The monument erected to the memory of Major-Gen. John Sedgwick, that noble soldier who fell in battle at Spottsylvania, Va., on May 9, 1864, was formally dedicated yesterday afternoon at the Military Academy of West Point, in the presence of a large number of citizens and many distinguished officers and soldiers of the army.

Especially was the famous old Sixth Army Corps strongly represented at these last ceremonies of love and devotion to their brave and skilful leader, who had often nerved them to prodigious efforts in the field by his own fearless and soldierly example.

The monument is their tribute to the memory of a loved commander. Before the corps disbanded at the close of the war, it subscribed—men and officers alike—a sum sufficient to erect a statue of their General, and a committee, consisting of Major-Gens. Wright, Getty, Wheaton and Seymour, have had the matter in charge.

The arrangements having been completed, the dedicatory ceremonies took place yesterday at West Point, as follows:

At 3½ o'clock a procession was formed opposite the west tower of the Cadet Barracks, and moved to the site of the monument at the northern end of the parade ground, in the following order:

Battery of light artillery.

Music—consisting of Military Academy band, Governor's Island band, First U. S. Artillery band.

Battalion of cadets.

Family and relatives of the late Major-Gen. John Sedgwick.

Orator, Monument, Committee, Chaplain, and Mr. Launt Thompson artist.

Members of the Sixth Army Corps.

Officers and soldiers of the volunteer and regular forces.

Officers of the Navy and Marine Corps.

Officers and Professors of the Military Academy.

Citizens desirous of participating in the ceremony.

The whole under command of Brevet Major-Gen. H. G. Wright, U. S. A.

Among the officers present were Major-Gens. Meade, McClellan, Doubleday, Heintzelman, Franklin, Towers; Col. Pratt, U. S. A.; Surgeon Moore, U. S. A.; Surgeon Paige, U. S. A.; Dr. Simmons, of the British army; Col. F. F. Flint, Brig-Gen. Burns, Major Bundy, Lieut. Ilgers. Among the Sixth Corps officers were Major-Gens. Wright, Seymour, Ricketts, Wheaton, Shaler; Brig-Gens. Hamblin Warner, Hyde, Tompkins, Davis; Cols. Oaker, Adams, Smith, Walker, Nevins, Truesdale, Milne; Majors Norton, Ellis, and many others.

On the left of the monument was a large stand draped with American flags, on which the orator, committee, and invited guests were seated. In front of the stand the cadets were formed in close column, doubled on the centre, at parade rest; the artillery in the rear, and the band on the left. On the right were seats for the audience, which numbered several hundred.

The exercises were opened with a prayer from the Chaplain, followed by music from the band, which performed *Stabat Mater*. The three bands had been consolidated, numbering in all about seventy instruments, and they executed the piece in a most exquisite manner. Immediately after, Major-General Ricketts advanced to the monument and pulled down the flag which enveloped the statue, unveiling it to the public gaze, amid the plaudits of the spectators, the roll of drums, the salute of the cadets, and the firing of thirteen guns.

Its magnificent appearance, as it stood out in bold relief for the first time against the sky, elicited the warmest expression of admiration from the entire assemblage.

As a work of art, we venture to say that it has no superior in the country. Of life size, in full military dress, standing in a commanding attitude, with life-like expression of countenance, the statue rises the very ideal of a hero. Its fidelity to nature is remarkable, and its design admirable. The pedestal is of stone, and bears upon its front face the following inscription:

Major-General JOHN SEDGWICK,
U. S. Volunteers, Colonel Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A.
Born September 13, 1814.
Killed in battle at Spottsylvania, Va.,
May 9, 1864,
While in command of the Sixth Corps, Army of the Potomac.
The Sixth Corps, in loving admiration of its Commander, dedicates this statue to his memory.

On the east face is the corps badge, and on the west the U. S. coat of arms. The whole monument is fourteen feet high, and cost $13,000. Artist, Launt Thompson. The metal was furnished by Congress from captured cannon.

George W. Curtis then delivered the oration, which was mainly devoted to the services of the General, and the standing of West Point in the Republic. It was a beautiful production, well worthy of the distinguished orator.

The exercises closed with the performance of *Moses in Egypt* by the band, and a dress parade by the cadets.

[*From the New York Times, October* 22, 1868.]

The bronze monument erected by the old Sixth Army Corps in memory of their well-beloved commander, Major-General JOHN SEDGWICK, was to-day dedicated and unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. The day proved an unfavorable one, however, as the sky was overcast, and a drizzling rain prevailed throughout the entire proceedings. This fact robbed them of considerable splendor, but they were thereby rendered doubly impressive and solemn. The leaden clouds which slowly drifted on the mountains at times concealed them from our view, and the landscape wore a mournful and saddened aspect, despite the varied autumnal foliage to be seen on every side, which would in a clearer atmosphere have lent an air of gorgeousness to the interesting scene transpiring on the parade ground of the West Point Academy. The Hudson wore a dull look, much at variance with its appearance on sunny days in this sheltered nook; and as the eye of the spectator wandered up and down its course, he failed to detect the beauties so often enjoyed and described. Despite these disappointments, the visitor found West Point as much an object of interest as ever, and those who braved the threatening storm and prevailing showers, were well rewarded by the ceremonies of the day, and the eloquent oration prepared for the occasion by Hon. Geo. Wm. Curtis.

The monument, of which I sent you a brief description yesterday, stood all morning draped with a garrison flag, the folds of which, as they became saturated by the rain, gave faint outlines of the form of the lamented Sedgwick, as it had been fashioned by the gifted hand of the artist, and it was the centre of attraction to all fresh comers, who naturally sauntered thither while awaiting the hour for the proceedings to commence. The steamer *Sylvan Shore*, which had been chartered by the Committee of Arrangements, arrived from New York at 2:30 P. M., having on board a large party of ladies and gentlemen in-

vited to attend the dedication, among them being several leading Generals and other officers. The arrival of the steamer seemed to be the signal for commencing the proceedings, for as the chapel tower clock indicated the hour of three, the guard bugle sounded the assembly for the cadets to fall in under arms, and a stir was at the same time observable among the artillerymen, who had for some time been standing in battery position on the main drill ground. The military visitors and former comrades of the deceased General, also made rapid rendezvous in the roadway in front of the cadet barracks, where they were speedily assigned positions in the order of procession by the Committee. Standing in the pathway, I had an excellent opportunity to see those distinguished officers who had come up to participate in the dedication ceremonies. Gen. George B. McClellan first attracted my notice as he stood aside, dressed in plain clothes, and conversing with such of his army friends happening to recognize him. The General appeared a trifle care-worn, and has not that look of florid health that so distinguished him when in active service. Major-General S. P. Heintzelman, with his familiar iron-gray beard, stood near his old chieftain, as did also Major-Generals Cullum, Franklin, Newton, and Ricketts, nearly all in the uniform of their brevet rank as Major-Generals. Besides these officers, I noticed Major-General Abner Doubleday, Major-General Henry E. Davis (formerly of the cavalry), Major-General H. G. Wright, the last commander of the Sixth Army Corps; Major-General Frank Wheaton, of the First or Red Cross Division; Major-General Truman Seymour, and Major-General George W. Getty, of the Second and Third Divisions of the old Sixth Corps, these last-named gentlemen being the Monument Committee. The old Sixth Corps was well represented by a large number of the officers in that command. Among them were Major-General Alexander Shaler, now of the National Guard, and who once commanded a brigade in the Second Division of the Sixth Corps; Major-General Joseph Hamblin, who succeeded him; Brigadier-General C. H. Tompkins, who commanded the artillery under General Sedgwick; Colonel A. J. Smith, of the One Hundred and Twenty-second New York Volunteers, and a member of General Sedgwick's staff; Major G. W. Adams, Major H. C. Ellis, of the Sixty-fifth N. Y. V.; Colonel D. J. Nevins, of the Sixty-second, N. Y. V.; Colonel Samuel Truesdale, of the Sixty-fifth, N. Y. V.; Colonel D. Miln, Major T. Norton, Major Bundy, Lieutenant W. R. Hedden, and a great many others whose names I omit. Brigadier-General Pitcher, Superintendent of the Academy, Major-General W. W. Burns, and Colonel Moore, U. S. A., were also on the ground, as well as Surgeon Simmons, of the British Army. The relatives of General

Sedgwick were represented by his only surviving sister, Mrs. Welch, and Messrs. Henry and Charles Sedgwick, cousins to the deceased. Gov. Marcus Ward, of New Jersey, was also present.

Positions in the line had been reserved for the President of the United States, the heads of the Executive Departments, and General Grant, but they did not come, as it was feared they would not. To the inspiring strains of martial music, as performed by the united strength of the Military Academy, First Artillery, and Governor's Island bands, the procession moved slowly down the main avenue to the site where the monument had been erected in the north-western corner of the parade, on reaching which the artillery moved round in rear of the statue, and then debouched on to the plain, quickly unlimbering into position preparatory to firing the required salute. The battalion of cadets pressed through the crowd of visitors, and halted directly in front of the stand erected on the left of the statue for the accommodation of the orator and distinguished persons present. Besides the members of the Old Sixth Corps and the other army officers present, there had gathered together nearly twelve hundred ladies and gentlemen from the neighboring towns and villages, who, in consequence of the steady rain, were fain to shelter themselves under the trees or their umbrellas.

As soon as the necessary preliminaries were over, an order was given to withdraw the cordon of sentinels round the reserved ground, it having become evident that the rain was the only check required for the gathering. The chaplain of the post, Rev. Dr. French, then delivered an impressive and appropriate prayer, after which the colossal band performed Rossini's "Stabat Mater," at the conclusion of which Major-General Ricketts, who commanded the Third Division of the Sixth Corps under General Sedgwick, approached the monument and unveiled the statue. As the well-known features of their old commander were thus so forcibly and faithfully presented to the comrades in arms of the deceased hero, a murmur of applause was heard amid the pattering rain drops and falling leaves, thereby testifying to the skill and genius of the artist. While the assemblage stood contemplating the statue, wearing as it did a golden hue, as it had come fresh from the artist's hands, a salvo of thirteen guns from the field battery broke on their ears, and awakened the innumerable echoes of the surrounding hills. As these slowly died away, the orator of the day, Hon. George W. Curtis, of New York, advanced to the foot of the platform, and delivered his oration, and the effort proved one of his most eloquent efforts. He gave a vigorous sketch of the struggle between those who declare that some men have no rights and those who hold the truth to be self-evident that all men are created equal, and in rehearsing

the life of General Sedgwick, said that he had come from Puritan stock, his great-grandfather being Major-General Robert Sedgwick, of Cromwell's army. The commander of the Sixth Corps had always dreamed of a soldier's life, while yet a boy in his native town of Cornwall, in the Housatonic Valley. He gave an extended review of the military career of General Sedgwick after leaving West Point in 1837, in which he introduced many characteristic and interesting anecdotes of the deceased, and also presented an impassioned *resume* of the great events of the past seven years, and their influence upon the future of the nation, and claimed that the question of State sovereignty had been long buried, and the perpetuity of the Union forever assured.

The bands then performed Rossini's "Moses in Egypt" in an effective and solemn manner, and the spectators were dismissed by the Benediction. The cadet battalion were at the same time put in motion and marched to the centre of the parade ground, where the usual ceremonies of evening parade were gone through. Darkness then quickened the steps of the visitors toward the wharf, where they embarked for their homes by the steamers "Sylvan Shore" and "Mary Powell." As I write, the grounds are quite deserted, and we have again resumed the hum-drum routine of academic life. The cheerful lights gleaming from cottage and barrack only make the surrounding gloom the more mournful, and as the statue of Sedwick braves the pitiless storm, the mind wanders away to the modest grave of the departed hero in Cornwall Hollow, where, in boyhood days, he had lingered, dreaming of the future which was to give him glory and renown.

[*From the New York Tribune, October* 22, 1868.]

Mr. Launt Thompson's statue of Major-Gen. John Sedgwick, the lamented commander of the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, was yesterday formally dedicated at West Point with appropriate military ceremonies. The statue is of bronze, and represents the general in undress uniform in one of his characteristic attitudes, his hands folded on his sword-hilt, and his body bent slightly forward, while his countenance is indicative of thought. There was but one opinion expressed by the numerous officers of the Sixth Corps who were present, and who had fought with the General up to the day of his death—that the likeness was excellent, and that Mr. Thompson had been wonderfully successful in his work. The pedestal, a handsome granite block, bears the following inscription:

Major-General John Sedgwick, U. S. Volunteers, Col. 4th Cavalry, U. S. Army. Born Sept. 13, 1813. Killed in Battle at Spottsylvania, Va.,

May 9, 1864, while in command of the Sixth Corps, Army of the Potomac. The Sixth Army Corps, in loving admiration of its Commander, dedicates this statue to his memory.

Yesterday was cold, rainy, and thoroughly disagreeable, and sufficient notice of the dedication had not been given in time to the widely scattered officers of the Sixth Corps; yet notwithstanding these mishaps about 50 of the officers of the Sixth Corps were present. Among the distinguished army officers upon the platform were Gens. H. G. Wright, Truman Seymour, Frank Wheaton, Ricketts, Geo. B. McClellan, Newton, Franklin, Tompkins, Nevins, Shaler, Hyde, Warner, Doubleday, Heintzelman, Hamblin.

The military display, parade of the cadets, evolutions of the cavalry, and firing of the salutes were conducted with that faultless precision of which West Pointers are so justly proud. The music, furnished by four military bands, was very fine. Though Mr. Curtis read his oration under the shelter of an umbrella, his eloquence did not fail of its wonted effect on his audience.

[*From the Army and Navy Journal, Oct.* 24, 1868.]

Another memorial statue has been dedicated at West Point, and we surrender a large portion of our space this week to a report of the eloquent words in which the orator of the day did homage to the memory of those in whose honor it has risen—the true-hearted John Sedgwick and his brave men of the Sixth Corps. It is a statue of Sedgwick, but it is a memorial, not of him alone, but of that corps with which his memory is so intimately associated, and whose affection offers this tribute to the heroic and the homely virtues of their brave, great-hearted "Uncle John." No soldier of our army was more loved and trusted by his comrades; none better deserved such love and confidence. This statue is the fitting tribute of a noble corps to a noble commander. As Mr. Curtis so aptly says to the men of the Sixth Corps: "It is a monument of your valor as well as of his devotion. His modesty would have refused it for himself, but his affection would have accepted it from you."

We leave Mr. Curtis to tell the story of the Sixth Corps, and their honored leader. His oration will be read, not by this corps alone, but by all to whom the memory of soldierly achievements and soldierly virtues is dear. We print it in full, for it would be hard to determine what portion could be spared. It is unfortunate that an unpropitious day prevented so many from listening to it. As it was, many of the well-remembered faces of the Army of the Potomac were seen

gathered about the statue of John Sedgwick as General Ricketts stripped away the flag that covered it, and unveiled it to the sky. McClellan, Wright, Franklin, Truman Seymour, Wheaton, Newton, Heintzelman, Doubleday, Cullum, Wainwright, Tompkins, Clark, Nevins, Shaler, Hyde, Davis, Hamblin, and others. Several of the relatives of the General were also present, and, in spite of the rain, quite a number of ladies.

The military display consisted of a dress parade of the cadets, firing of salutes, and music from a consolidated band formed of the West Point band, the Governor's Island band, and a regimental band. The statue, by Mr. Launt Thompson, is of bronze, cast from cannon captured by the Sixth Corps, under Sedgwick's lead. It represents the General in undress uniform, standing with uncovered head, his cap in his two hands, folded together across the hilt of his sword, upon which he partially leans as he bends forward in a characteristic attitude. The figure and attitude are unmistakable; the face, somewhat disappointing at first, grows upon one as it is lingered upon, and the likeness becomes more and more apparent. The statue is erected at the north-west corner of the parade-ground, nearly on a line with the front of the hotel. Its position is well chosen, and we hope to see other statues to our dead heroes occupying corresponding positions on the parade-ground. They will be mute, and yet eloquent witnesses to the young cadets of the virtues and the patriotism which it should be their highest ambition to emulate.

[*From the New York World, October* 22, 1868.]

The inauguration of the bronze statue of the brave and lamented Sedgwick, at West Point to-day, took place in the midst of a cold and gloomy shower, which was well in keeping with the sad recollections the ceremony invoked. All the hanging woods, touched with the fiery splendors of autumn, were heavy and dripping with the ceaseless showers. The river that flowed beneath us mirrored the dull skies, and all the hill-tops around were crested with great flakes of cloud.

At the northern end of the parade, in an acute angle formed by the curvature of the roadway above the river, stands the statue of the noble commander of the Sixth Corps—a command with which his name will ever be gloriously associated. The total height of the pedestal and statue is eleven feet. The pedestal measures six feet, and stands upon a little elevation above the level of the parade, neatly sodded round. It is of gray granite, of the plainest character, with a simple base and cornice. Plates

of cast bronze are set into the sides and front of the stone. The front bears the following inscription:

Major-General
JOHN SEDGWICK,
United States Volunteers,
Colonel Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A.
Born September 13, 1814,
Killed in battle at Spottsylvania, Va.,
May 9, 1864,
While commanding the Sixth Corps,
Army of the Potomac.

THE SIXTH ARMY CORPS,
In loving admiration of its Commander,
Dedicates this statue
to his memory.

On the right side of the pedestal is a plate on which is a large bas-relief of the Sixth Corps badge, surrounded by a wreath of oak leaves; on the left is the escutcheon of the United States, with a similar wreath.

The statue of General Sedgwick is cast of bronze cannon, captured in the late war, and presented for the purpose by Congress. The model was executed by Mr. Launt Thompson, and the casting is a successful rendering of the original. It is of life size, and represents the General exactly as he might have appeared on any day during his active service in the field. He wears a plain frock-coat, the Sixth Corps badge upon his left breast. His hands are clasped in front, and hold his cap and sword. The likeness is pronounced excellent by all who were acquainted with the late General; and some of the officers who were with him in his last moments, and took part in the ceremonies of yesterday, pointed out, with tears in their eyes, the spot on the left cheek where the fatal bullet struck their beloved commander. At present the statue is of a beautiful golden hue, and stands out very boldly and majestically from the background of green and scarlet foliage; but a few short months' exposure to this humid atmosphere of hill and river will soon give it the antique bloom so dear to the virtuoso.

The statue, of course, remained veiled through the day, until the culminating point of the exercises hereafter described.

The preparations for the ceremony were quite simple. A platform about twenty feet square and four feet high was erected under the trees to the right of the monument. Upon this was placed a stand for the accom-

modation of chaplain and orator, and a sufficient number of chairs for the distinguished guests who were to take a prominent part in the exercises. The platform was festooned with the United States flag, and upon each of the four sides was a huge wreath of oak leaves.

Among the officers present on the occasion were Major-General George B. McClellan, Major-General Franklin, Major-General S. P. Heintzelman, Major-General Abner Doubleday, Major-General Alex. Shaler, Brigadier-General C. H. Tompkins, Brigadier-General W. W. Burns, Brigadier-General Sherman, Colonel H. C. Pratt, U. S. A.; Major T. M. Farrell, U. S. A.; Colonel G. N. Adams, Colonel A. J. Smith, Colonel S. J. Nevins, Colonel Samuel Truesdale, Colonel D. Miln, Colonel Moore, Surgeon, U. S. A.; Colonel F. F. Flint, Colonel John Oakey, Major H. C. Ellis, Major Bundy, Major T. Norton, Dr. Paige, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Ilgers, Lieutenant W. R. Hedden, Dr. Simmons, of the British Army, etc. Governor Marcus L. Ward, of New Jersey, was also present.

The only surviving sister of General Sedgwick, Mrs. Welsh, and two of his cousins, Mr. Harry Sedgwick, and Mr. Charles Sedgwick, took part in the exercises.

The ground in the immediate vicinity of the statue was kept by one of the companies of United States Engineers stationed at West Point. Ample accommodation in the way of seats, etc., was provided for the general public, of whom alone twelve hundred persons were present, including a large proportion of ladies. The disappointing aspect of the weather doubtless prevented a larger number from being present. The steamer Sylvan Shore brought up a number of officers, most of them comrades of the Old Sixth Corps, from New York city.

The battery of light artillery was on the parade-ground long before the hour appointed for the inauguration. The men looked admirably, and all their horses and equipments were in excellent order. Shortly before three o'clock they drew up in column in the roadway before the Professors' residences. At three precisely the "assembly" sounded for the cadets, and in a few minutes their companies were formed in line before their quarters. The cadets were under command of Colonel Black. The officers and friends of the deceased assembled on the left. When General McClellan came upon the ground he was immediately surrounded by hosts of delighted officers, who warmly clasped his hand and congratulated him upon his return. The General looked remarkably well. He was plainly dressed in civilian's attire.

The procession was formed in the following order, and moved to the site under command of Major-General H. G. Wright, U. S. A.:

Battery of Light Artillery.

Music—Consisting of Military Academy Band, Governor's Island Band, and Band of the First United States Artillery.

Battalion of Cadets.

Family and Relatives of the late Major-General Sedgwick.

Rev. Dr. French, Chaplain.

Orator,

Mr. George W. Curtis.

The Monument Committee:

H. G. Wright,

Late Major-General United States Volunteers, Commander Sixth Army Corps, and Brevet Major-General United States Army;

George W. Getty,

Late Major-General Volunteers, Commander Second Division Sixth Army Corps, and Brevet Major-General United States Army;

Frank Wheaton,

Late Major-General Volunteers, Commander First Division Sixth Army Corps, Brevet Major-General United States Army.;

Truman Seymour,

Late Major-General Volunteers, Commander Third Division Sixth Army Corps, Brevet Major-General United States Army.

Civil Officers of the Government and of States.

Members of the Sixth Army Corps.

Army and Navy Officers, and Officers and Professors of the Military Academy.

Citizens.

On arriving at the site, the order of proceedings were under the direction of Major-General Wright. The chaplain and orator were provided with seats by the stand, and the distinguished officers present were seated beside them. In the first line appeared Major-Generals McClellan and Franklin. Brevet Brigadier-General Pitcher, Commanding West Point, was seated near these distinguished commanders.

The cadets were drawn up in line in front of the platform, Colonel Black standing a few paces in front of them.

The following was the order of proceedings:

1. Prayer by the chaplain.

2. Music ("Stabat Mater").

3. Unveiling of the Statue—"Present arms, rolls, and battery salute of thirteen guns."

4. Oration. By Hon. George W. Curtis, of New York.

5. Music ("Moses in Egypt").

6. Benediction.

7. Music.

The prayers offered by the venerable Chaplain of West Point were very impressive and exalted in their character. They were three in number, "For the Government," "For the Army and Navy," "For a blessing on the occasion."

Immediately after the prayer, the grand and solemn strains of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" pealed forth from the united bands; and at its conclusion, Major-General Ricketts stepped forward, and, amidst breathless silence, withdrew the United States flag from the statue. As the striking lineaments of the soldier that died for his country became visible to the vast circle of spectators, a subdued murmur of applause and admiration went up from among them, and died away in echoes of the tearful woods. The silent sympathy which succeeded was, however, instantly broken upon by the first gun of the salute from the battery, and by the sharp command to the cadets, "Present arms." The drums also rolled out their vivacious clamor; and the ceremonies culminated in a burst of applause, as the orator of the day, Mr. George W. Curtis, came forward, MS. in hand, to deliver his address. A full report of this splendid oration accompanies my letter, so that it is not necessary for me to devote any extended notice to this admirable intellectual effort. Suffice it to say, that the orator was interrupted by frequent bursts of applause, and that the many characteristic anecdotes he related of the fallen hero beguiled the audience of smiles and tears, or of that mixed feeling of the heart which is neither joy nor regret, but sweeter than either.

The exercises concluded with the selections from "Mose in Egitto," by the band, and the benediction pronounced by the Rev. Dr. French.

Immediately after the ceremony the cadets moved to the centre of the ground, and had dress-parade. Their drill has been so frequently admired and described, that I need only say the stranger visitors looked on and "wondered with great admiration."

Contract.

First. The undersigned do hereby agree and contract, on the one part, to produce a portrait statue of the late Major-General John Sedgwick, to be cast in bronze, six feet high, with a suitable pedestal of granite, and proper inscriptions, all in the highest artistic style, to be properly placed and mounted at West Point, N. Y., and within one year from date of this contract. The bronze to be furnished to the artist from captured cannon, if possible, to be procured from the War Department. Any details otherwise unexplained to be subject to the decision of the Committee from the Sixth Corps, charged with this contract.

Second. Ten thousand dollars, currency, to be paid for the above; one-half on satisfactory completion of the model in clay, the remainder when the statue shall be delivered and placed on its pedestal at West Point. It being understood that the pedestal referred to shall be perfectly plain, excepting as to inscriptions, and that, should farther ornamentation be required, additional sums be paid therefor at the option of the Committee.

G. H. Wright,

Maj.-Gen., Commanding 6th Corps.

Geo. W. Getty,

Bvt. Maj.-Gen, Commanding 2d Div., 6th Corps.

Frank Wheaton,

Bvt. Maj.-Gen, Commanding 1st Div., 6th Corps.

Truman Seymour,

Brig.-Gen, Commanding 3d Div.. 6th Corps.

Launt Thompson,

New York, *May 19th,* 1865.

BVT. LIEUT.-COL. WALTER S. FRANKLIN, TREASURER, IN ACCOUNT WITH SEDGWICK MONUMENT FUND.

Dr.

1865.		
April 25,	To amount of Subscription to Fund,	$9,736 05
1868.		
Nov. 14,	" " allowed by Artist for the bronze furnished by the U. S.,	390 00
" "	" " allowed by Contractor for stone used in the foundation of pedestal, furnished by Committee,	20 00
Oct. 29,	" " of interest received on bonds in which the fund was invested, and in premium on sales of bonds,	3,462 30
		$13,608 35

Audited and approved for the Committee by Generals Wright and Seymour, April 12, 1869.

H. G. Wright,
Bvt. Major-Genl., U.S.A.

Cr.

1868.		
Aug. 11,	By amount paid Launt Thompson, artist, Sedgwick Statue, on account,	$5,000 00
Nov. 9,	" " " in full,	8,000 00
Dec. 14,	" paid expenses connected with dedication of monument, including stationery, postage stamps, printing, etc., etc.,	278 00
1869.		
Jan. 29,	" paid Treasurer expenses, incurred by him in connection with the fund,	12 00
" "	" paid for printing Memorial, and postage on same,	318 35
		$13,608 35

Richmond, Va., *April* 7, 1869.

Walter S. Franklin,
Capt. 21*st Infy., Bvt. Lt. Col., U.S.A.,*
Treasurer Sedgwick Fund.

In Memoriam.

✠

James Boylan Shaw, D. D.

James Boylan Shaw, D. D.

In Memoriam.

✠

James Boylan Shaw, D. D.

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Biographical Sketch.

By Joseph A. Ely.

James Boylan Shaw was born in New York city, August 25, 1808. He was the son of James and Margaret Shaw, and was of Scotch-Irish ancestry. In endowment and temperament, in humour and eloquence, in genuineness and tenderness of nature, he was a true representative of the stock from which he sprung. In speaking once of the Memoir of Norman Macleod, which he had just been reading, he said to a friend, "When God wanted to show of how much love the human heart is capable, He made a Scotchman;" and the remark, might, with equal truth, have been made of himself, for surely there have been few created hearts more capable of love than his.

> "Nowhere beats the heart so kindly,
> As beneath the tartan plaid,"

says the poet; and when the Celtic is added to the Scotch, there is a combination of strength and tenderness difficult to surpass. The name Shaw in Gælic is said to mean "sprightly, proud or spirited;" and a heart naturally more proud and spirited has seldom worn the garment of Christian humility and gentleness, or the yoke of Christian submission and service. In this, perhaps, lay part of the secret of his admiration for the Apostle Paul, and his sympathy with that proudest one, become the humblest and most self-surrendering. There is a story

told of the Shaws of Scotland, which, we may well believe, was not read without a smile by their descendant. "The burying-ground of the Shaws," says the family chronicler, "has ever remained separate and distinct in the Churchyard of Rothiemurchus. They have still a heritage in Speyside, but it is the heritage of a tomb. The grave of Coriaclich (the ancestor of the family) is in the centre of a group of the graves of his kindred. None but Shaws have ever been buried there, and there are few remaining in the district now, to be buried, when they die, beside the dust of Coriaclich. No written title exists, on which the race could found, to prove their claim to the proprietorship of this burial-place; but there it remains at the eastern end of the Church of S. Tuchaldus, an impressive witness to the reality of their bygone history. It is said that in days gone by, when an old patriarch of the Grant family, who had enclosed a sepulchre for himself at the corner of the churchyard farthest removed from the Shaws' burying-ground, was asked the reason for building it in such a remote corner, his reply was, that 'He was an old man, and that at the resurrection, he would like to get the start of the Shaws. They had never agreed in life, and he was sure they would not agree then.'"

The motto of the Shaw family, at least of the Scotch branch, is "*Fide et Fortitudine*," "By faith and fortitude," a motto needing to be blazoned on no escutcheon, since it was wrought out in the life of him who bore the name here. When Doctor Shaw was in Edinburgh, in 1873, as a delegate to the general assembly of the established church of Scotland, he made an address before the assembly,

which was published both abroad and in America. This drew out a note from an Episcopal clergyman, of the name, in Scotland, who had read the address and who wrote, "I liked your speech not only as the utterance of a Presbyterian Doctor of Divinity, but as that of a true man, and, if I mistake not, a thorough Celt. The ring of the sentences is much more Celtic than Saxon. After this preface, may I beg your acceptance of the accompanying Memorials of the Clan to which I have every reason to believe you belong."

"We are a 'broken clan,' but all the scattered branches seem to have kept up the tradition of their origin. I know from your speech that you must be what we call 'Clannish.' And I may tell you that the Confederate Clan Chattan, of which the Shaws are a branch, has always been noted as one of the most 'clannish' in Scotland."

In speaking before the assembly, the Doctor had said: "A friend said to me before I left home, 'Just go over there and be yourself.' Well, I have been myself. I could not very well be anybody but myself, and I have been very much at home. Indeed, it has seemed to me like a coming back, as if I must have looked into these faces before. To tell you the truth I am just here a little perplexed. I am not quite certain whether it was my dear and honoured father who went from the north of Ireland in the good year of our Lord, 1782—whether, after all, it might not have been myself. It does seem like a coming back. Well, I suppose it must have been my father, as I could not very well have left Ireland so many years before I was born."

Dr. Shaw was one of the first on whom the

Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring, so distinguished among the pastors of New York, laid his hands in baptism; it was with his church, then standing on the corner of Beekman Street and the City Hall Park, that he united when he became a Christian in 1829; and it was in honour of these his early associations with the "Brick" church of New York, that the church in Rochester took the name of the "Brick." New York, in 1808, when Dr. Shaw was born, could hardly have had more than 90,000 inhabitants; but it was even then a great city, and the boy as he grew up felt the inspiration and excitement of his surroundings. "In the city where I was born," he has told us, "I heard John Summerfield preach, I heard Daniel Webster plead, and, perhaps I ought to hide my face while I say, I saw Edmund Kean act. As the most memorable incident of my boyhood, I saw Governor Clinton marry the lake to the ocean. The celebration of the completion of the Erie canal was the grandest spectacle New York had ever seen. As my father was then high sheriff of the city and the county, I had some advantages which other boys did not possess. I was an invited guest of the Common Council. I had my card of invitation, my badge, my silver medal, inclosed in a box made from the bark of a tree which grew on the bank of Lake Erie, and I was carried in one of the steamboats, chartered for the occasion, down to Sandy Hook. I stood so near to Governor Clinton when he poured the waters of the lake into the ocean that I might have touched his skirts with my finger. I am sure that a more majestic presence never lent a new glory to the earth. The last time I saw that noblest specimen of humanity he was following his beloved friend, Thomas Addis Emmet, to the

grave. He was then a broken man. It was a faltering gait; the last steps of the long journey."

There are two reminiscences of his mother which Dr. Shaw has given us, which deserve record among the impressions of his youth. The first is contained in his forty-fifth anniversary sermon, preached December 6th, 1885: "As my father," he says, "was not a professor of religion, my mother put up an altar in her home and fed the fire so long as she had strength to do it. She was a woman of remarkable intelligence, transparent as the day and generous as the sun that makes it. I have known her to rise from a sick bed to go on some errand of mercy. She inherited three slaves from her father's estate, but gave them their freedom as soon as they came into her possession. But they would not leave her. They did everything but worship her. An invalid nearly all her days, a great sufferer up to the last, I see her now on her couch, her face radiant with hope, and her heart clinging to her Saviour with a growing tenacity. It was in answer to the prayers of that sick and suffering mother that her wayward son was brought back from the far country."

In his sermon on "The Surprises of Heaven," we are given another glimpse, through his mother's heart, into the influences which moved upon him in his home. "My elder brother," he says, "my mother's first-born son, was lost at sea. The ship missed her stays and he was knocked overboard at midnight by the boom of the mainsail. When the tidings came, it drove my mother frantic. The same day that the tidings came, his sea-chest was brought to the door, and I remember well how eagerly my poor mother searched it for some evidence that her son was ready

to go, and go as he did. She found the Bible that she had given him at their parting. It had evidently been read, that was something; here and there with a mother's eye she saw the stain of a tear, that was something more—more, but not enough. No, not enough for her hungry heart. 'Shall I meet him again, and will it be in peace?' These were the words with which she began and ended her day. 'Shall I meet him again, and will it be in peace?' These were the words she took with her when she went up into her chamber to die. 'Shall I meet him again, and will it be in peace?' These were the words that were lingering on her lips when death came to set his seal upon them."

Who is not reminded in this eager mother's love, following the dead boy with her never-resting solicitude, and surrounding the living one with her prayers, of St. Augustine and his mother; nay, of the great multitude who through all ages have been brought by the same influences into the kingdom.

Dr. Shaw was fitted for the sophomore class at Yale; but instead of entering college, he began the study of medicine, and spent a year and a half in a physician's office. He abandoned medicine, and studied law, spending more than two years in the office of the distinguished Irish patriot, Thomas Addis Emmet, who had himself, in early life, changed from medicine to law, and whose brother was the eloquent martyr to Irish liberty, Robert Emmet, fellow student of Moore at school and college, and the hero of one of Moore's most pathetic ballads ("Oh! breathe not his name"). With such advantages, and with his father sheriff of the city, we can see what opportunity for a brilliant and successful legal career opened

before the young student. But before he was admitted to the bar all his plans of life were destined to be changed. At the desire of his mother, he attended some special services which were being held at the old Allen Street Methodist Church in New York. He heard a little band of Indian children sing John Newton's well-known hymn, beginning,

> I saw One hanging on a tree,
> In agony and blood ;
> Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
> As near the cross I stood ;

and what he was wont, ever after, in speaking of his conversion, to call "the first arrow," entered into his soul. He deemed himself the one who had wounded and despised a Love whose plea had at last penetrated his heart. No sacrifice was too great, no life too long, no service too hard, to prove his penitence, to testify his gratitude, to seal his consecration. The fountain was unsealed of the devotion which was to run on through so many years of toil. To the end the pressure was upon him of the privilege and obligation to which his heart had awakened in the first birth of its new life. Not at once did he come into the light. At first he was in such darkness and under such conviction, that he felt it impossible for him to be saved. He shut himself up for twenty-four hours with his Bible and wrestled for relief ; but at last such a sense of pardon and peace came to him, that he felt he must spend the rest of his life in telling of his Saviour's goodness. He had found a new Lord, subjection to whom was to be his heart's glory and his life's sweet content. He could say with George Herbert,

> "How sweetly doth My Master sound ! My Master !"

Any one who has heard him utter those words, which he uttered so often and of which he was so fond, "My dear Lord and Master;" any one who has heard him dwell, as he was so fond of dwelling, on Paul's delight in styling himself the "bond-slave" of Jesus Christ, has heard more than perhaps the mere words conveyed to his ears: he has heard the first cry of a soul's allegiance that had prolonged itself with ever-deepening self-surrender through over three-score years; he has caught the first perfume of that box of precious ointment, which broken over the soul's Deliverer in the glad hour of conversion had filled the whole life more and more with its fragrance.

The young law-student began his new ministry without delay. Much as he might shrink from it, he went at once among his gay companions to tell them of the change in his life. They would not believe him at first, and one of them so doubted his sincerity, that he said to him, "He had not thought he was so good an actor." Friends remonstrated with him for giving up such bright worldly prospects; but his choice was made, and not to be shaken. His own experience had fitted him specially to sympathize with the young and to draw them after him, so that to the end of his life his joy was in their companionship, and none were more devoted to him than the young whom he had gathered about himself. In the memorial service held by the Presbytery of Rochester after his death, one of the young men of his church said very beautifully and very truly, "The older the Doctor grew, the younger his church became."

He was twenty years old at the time of his conversion. He began at once to study for the ministry, and was graduated from Auburn Theological Seminary in

1832. "Studying," he said years afterwards, in speaking, before the Presbytery, of his early life, "was the hardest thing I ever attempted. I never studied until the Lord turned me around and then I did the work from a sense of duty." When he went to the theological seminary, he tried to read "Edwards on the Will," but could not understand it. A second reading was no more successful. He related his experience to a classmate and asked the latter if he understood the meaning of the author, and on his saying "yes," he went to work to master President Edwards's metaphysical reasoning. He read it several times, wrote an analysis of the work, and found that "Edwards on the Will" had done him more good than any other one thing because it taught him how to think. But through all his life his chief study was the Bible; and he wrote for his own use a commentary on the whole New Testament. He was licensed to preach in February, 1832, and supplied the church at Pompey Hill, Onondaga county, until, never strong in health, he was prostrated by his labours. He was ordained by the Presbytery of Genesee in 1834 and installed as pastor of the Presbyterian church in Attica, where he remained for the next five years. He then preached for a short time at Dunkirk and in November, 1840, was called to the "Second," afterwards the "Brick," church in Rochester. He began his work here December 1st, 1840, and was formally installed as pastor February 16, 1841. At the reception given him by the Ministers' Union of Rochester in 1882, in honour of his completion of his fiftieth year of ministerial service, he gave the following account of his early ministerial life, and of his call to the church here. "I was born," he said, "on the 25th of August, 1808. The only

objection I have to that year is that Jeff. Davis took the notion to come into existence in the same year. I was named after a grand uncle, who was a physician. They dubbed me the 'little doctor,' and I have been a little doctor ever since. My first sermon was preached in Camillus, while I was in Auburn Seminary. The people laughed at my brogue, which since that time I have been able to overcome. Since my first pastorate, I have been battling for my life. My best friends then gave me but five years in which to do my work. I soon broke down, and after a rest accepted a pastorate in Attica. I broke down again and spent two years on the shore of Lake Erie, recruiting. I came to Rochester and preached one Sunday. As I came down out of the pulpit, Frederick Seward took me by the hand and said: 'You can be the pastor of this church if you want to.' I became pastor at a salary of $1,200 a year." Again in his Forty-seventh Anniversary sermon, preached Dec. 4th, 1887, he said, "My call to this pastorate was a great surprise. I had come to Rochester to attend a religious convention. I was asked to stay over the Sabbath and preach in the Brick church. On Monday evening the congregation came together, and setting aside two candidates for whom they had been balloting, gave me a call." When Dr. Shaw came to Rochester, the city had but 20,000 inhabitants, and the Second church but 445 members. When he gave up his active pastorate, after forty-seven years of service, the church had grown to a membership of 1,510, and stood in the midst of a community of nearly 135,000 people. During his pastorate, 1,320 members were received by him into the church on certificate, and 2,061 on confession. Dr. Shaw's

immediate predecessor in the pastorate was the Rev. George Beecher, son of Dr. Lyman Beecher; and earlier ministers of the church had been the Rev. Wm. Wisner and the Rev. Wm. James. Dr. Shaw began his ministry at the time of the great Revival movements which were so important a factor in the growth of the churches in Central and Western New York, led especially by the Rev. Charles G. Finney, one of the most remarkable men of the Church in America. Dr. Henry B. Smith, the distinguished Presbyterian scholar, says in his "History of the Church of Christ in Chronological Tables," that one of the peculiarities of the Church in this country is to be found in "the increase of the churches to a considerable extent, through Revivals, rather than by the natural growth of the children in an establishment." Dr. Shaw was thoroughly in sympathy with the Revival spirit and efforts, and he showed rare wisdom in checking the evils of occasional methods which he did not approve, and gathering out of them some good result.

Dr. Finney had been in Rochester as early as 1830, and the city had been greatly moved. He was here again in the winter and spring of 1841–2. In 1843 Dr. Burchard held daily meetings at the Brick church, and in the next two years 323 persons, 199 on confession of faith, united with the church. Dr. Finney was here again in the winter and spring of 1856–7, holding crowded services, in which the Brick and Central and Plymouth churches united. It was during and following these meetings that the seating capacity of the old church was felt to be so inadequate that arrangements were made for building a new one. The closing services in the old building were held

April 1, 1860, and the corner-stone of the new church was laid July 3rd, of the same year. The edifice was completed in June, 1861, at a cost of $61,881.83. At the first meeting to consider the project of erecting the new building the sum of $17,000 was subscribed. By personal efforts, through two weeks of release from church duties granted for the purpose, Dr. Shaw increased the sum subscribed to $33,000. The war causing financial troubles, Mr. D. W. Powers, a life-long friend of the doctor, and who had come to Rochester a year before him, loaned the church $24,000; and this, through the efforts of Dr. Shaw, was paid off in a little over three years. The money for the new organ, also, which was put in the church in 1887 at an expense of $10,000, was collected by his personal efforts. During his pastorate the amount contributed by the church for benevolent and charitable purposes was nearly $300,000. In 1863 and 1869, Dr. Shaw was assisted in special services by the Rev. E. P. Hammond, and in 1886 and 1887 by the Rev. Edgar Davidson. But whoever might be assisting him, it was he himself who was always the heart of the movement. It was in his wisdom that the people trusted; and it was upon his tact and experience that the special helper was glad to fall back. He knew how to get healing even out of "troubled waters;" and how to turn to practical results emotions which might else have run to waste. In one of his early meetings in Rochester, in preaching on the Prodigal Son, Mr. Finney produced a great impression, by suddenly putting his hand above his eyes, as if to shade them, in representing the eagerness of the Father in the parable in looking down the road for any token of his boy's return, then wiping the

tears from his eyes, overcome by his emotion, as he saw, in his intense realization of the story, the lost one coming back. Perhaps the spirit of Dr. Shaw's whole ministry could not be better expressed than in this striking action of the great revivalist. He was always looking down all ways of return for some token of desire after the Father's house, and his heart was quick with its tender welcome, and his eye ready with its tears for any penitent prodigal. He believed that "countless as the beatings of the heart are the ways of return to God;" and like a skilful physician he detected the pulse of life where many saw no signs of it. It was not merely that he looked upon men with kinder and more hopeful eyes than others, but his own presence appealed to whatever was good in those whom he met, so that they were really better when with him than in the ordinary associations of life. The "sermon that he was" had such a Gospel sweetness and inspiration in it, that it drew out from those whom he met, however rough and worldly, some response of goodness. His heart was stored, like a bee-hive, with this sweetness of the good and kind deeds, which had disclosed themselves to his eyes in men accounted hardened and irreligious. Once he met a man upon the street (who was esteemed anything but tender and considerate by those who knew him), carrying a box of strawberries to his old mother who was ill. It was early in the season and the fruit was very expensive, and he said to the doctor, who had questioned him about it: "I shall not dare to tell her that they cost more than the usual price, or she will not eat them." "Now," said the doctor, in relating the incident, "must I not believe that that man has some tender-

ness in him." The spirit in which the doctor was willing to enter into and encourage revival services is playfully illustrated in a story which he was fond of telling, of his being asked once by his friend Dr. Heacock, of Buffalo, how it was that religion seemed to be so much greater a thing in Rochester, in the attendance upon the churches, than in Buffalo, and his replying, "We in Rochester have been always willing to work with any one whom the Lord sent, while the Lord never made a man good enough for Buffalo."

Dr. Shaw was a member of the general assembly which met in Philadelphia in 1837, famous as the assembly which passed the excision act, by which the new school churches were cut off from their connection with the old body and driven into the formation of an assembly of their own. His account of this action, given in a sermon preached in 1883 after his return from the assembly of the re-united church, is an illustration of his power of intense expression. "The assembly to which I first went as a commissioner," he said, "was and ever must be in one sense regarded as the most memorable assembly ever held on this side of the Atlantic—memorable because of its ability, and quite as memorable because of its bitterness and evil doings. That assembly passed the infamous act of exclusion. By one stroke it cut off from the church of their childhood and their fathers the synods of Genesee, Geneva, Utica and Western-Reserve—synods containing hundreds of ministers and thousands of communicants. The old school having secured an accidental majority turned us out of doors. There was no indictment, there was no trial, there were no charges, there were no forms of law. They had the power and they did not

hesitate to use it. It was a revolutionary crusade, as Robert I. Breckenridge, the leader of the crusade, was frank enough to confess. Such a high-handed, such a heaven-defying act of injustice is scarcely to be matched in the annals of time. Infatuated men, they covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud, they stayed the chariot of the king, they set the shadow back on the dial, they postponed the millenium. Christ might be here by this time but for that. That is the first assembly that I ever attended. I shared the honour of that reproach. I shared the glory of that shame." Notwithstanding their exclusion, commissioners were appointed from the Rochester Presbytery to the general assembly in 1838, who went. "I cannot say how diligent search they made," says the Statistical Historian of the Presbytery, humorously, "but on their return they reported that they 'could not find the general assembly.' Appointments were again made in 1839. In this case the appointees met with better success; they found the new school body. After that this presbytery stood aloof from connection with either body until 1854, when commissioners were sent to the new-school assembly." Dr. Shaw was a member of the joint committee of fifteen on re-union (1866–7), which, in 1869, after over thirty years of separation, brought the two assemblies together again. Both assemblies met at Pittsburgh in November of that year. Dr. Shaw was among those in attendance. On the 15th of the month the formal union took place. The members of each assembly, as the scene has been described, marched out of their respective churches and joined forces in the middle of one of the streets. Each man grasped

the arm of a brother from the other assembly and so they took their way to the same house of worship, where the present general assembly was organized. "I remember well," said the doctor in his sermon in 1883, after coming back from the assembly at Saratoga, "that when the two committees first met to consider the organic union of the old and the new school, it seemed at first a hopeless task. A majority of the old school committee were against it, while two or three of the strongest men on our side were as resolutely opposed. It seemed as if we had met to bring the old world and the new world together. But we did come together and come together never to be separated again." One who was a member of the committee said that it always seemed to him that the "union" was really brought about by a prayer which the doctor made at the opening of one of their committee meetings. They had met with their minds full of the difficulties, if not the impossibility, of their task; but after the prayer all things seemed changed, and the spirit of union filled all hearts.

Before the re-union Dr. Shaw had been elected by acclamation moderator of the new-school assembly, which met in Brooklyn in 1865. In his anniversary sermon in 1887, he says: "When I was unanimously elected moderator of the general assembly, I could hardly have been more astonished if I had found myself suddenly sitting in the presidential chair. I shook in my shoes. I am sure I was whiter than I shall ever be again until the napkin is bound about my head. As I stood trembling, some one whispered in the ear of my heart, this is something which you did not seek for yourself; it is a call of God, and a call of God is a pledge of help. He will see you through. He did

see me through." In 1880 Dr. Shaw was made a representative of the Presbyterian Church in the Pan-Presbyterian Council held in Philadelphia in that year; and he was elected as a commissioner to the centennial session of the general assembly at Philadelphia in 1888, but was obliged to decline on account of ill health. In 1873 he was chosen delegate, the first ever appointed, from the Presbyterian church of the United States to the general assembly of the established church in Scotland. His address before the assembly has already been referred to. He preached, too, in one of the churches of Edinburgh from the text, Psalm 65 : 2, which might almost be regarded as the motto of his life and which might fittingly be carved upon the stone which marks his grave : "O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come." He could have chosen no message more born out of his own conviction and experience, more full of the spirit of his own life. That life was a life of prayer, simple, trustful, constant. He knew as few others the way to the throne of grace. Some years ago Dr. William M. Taylor of New York preached at the Brick church. A lady who was present expressed to him at the close of the service her enjoyment of the sermon. "Yes," said he, "but did you hear the prayer? I told Dr. Shaw, that one must live seventy years to know how to pray like that." He himself has told us that the most precious passage of Scripture to him was a fragmentary sentence in the Psalms, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God," which first came to him as a divine message at a death-bed during his early ministry, and ever afterwards was a source of inexpressible comfort to him so that for fifty-five years he had lived upon it.

"We believe in prayer," he said before the Scotch assembly. "The philosophers have simply strengthened our conviction, and sent us more frequently to the Throne of Heavenly Grace." An amusing experience happened to the Doctor in connection with his preaching in Edinburgh. He went to the vestry of the church, where he was to preach, with a black tie on. But the traditions of Scotch orthodoxy were too sacred to be violated by any departure from the conventional clerical dress. So the minister of the church took his handkerchief and made for his guest a white tie so that there might be no offense in his proclamation of the gospel. After enjoying the delightful Scotch hospitality, sure to be accorded in almost overwhelming measure to a delegate holding the distinguished position of representative of the Presbyterian church in America, through the liberality of a member of his congregation Dr. Shaw was enabled to take an extended trip through Europe. With his wife and daughter, who had accompanied him to Edinburgh, he spent seven months travelling in England, France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. The recollections of this experience were a constant source of pleasure to him, especially in the closing years of his life, so that he would often say to his daughter in going up stairs for the night, anticipating the wakefulness with which through all his life he had been afflicted, "Well, where shall I go to-night?" living over thus the scenes they had enjoyed together.

In 1862, Dr. Shaw was elected corporate member of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, and his church long kept up its connection with that Board. The annual meeting of the Board was held with the Brick church in 1863. In 1877 he

was elected a member of the Board of Trustees of Hamilton College, a position which he held until he died. He was also a trustee of Genesee College and of Auburn Theological Seminary. Early in life the honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon him by the college of the Western Reserve, and in 1852 the University of Rochester gave him the degree of D. D. Of this latter honour, he said in his forty-seventh anniversary sermon : "When it pleased the University of Rochester to give me the honorary degree of D. D., I was so startled by it that I fled to Avon and hid myself there a whole week. When I came back to the city, I was almost ashamed to look any man in the face—I, a 'D. D.' But I was comforted by the thought that I did not deserve the infliction, and comforted still further by the thought that there were others who did not deserve it any more than I did. Then at last I reached the conclusion that a 'D. D.' is a pedestal on which a small man may stand to make himself as tall as other men are. I accepted the pedestal. I was not vain enough to refuse it ; refusing it is just saying to the world, I am big enough to stand without it."

Advised by his physician, Dr. Shaw resigned his pastorate, April 17, 1887, and preached his closing sermon, as active pastor, December 4, 1887. He was elected pastor *emeritus*, and it was through him, and in harmony with his desire, that the present pastor, the Rev. William R. Taylor, became known to the church and was called to be his successor, beginning his work February 19, 1888, and being formally installed April 10, 1888, Dr. Shaw, on that occasion, delivering the charge to the people. He had heard Mr. Taylor preach at Keene Valley in the

Adirondacks in the summer of 1887, and at the close of the services went up to him and said, "You are just the man I have been looking for." "Looking for, for what?" was the surprised inquiry. "To take my place as pastor of my church," said the Doctor. The church approved his choice, and nothing was a greater comfort to him than the seal which experience set upon the wisdom of the choice. At Mr. Taylor's installation he said, "and now the Lord has given me my reward for my imperfect service, by sending this dear brother to take up my work where I was compelled to lay it down." He rejoiced more in his successor's prosperity than in his own, and lived to the very end in and for the welfare of the church he loved. On his sick-bed his prayers, as broken fragments from them were caught by those who were attending upon him, were almost always for his people and their minister.

The years between the doctor's resignation of his active pastorate and his death were not by any means years of idleness, scarcely years of rest, well-earned as that had been. He visited the sick and sorrowing, in that ministry of consolation for which he had so rare a gift and grace; he took part in the services in his own church, and was called upon for service in other churches of the city; he hardly seemed less active in the influence which his presence and his words exerted than in the full vigour of his work. His sun did not go down nor his light withdraw itself. He kept up to the last his habit of early rising, and when he was over eighty he would still be in his study, nearly a mile from his house, before eight o'clock in the morning. He wrote sermons, too, to the last; and when he came home at the close

of the last week that he was able to be out, he said to his family, "Well if I am sick, I have just finished a new sermon; but it is the last sermon I shall ever write." In his "Reminiscences" before the Presbytery, at St. Peter's church, he said, in answer to questions about his sermonizing habits, "My family tell me that I am a 'regular Irish stew.' As soon as I finish preaching Sunday I commence casting about for a subject for the next week, and I keep on till I get hold of a subject or a subject gets hold of me. By Tuesday or Wednesday I generally get to writing, and I generally work with the impression that somebody or something is likely to interrupt me at any moment. I feel like a man trying to do something with the sheriff looking over his shoulder. Still, during all these years, I have never allowed anything to interfere with my preparation for the pulpit. I would not neglect this if it became necessary to lock myself in my room. I have expended more labour on my sermons than on anything else, writing them all twice, first with a pencil. An old sermon I have very little use for. Men who preach old sermons are generally shelved. I never took as much pains with my sermons as now. If the dictionary contains a shorter word than the one I have written I want to substitute it. My aim is to make the sermons idiomatic. This is the reason the children are able to go away and say, 'Why, I can understand Dr. Shaw's sermons.' This I regard as the greatest compliment a minister can receive."

Dr. Shaw was an "irenic" man. His presence in the community was the strongest sermon on "church unity" ever preached here, because it was delivered not behind bristling and unyielding denominational

breastworks, but with hands stretched out to men on every side, of every class and creed. He said once on coming home from his summer vacation, that his two warmest welcomes had been from the Jewish Rabbi and from the Roman Catholic Bishop. At the reception which was given him, after his resignation, in Powers Hall, and which was attended by representatives of nearly every religious denomination in the city, Bishop McQuaid said: "I think of no other city in the United States where we Catholics are so well treated by the pulpit and the press. The fair treatment which we have received in the pulpits of the city is due largely to the counsel and the word of Dr. Shaw. He never felt that in proclaiming his own views and religious doctrines, he was obliged to send out bitter words against any class in the community. He never felt that he must use contemptuous epithets in speaking of any one. He always felt that any man working for God and Christ was a blessing to the community. Sometimes the Celtic blood has stirred within him, for like myself, the doctor is an Irishman, but he has held these passions down and restrained himself from flinging out harsh words at any one." Dr. Landsberg, too, of the St. Paul Street Synagogue, said: "One of the first men to welcome me in this city was the Rev. Dr. Shaw. He has gained the admiration and esteem of all with whom I am connected. He has exercised a beautiful liberalizing influence. It makes us all happy when we meet him on the street." On another occasion the Rev. Dr. Saxe, the Universalist minister, himself one of the oldest pastors in the city, spoke of Dr. Shaw as "a man who mellows with age and who is as pre-eminent for a sweet and Christ-

like spirit, as for the exceptional length and success of his pastorate, and whose sunset promises to be more resplendent than his noon, truly 'the old man eloquent.'"

After Dr. Shaw's address at the commencement of the City Hospital Training-School for Nurses, Dr. Landsberg wrote to him: "Your kind appreciation of that which my co-religionists try to do has deeply affected me. It cannot help stimulating them to do their duty to the poor and suffering better than before. I pray to God that there may be many who follow the example of their Master with their whole heart and their whole soul, as you do; that many may learn from you the lesson to see that, beyond the doctrines which divide us, we are one in the essence of religion, one in regarding as the supreme law the love of God and the love of our fellow-men. If there were many teachers like you the millenium would surely come soon. May God continue to let his blessing rest upon you, and may he grant to this community the privilege for many more years to enjoy your example and your noble instructions. May he give you power to work until the very hour when he will call you to your eternal reward."

Dr. Shaw's love for Rochester was very great. There must be many who can still remember his Thanksgiving sermon, preached years ago at Plymouth church, from Ruth 1: 16–17, in which his theme was the blessing of having so beautiful a city in which to live and die. And in his last anniversary sermon he said: "The friend who sent this basket of flowers on the pulpit, one who has been all over the world, said to me: 'Rochester is the finest city in all the land.' I may say that, next to that city

which I have never seen yet, Rochester is the dearest city to me. There is no better place for a man trying to fit himself for better service. Shall I not congratulate myself and you that we can pass our earthly days in such a beautiful city as this?"

Dr. Shaw's closest ministerial friendships were with the Rev. Dr. Heacock of Buffalo and the Rev Dr. Wisner of Lockport, both of whom he survived, and over both of whom he was called to speak the last words of tender tribute before they were buried out of his sight. One of the most distinguished men in Buffalo and a "master of sentences" said of Grosvenor Heacock, at the time of his death: "Dr. Heacock was his own original, a type of a class which rarely appears in our age of material ambitions. He was a man of moral enthusiasms, with an eloquence which overleaped the bounds of logical methods and bore all who came under its spell into the deepest currents of sympathy and resolve. There is no American of our time with whom we can compare him. The period of the revolution furnished the nearest parallel in James Otis; but in temperament, in moral passion, in self-consecration to humanity and in that power of persuasion which is irresistible as the ocean currents, we can think of no one he so closely resembled as Wilberforce. Had he been in his place he would have acted his part. The hater of oppression and wrong, the lover of liberty and right, fearless, lovable as infancy, and sweet with all gentlenesses in private life, who can doubt that had his been a parliamentary career during the struggle against the foreign and colonial slave trade, he would have carved his name as deep in the century as did the great Englishman whom in

his moral and Christian character and in his genius he so much resembled? He had all the elements of a commanding orator. He had a majestic presence, a voice musical as a lute, which was modulated to every phase of sensibility and to every degree of passion. He had a moral nature ever sensitive to duty, to honour and to manhood. He was a fearless man; moral courage had in him its complete incarnation. All these elements, united to a warm imagination and a passion which profoundly as it might seem to sleep was on occasion roused as the sea when lashed by the tempests, combined to make him a consummate orator." It almost seems to bring the doctor himself near to read this tribute to his friend, admiration and love for whom were, through so many years, so large a part of his own life. It was while he was attending Dr. Heacock's funeral that the incident occurred which Dr. Wisner has related. Describing Dr. Shaw's coming to him at a time of great sorrow, he said: "A few days afterwards I received a visit from an angel. It was not in a dream or a vision. It was in the broad light of day, and I could not be deceived—he came evidently to comfort me. But he did not come to me from heaven, but from a neighbouring city. It was the angel of the Brick church of Rochester. He administered such comfort as I had received from him many times before, only it was more sweet and blessed, coming in my present weak condition. This angel from Rochester has for more than thirty years paid me frequent visits, and I have considered his coming among my greatest blessings. We have taken sweet counsel together and have served the Lord in unison. I met him at the funeral of our

dear brother Heacock. I was then very feeble and expected to live only a short time. I had to be helped into the desk, and was seated by my brother. A funeral dirge was sung that completely overcame the congregation. My brother Shaw wept like a child, and was convulsed by his deep feelings. He leaned forward and whispered to me, "Brother Wisner, don't die now; this is more than I can stand, and I am sure if I have to come and bury you, I shall go too." The doctor had agreed with his two friends that if he survived them he would attend their funerals. At the funeral of Dr. Wisner, Dr. Shaw said: "I have buried Heacock, I have buried my dear and faithful friend, but the hardest task of all is now before me. We were born in the same year and were ordained to the work of the ministry about the same time. For nearly half a century we have been members of the same synod. He had been with me in the darkest hours through which I ever passed, and in the most glorious revivals with which my poor, imperfect ministry has ever been blessed. And I have been with him in his darkest and brightest days. I laid the head of his venerable father on that pillow which no dream ever disturbed. We laid our hearts open to each other. He kept nothing from me. I am sure that he kept nothing from me. We have grown together. It seems as if part of myself had died. I am distressed for thee, my brother, very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

But other bereavements, great as they might be, were almost forgotten for a time in the sorrow which came into his home in the death of his wife, after

weeks of patient suffering, Jan. 6th, 1885. To his household, it had seemed that he could not survive and go on with his work alone; but a new tenderness and, if possible, a new consecration passed into his ministry, after his strongest helper was taken from his side. It was her spirit which he felt still present with him. No memorial of him can omit his tribute to her. In his anniversary sermon preached after her death, he felt that among his own people he might break his silence. "The one who during this memorable year," he said, "the Father hath taken to himself, seems to have been made up of every creature's best. There was melody in her voice, there was melody in her face and a still sweeter harmony in her life. Such strength and sweetness, with a tinge of sadness for sorrow which she could not assuage and sadness for love which she could not repay. I need not tell you how she shunned notoriety. She kept out of sight. No one ever knew all the good that she did, even her own family did not know. I am confident that even now it is a comfort and a joy to her that she can keep still further out of sight, that she can minister unseen and unheard—that no one but the Lord whom she so loved can ever get the credit of anything which she may do. Alas, alas, shall I say, alas? everywhere I miss her. But I am conscious of a sweet and gracious presence—a presence of which my heart assures me; a presence without which my home would be dark as a cave, silent as a tomb. She is gone, but the glory lingers."

For nearly twenty years, Dr. Shaw went almost every summer to the Adirondacks, latterly always to Keene Valley. Once at least, during the summer, he would preach in the little Congregational church

there. The Sunday when he preached was an event for all the country around. And more than one of the summer visitors, too, who heard him in these his vacation services, have felt that the greatest blessing of their summer rest had come to them through him. "Keene Valley," wrote the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, of Hartford, after his death, "will be another place to us than it has been when his benediction does not meet us there. But I think we shall seem to hear his voice calling to us from above the mountain tops bidding us to be of good cheer, and run with patience the residue of our mortal course, till earth's broken friendships are renewed forever in heaven."

In his fortieth anniversary sermon, preached in 1880, Dr. Shaw said: "I am a younger man to-day than I was forty years ago. True, I may not be able to walk as far, or lift as much as I once could, but if I can not walk as far, with the wing which faith has lent me I can soar higher; and if I cannot lift as much, I can trust more and my heart can hold out longer. My heart does not tire half as easily as it did forty years ago." The story is told of Dr. Lyman Beecher that among the last things he ever spoke in the lecture-room of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, (when he was over 85 years old), he said feebly: "If God should tell me that I might choose"—and then hesitating, as if it might seem like unsubmissiveness to the Divine Will—"that is, if God said that it was his will that I should choose whether to go to heaven or to begin my life over again and work once more" (straightening himself up and his eye kindling, with his finger lifted up) "I would enlist again in a minute." In the same spirit Dr. Shaw wrote on his eightieth birthday, "I am now four-score

years old and without an infirmity that I know of. True I cannot carry as heavy a load as in the days gone, nor can I work as many hours out of the twenty-four. True my hearing is a little dull and my sight somewhat dim; but I am as alive as ever to what concerns our common humanity, and as hopeful as ever that the end is to be a glorious consummation. To state the fact precisely as it is, I never in all my long life have been more hungry for work." In his forty-sixth anniversary sermon, he said, "I live in a wider world than I did. I belong to a broader church than I did. Now I can fellowship those who, in my darker days, I wanted to keep on their own side of the wall. I have the free use of all the powers of my soul, and, instead of living inside of a shell, the Lord hath brought me into a 'large and wealthy place.'"

The last public service in which Dr. Shaw took part was the funeral of Dr. and Mrs. Anderson, when he offered a prayer so beautiful and tender that none who heard it can ever forget it. March 16th he attended morning service at the Brick church for the last time. On the way home he was seized with chills. But it was not until March 21st that his illness was regarded as serious. A low fever set in accompanied by diphtheritic symptoms which greatly depressed his nervous force. After a few days he rallied, his pulse became stronger and he was able to retain nourishment. The throat trouble gradually disappeared, but the fever remained, varying in intensity. At times the patient was very drowsy, and he seemed to take but little notice of those about him. During the two weeks preceding death, the change was very gradual—almost unnoticeable to the watchers around his bedside. The disease can be described best as

a general breaking up of the vital forces and a gradual wasting away.

Throughout the city, during all the seven weeks of his illness, the greatest interest in his condition was manifested by all classes. The papers contained daily bulletins obtained from his physician and, even so, hardly met the public anxiety; and when the end came at ten o'clock Thursday morning, May 8th, 1890, the tolling of the City Hall and Brick church bells announced the news to the community. In the general grief which was felt it might almost have been said, as a poor woman exclaimed who came to look upon Dr. Muhlenberg when he was laid out in St. Luke's hospital: "Everybody's father is dead; everybody's father is dead." The funeral was held in the Brick church Monday afternoon, May 12th. The church was draped in black, and above the pulpit was the verse, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God." Brief services at the house were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Howard Osgood of the Theological Seminary and the Rev. Dr. George C. Curtis. In his prayer Dr. Osgood said very beautifully and very truly, "Thou hast written Thy name in his forehead and we have seen it there." At the church seats were reserved in the body of the house for ministers of the city and the neighbourhood, more than fifty of whom were present. The church could not accommodate the great numbers who were desirous to attend the services and hundreds, many of them no doubt among the sincerest mourners, could only look on from without or be present in spirit. On the platform were the Rev. Dr. Osgood, Rev. Dr. Curtis, Rev. Dr. Nelson Millard, Rev. Dr. H. H. Stebbins, Rev. Alfred J. Hutton,

Rev. C. P. Coit, Rev. Dr. George Patton, Rev. Joseph A. Ely, Rev. Dr. Max Landsberg, Rev. Dr. W. D'Orville Doty, Rev. Dr. James E. Bills and Rev. Dr. J. P. Sankey. In the absence of the pastor, Rev. W. R. Taylor, who was too ill to be informed of the death of Dr. Shaw, the Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, assistant pastor, had charge of the exercises. The Rev. Dr. Doty, of Christ Episcopal church led the congregation in the Lord's prayer. The hymn, "How firm a foundation ye Saints of the Lord," was read by the Rev. C. P. Coit, and sung by the choir and congregation; Rev. Alfred J. Hutton of St. Peter's church read the Scripture lesson; prayer was offered by the Rev. Joseph A. Ely; Rev. Dr. Sankey read the hymn, "In the Cross of Christ I glory," and Rev. Dr. H. C. Riggs of Binghamton, who as a special friend of Dr. Shaw's had made the address at Mrs. Shaw's funeral, delivered the funeral sermon, a most beautiful and tender tribute to the revered pastor and teacher. After the address, Miss Kittie Tyrrell, whose singing had so often cheered and touched the doctor in his services, sang "There is a Green Hill far Away;" Dr. Millard, of the First Church, offered prayer; the choir sang "We are on our Journey Home," and the services at the church were over. The City Hall bell tolled as the long procession made its way to Mt. Hope, and throngs upon the streets showed by their silent sympathy that they well realized that a true friend to all of them, and such an one as they might not soon have granted to them again, was being carried to his last earthly resting-place. At the grave, in that lovely cemetery whither the beloved pastor had himself been called to go so often to bury the dead, the Rev. Dr. Stebbins uttered

the simple words of committal: "He fell asleep. For so He giveth his beloved sleep. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them. For inasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this world our deceased father, pastor, brother, friend and fellow-citizen, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes; believing that, through Him who is the resurrection and the life, this mortal shall put on immortality and this corruptible shall put on incorruption. Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen." A closing prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. George Patton and the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Riggs. Among all the great multitude gathered at the grave, in presence or in spirit, there could not have been one in whose heart there was not the tender prayer, turned into glad assurance, "Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord, and let thy perpetual light shine upon him."

The undertaker had asked as a privilege and as a token of his regard for Dr. Shaw, that he might himself furnish the coffin. Many times before he had shown his consideration in trying to protect the doctor, at funerals where they had been present together, from exposure to the weather, often putting a shawl or rug about him as he stood at the grave. Indeed this regard of persons outside his church, often of mere strangers, was almost as marked a feature of his ministry as the affection of his own people. Once a stranger came to his door, who had

been staying for a few weeks in the city and had attended service at the church, and left a check for him for $100. The doctor never knew anything of him but his name and this act of kind appreciation. At another time a gentleman in the city, not a member of his congregation, called him into his office and wrote a check for him for $50, a token of good which he felt he had received from him. An actor called one day at the doctor's door, and when the door was opened threw his arms about him and began to weep. He was staying at one of the hotels of the city; his wife had died leaving a little child, and he wanted the doctor to attend her funeral. The doctor had promised to attend a meeting of the Synod, but he felt the claim of humanity too strong to be refused. He attended the funeral, baptized the little child over its mother's coffin, and up to the time of his own death was in correspondence with the stranger whom he had comforted and befriended in his time of need. These are instances which might be greatly multiplied of the way in which all classes were drawn to him. "He drew souls as a magnet draws iron." Preeminently he was a "son of consolation."

Dr. Shaw's first sermon in the Brick church was preached on the first Sunday in December, 1840, from the text in Titus, 2:12; his last sermon, written the week before he was taken ill, was from the text, Job, 29:15-16, "I was eyes to the blind and feet was I to the lame, I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out." The sermon was read to the congregation after the doctor's death, by his son the Rev. A. C. Shaw, D. D., of Wellsboro, Penn.

On the Sunday intervening between the doctor's

death and his funeral, the pulpit was occupied in the morning by the Rev. Dr. Pattison of the Theological Seminary, whose assistance had been such a help to the doctor for so many months before he gave up his full pastorate. The Rev. Dr. Fiske of Ithaca, formerly pastor of St. Peter's church, preached in the evening.

Dr. Shaw was twice married. His first wife was Miss Emily Chase of Auburn. Five children of this union survive: James, of Rochester, William G., of New York, Augustus C., pastor of the Presbyterian church of Wellsboro, Penn., Mrs. Orlando Merrill of Louisiana, and Caroline, widow of John West. Dr. Shaw's second wife was Miss Laura Rumsey of Silver Creek. One daughter, Mary, survives.

The doctor's illness was at first of such a character that no one was allowed to see him except his own family. Afterwards he was too weak to see any one. More than once he was heard to murmur, "no scenes," "no scenes;" and we may believe, from remarks he has often made, that he would have been in agreement with the words of Rothe, the German Theologian, spoken just before he died to one who asked if she should call his friends into the room. "It is not well," he said, "that too many should stand about the death-bed, since no place is left then for the angels. This may seem laughable, but there is something of truth in it."

During his illness the doctor was able to talk but little. He spent much of his time in prayer. At times he would lie with his hand raised (as when in church he was particularly moved by some sweet hymn), while his countenance seemed bright with the peace and glow of another world. There needed no utterance to testify his blessedness to those about him.

In the light upon his face, Milton's beautiful words seemed realized,

> "Something in thy face did shine
> Above mortality that showed thou wast divine :"

or the sweet words of the hymn,

> "All rapture through and through,
> In God's most holy sight."

Once after a season of great pain he said, "I have been with my Lord in the garden." When asked, one day, "Is there any one you would like to see?" "Yes," was the reply, "my Lord and Master." At another time when roused to take some food, he said, "You do disturb me so, and I was thinking of my Lord and Master and his wonderful goodness."

How many remembering what he was and how he is hidden now from our sight feel like exclaiming, day by day with tears,

> "And he is in his grave, and, oh,
> The difference to me."

"Dr. Shaw belonged to all of us," said a prominent Roman Catholic of the city. "God grant you health and strength," said a priest who wrote to him not long before his death, "to be in the future as in the past a ray of sunlight and happiness to us all." "Who can ever forget him?" said a nurse, writing after his death. "He was like the sun of righteousness shining on my desolate path, and still more desolate now. I will try to remember what he has said and work and wait until my time shall come." One who had long loved and honoured him, a distinguished scholar, wrote: "It was always a fresh breath from heaven to meet him and hear him talk of Jesus and his grace. His prayer at Dr. Anderson's funeral exceeded any

prayer I ever heard from the lips of man. It seemed while he was praying as if his hand was on the gate of heaven and his soul was shining with the presence of God. Heaven alone can reveal the harvest of such a life."

A lady whom he had greatly helped wrote: "I wonder if any one ever before loved a wayward stranger as he did me. If I am ever of any service to any one, he has helped me by believing in me." Again, "I know he loves me, not because he believes me to be what I am not, but because with all my faults he knows I try to do right. All my life long I shall be better, I am happier, for his dear love for me and faith in me. God spare him, God bless him, God be with him, and with us." At another time she had written, "I have made up my mind to keep my large Bible class of fifty women, which I had taken only temporarily, as my Easter token of love to him and gratitude to God for the blessing of his friendship and love."

If the characteristic expressions, which made the doctor remembered by all who ever met or heard him, could be gathered together, they would form a collection of extraordinary interest. There was a personal flavor about what he said and did, which made him unlike any one else. Irish wit and warmth; Scotch shrewdness, integrity and common-sense; tact and readiness of deed and counsel; the lovely spirit setting the crown of humility and gentleness upon a nature naturally so proud and independent;—all combined tomake him what he was. A few of his expressions, found in sermons, or remembered from association with him, may be repeated here:

"There is no dog so surly as a church dog."

"We must have either a revision of our Bibles or a revision of our lives; they are not in harmony."

He once expressed his sorrow that a large proportion of Christian people were "so willing to be considered a flock—mere sheep, instead of soldiers of the cross."

"The crookedness of the crooked stick is what commends it to me. It is so crooked that it cannot lie still. So after a while it takes itself up and goes to some other place."

"There is nothing I fear more than an old sermon. The only objection I have to the magnificent block, in which for so many years my study has so generously been given to me, is that nothing will burn in it—not even an old sermon."

"At Saratoga, at the general assembly, there were only seven or eight pulpits open to us, and six hundred clergymen with their choicest sermons in their knapsacks."

"There is such a thing, as you very well know, as a clerical dress. But the only man of whose clothing we have any description in the New Testament, was John the Baptist. 'The same John,' we are told, 'had his raiment of camel's hair and a leathern girdle about his loins, and his meat was locusts and wild honey.' And we are told that John stayed in the wilderness, he did not come into the city."

"We Presbyterians have made ourselves think that the Christian world, by and by, will open its mouth wide and swallow the shorter and longer catechisms and the confession of faith, swallow them and keep them down."

"The church of the future will no longer be called a hospital for invalids or a sanctuary for scoundrels."

He said once: "About all he had heard during his vacation, that approximated melody, was some 'pitch-and-catch' vocalism, in which the deep-voiced choir leader 'pitched' the tune, while the lady assistants were endeavoring to 'catch' the key."

"In the Saviour's day there were men who devoured widows' houses and after they had finished the meal, wiped their mouth and said their prayers."

Calling on a good old lady who was sick and who complained that she had been troubled with despondent thoughts, and asked him to pray that she might have strength to overcome the devil, when she was attacked again, he said to her, "I won't do any such thing; I'll risk you with the devil any day."

Speaking before the Scotch assembly, he said, "Will you let me add that we have in America thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, of your own countrymen? Do you think that the ship can go to the bottom and so many Scotchmen on board? General Grant has Scotch blood in his veins and Scotch grit in his nature. Do you think that we can go to the bottom and a Scotchman at the wheel?"

"I must take one look more and then I have done. I shall not see another such sight until I go to the General Assembly and Church of the First-Born; and we are all on the way thither. How many are waiting there to give us a welcome! That father who carried you in his arms to the baptismal font; that mother whose knees were the first altar on which you laid your little hands to pray; that child who, when she left, took with her all the light there was in this world for you; and many, many more with whom we parted at the gate. Oh, how much like home it will seem to us! Much as I have felt at home here, I

shall feel still more at home there; and it is so near, and it is so sure."

In one of his anniversary sermons he said, "I have seen the hour more than once when I had nothing more to ask of heaven, when I had heaven in my heart."

"In the life of our blessed Lord and Master there is such an incident as this, 'And he entered into one of the ships, which was Simon's, and prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land, and he taught the people out of the ship.' It seems to me as if I had gone on board the ship which is bound for the heavenly country and we have thrust out a little from the land that I may speak a few parting words to those who are standing on the shore—those who are so soon to come after me."

In many ways, Dr. Shaw makes us think of St. Philip Neri, the apostle of Rome in the 16th century, of whom it has been said, that with "an unassuming grace and a winning tenderness he bore innumerable souls to Christ, ever suffering their miseries and fighting with their sins, and travailing with their good resolves, year after year, whatever their state of life, their calling, their circumstances, with a superhuman, heroic patience, if so be he might bring them safe to heaven. And when he died a continuous stream of people came to see his body, persons of every rank and condition lamenting and extolling one who was so lowly, yet so great."

Prayer,

Offered at the Funeral of Rev. Dr. James B. Shaw, Monday afternoon, May 12th, 1890.

O Father of mercies and God of all comfort, we adore thy majesty, we revere thy justice, we magnify thy mercies. Thou art the rock of our strength and our refuge. From thee cometh our salvation. We would trust in thee at all times, and pour out our hearts before thee. We flee unto thee to hide ourselves beneath the shadow of thy wing. We rejoice that thy never-failing providence ordereth all things both in heaven and earth ; that our times are in thine hands, thou who knowest the end from the beginning; and that precious in thy sight is the death of thy saints. We would mention the loving-kindnesses of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord, according to all that the Lord hath bestowed on us, and the great goodness toward the house of Israel, which he hath bestowed on them, according to his mercies, and according to the multitude of his loving-kindnesses. We give thee thanks for this thy servant, who, having finished his course in faith, doth now rest from his labours. We thank thee that in his youth thou didst set him apart for thyself, consecrating all his gifts of mind and heart to thy service. We thank thee that in thy providence thou didst lead him to this church and to this community. We thank thee for these long years of faithful ministry, in which thou hast made him a source of such abundant blessing; for the great multitude that he has won to righteousness and whose feet he has guided in the way of peace ; and for that

rare grace of sympathy which made his presence light and cheer even in the darkest hours of trial and sorrow. We thank thee for that which thou didst work through him and within him, and of which this church is the triumphant memorial and this community the glad witness. We glorify God who has given such gifts unto men, sealing our frail mortality with the token of something above itself, even a divine indwelling, till heaven begins here below, in human hearts, and the presence of God is felt and his benediction in the beauty wherewith he clothes his servants. We thank thee, O Christ, that by thy cross and passion thou hast redeemed the world, thou hast overcome death, and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers. Thou hast repaired the ruins of the grave and the more dreadful ruins of the fall, and prepared, beyond this world's storm and darkness, a home of peace, where thy servants find their perfect consummation and bliss, in body and soul, in thy presence, at thy right hand, for evermore. There the vigour of age knows no decay, there beauty never withers, nor love grows cold, there is the peace of God that passeth all understanding, and there the souls of the saints are at rest, and everlasting joy is upon their heads, and sorrow and sighing have fled away.

May the vision of beauty that gleams down upon us this afternoon, win us to seek more earnestly the things above; and may thy servant, being dead, yet speak. May the blessing of his memory be to us as the blessing of his life, and the upper springs still refresh and cheer us, though the lower springs have ceased to flow.

Comfort, O God, this sorrowing household and this bereaved church. Be with its pastor in his illness, and

strengthen him for his great responsibility. Let thy tender mercy rest upon us all. And when to us the end of life shall come may we be able to look up to thee with joy and comfort and at last be received, together with him whom thou hast now taken from us, and with all who are near and dear to us, into that place where thou thyself shalt wipe away all tears from all eyes.

Go forth, O Christian soul, in the name of God the Father, who created thee, of God the Son, who redeemed thee, of God the Holy Ghost who sanctified thee; may the bright company of angels meet thee with a song of rejoicing and a palm of victory; and mayest thou have thy portion with patriarchs and prophets, with apostles and martyrs, with the saints of God of all lands and ages, in the arms of Christ, in the bosom of felicity, and the kingdom of God, forever. And to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, we will ascribe all glory and honour, dominion and power, both now and evermore. Amen.

Funeral Address.

By the Rev. Herman C. Riggs, D. D.

In a sermon preached in this pulpit, on the occasion of the attempted assassination of President Garfield, Dr. Shaw uttered these words: "It is a hazardous thing for a short-sighted creature to interpret the ways of such a being as the One who sits on the sapphire throne, a being infinite, unchangeable. Shall we presumptuously try to lay open his heart and see what may be there? Does it ever become us to ask, What meaneth this? We have made so many mistakes in our efforts to interpret divine providence that we had better hold our peace, better be still and wait." Very reverently would I accept the caution of these words to-day, as I stand where he who uttered them stood for nearly fifty years, the Christ-like man, the faithful and beloved pastor. In the presence of this over-shadowing, overwhelming providence, let none of us urge too far or too persistently the dangerous question, Why? Rather let us bow our heads in silence, trusting where we cannot see, and asking our Father to tell us whatever it shall please Him to tell us, while He also hides from us whatever it shall please Him to hide, concerning this sorrow which has so smitten us all.

And yet it is not very difficult for us to see why Dr. Shaw has been called home. Born in the City of New York of Scotch-Irish parentage, in the year

1808, he had lived through 82 years of life on earth. He had accomplished a full age. He had achieved unmeasured usefulness. Bishop of one of the largest and grandest Presbyterian churches of the country, into whose communion he received 3,279 members during his pastorate of forty-seven years, moderator at various times of presbytery and synod and assembly, trustee of Hamilton College and Auburn Theological Seminary, delegate to most important church councils at home and abroad, the highest honors that the Master gives to any one of his earthly servants had been bestowed upon him. He had wrought into his life the most and the best that a human life can possibly mean.

> "Like a fair shock of golden grain,
> He stood in perfectness complete,
> Fully ripe."

Why should not the reaper gather him in.

But I am not here to-day to attempt a detailed memorial of this warm and pure and faithful life. Long as it has been, we would fain have had it much longer. I fear, if our tears and prayers might have prevailed, we would have detained this dear brother from the glory that has now burst upon him, from the glad reunions he is now realizing, from the "unreserve and brotherhood of the endless service" into which he has so worthily entered. Possibly we ought to be thankful that God's providence has saved our love from the possibility of such selfishness. For it was indeed a long and pure and useful life he was permitted to live among us. Out of the physical frailties of his early manhood, which seemed to prophesy for him only a brief earthly career, he was graciously developed into unexpected bodily strength

and endurance. The white-haired noble figure in which dwelt the stately soul of this man of God has been familiar in this church, and upon the streets and in the homes of this city, for many years. Even outwardly he was a marked man, to look into whose face was a benediction, to feel the grasp of whose hand was an inspiration. All his physical form and fashion bespoke the man of clean and dignified thought, in whose character manly beauty and strength had sweetest combination.

> "He was so human; whether strong or weak,
> Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
> But sate an equal guest at every board.
> No beggar ever felt him condescend,
> No prince presume; for still himself he bare
> At manhood's simple level, and where'er
> He met a stranger there he left a friend."

His mental qualities and gifts, too, were of rare excellence. His intellectual power was not of that brilliant sort which is so likely also to be fictitious, but of that quiet and genuine sort which most safely impresses men. He was characterized by great variety and range of abilities, reinforced by wide reading and careful cultivation. A lively imagination, a fine poetic sense, a bubbling humour, a gentle good will, held continual interplay with his logic in all the fertile speech of his conversation and his preaching. He was a writer of simple, vigorous, luminous English, with enough of the power of thought in it to stimulate and feed the most active mind, with so much of the power of sympathy and truth in it that the dullest heart could not but feel. He was a preacher, earnest impressive, eloquent; a safe teacher and guide of men; an ardent lover of truth, and as ardent a despiser of sham; many sided, quick of thought,

ready in resources, alive to all the interests and questions of the day, broad and liberal, while staunchly loyal to the true and the right, one who both hated all sin and loved every sinner with all the power of his great nature.

It may seem altogether needless that I should speak of Dr. Shaw as a preacher to you, so many of whom have listened to his preaching for years, who have been led and moulded by his pastoral influence, who have felt in your own character and spirit the impression of his pure and manly strength in life as well as word. Can any who have habitually heard his sermons ever forget them? They were profoundly and vitally doctrinal, yet simply and honestly practical. They were built upon the rock, yet the light of the stars flashed through them. They were remarkable for variety, for penetration, for liveliness, for startling application and tender appeal. He was a preacher of infinite secrets and infinite gospels, who could put the smallest themes into wide-sweeping ranges, and from the most familiar starting point carry his hearers out into broad and dazzling horizons. And the one end of his preaching held ever steadfastly in view was the saving and sanctifying of men through the truth. I believe that his preaching and pastoral work, running through more than a half century, has its sum total in these two words. To show the sinner the mystery, the poverty, the pain, the hopeless necessity of his sinful life until he should cry out for Christ: to speak encouragement to the strong to be better and to do better; to bring healing gospels to broken hearts and the cup of living water to thirsting souls —this was the two-fold object of his one long

ministry. And I ask again who that has heard his sermons can ever forget them? Or who that has heard his prayers, simple, tender, fervent, uplifting, sweeping the souls whose devotions they were leading far up along the heights of heavenly emotion and aspiration till both he and they seemed to be standing at last under the shadow of the throne, in the very audience chamber of God—who that has been upborne by his prayers to such heights of spiritual elevation, has ever sunk back again to quite as low an earthly level as that on which he had been living?

And the underlying secret of this power in preaching and in prayer, so permanently characteristic of his ministry, was his own rich faith as a Christian. He was the man of sincere piety in all that this word can be made to mean. No member of this congregation ever doubted this. The most cynical critic in this community has never been able to doubt it. He who was most ready to doubt others has been compelled to confess that here, at least, was a genuine Christian man. Religion was the one great concern with him. Heart and lips and life were full of it. As perfectly as any man I ever knew he entered into sympathy with Paul in his wonderful words, "For me to live is Christ." It was thoroughly and consciously a truth in his experience that Christ was living in him, the animating principle of a hidden, spiritual life made possible and real to him through his own close personal union with Christ. Of necessity, therefore, by the constraints of the sweetest compulsion, he was an active Christian. He loved to serve his Master, and his fellow-men for the Master's sake.

We all are witnesses to his unfaltering zeal and his abundant labours. This church is his monument. Into its life he poured his own life. Whatever of gift or grace or power were his he consecrated to its growth and high advancement. For almost a solid half century he wrought here, strengthening and broadening the foundations of this spiritual temple, building out and building up its amplifying proportions, hewing into symmetry its stately pillars, chiseling with the delicate touch of a master's hand the living stones which compose and adorn its walls, lifting heavenward its goodly towers and battlements that from them there might ever shine in the midst of this community the light of the love of God. In this pulpit he has been to thousands a voice, a vision, a revelation. In countless homes of this city he has been a messenger of gladness and good will when all in the home-life was bright and joyous,—a messenger of holy comfort and courage and confidence in times of fear. Beside the marriage altar, beside the crib and the couch and the coffin, he has ministered to the love and hope and faith of those committed to his care. To tired, discouraged, overborne parishioners his loving heart has been kept open ever, the holiest of all earthly confessionals. No one ever came to him in prosperity, telling the story of his own great joy, who did not see his eyes kindle with responsive light and his face break into the smile of glad congratulation. No one ever came to him in trouble, pouring into his ear the story of a breaking heart, who did not feel that the deepest sympathies of his nature were stirred in his behalf, who did not find as he went away that some word of the dear pastor was singing in his heart like an angel of love and comfort. He

was a man in whose Christian character humility was a crowning grace ; who had profoundest reverence for God, and the deepest sense of dependence upon him, as witness that favorite text which came to him, as he tells us, like an inspiration, and on which he lived and leaned for fifty-five years—"I will go in the strength of the Lord God;" who was great in faith and simple-hearted trust; who knew full well the meaning of sorrow and suffering, because in their severest forms they had come to himself; who knew full well how much is demanded of our poor human nature when asked to be patient under trials. And all the wealth of his own experience, all the resources which divine grace had made so familiar to him, were put under tribute to his fellow men in trouble. He loved thus to do good and to communicate. Such ministry to others was his delight. He could look into the face of his Master and say :

> "In service which thy will appoints
> There are no bonds for me;
> My inmost heart has learned the truth
> That makes thy children free—
> A life of self-renouncing love
> Is one of liberty."

Such in briefest outline was this fruitful and beautiful life whose ending we mourn to-day. You all know, dear friends, that these words are not spoken merely to magnify or parade the virtues of a beloved friend. Though he was so very dear to me—the nearest and the dearest ministerial brother I have ever known—I would not speak to-day simply to praise him. His life, so deathless in the memory of us all, is its own highest eulogy. His gentleness, his simplicity, his humanity, his faith were his greatness.

He was a man whom everybody loved. Even those who differed from him most widely in religious creed rendered the highest tribute to his saintly character, and recognized the sweet beneficence of his influence. They might refuse his faith, they could not resist the man. He was one of those rare men, "whose deeds are a boon, whose graces are a radiance," whose words are evangels of blessing. He needs no flatteries. He himself would be the first to protest against their utterance.

But such Christians are witnesses as to what blessed work divine grace can do in human natures. They are to be studied as high examples of the possible Christian character, of the possible power of the consecrated life. It is even in the earthly vessel that such burning and transfiguring light can be kindled. May God bring it to pass, through the ministry of this life and death, that more of us shall become out-shining lights in the world!

May his Spirit also reimpress our hearts with the reality of that victory which Christian faith can achieve over death. To the Christian there is no death. "He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." A life like our brother's can never come to an end. He has passed away from our sight, it is true, but only because he has gone on and up whither our sight is not able now to follow him. His high powers are in higher exercise and employment than ever to-day. His sweet personality is refined into greater influence and into more resplendent potency by the purifying touch of what we call death. He can never be eliminated from the life of this church, nor from the life of this city for whose prosperity and purity he wrought so manfully. He

has been welcomed into heaven by hundreds who were there because he was so faithful to them, and who can never forget what he did for them. He will be followed to heaven by hundreds who will speak his name with reverent love as they pass through the gates of pearl. It is beautiful, therefore, that our Christian faith is so asserting itself to-day. We hang no draperies of unrelieved mourning, we darken no windows, we chant no dirges, we sigh out no despairing laments. We place upon his home no other sign that he has left it to return no more but the wreath of violets. We fill this church with palms. We line the grave in which we are to lay to rest his precious body with evergreens. We crown everything with immortelles. Though we must look down into his grave long enough to say "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," we shall speedily lift up again our eyes to the light and the vision of angels. We bid him "Good night" because our eyes are holden, as, leaving us here in the limiting shadows, he goes into the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs, the countless multitude of the saints of all ages. But we know that it will be given us to see him again, and to say "Good morning" in the breaking light of the endless day.

How fondly the thought and the faith of our dear brother used to linger upon this immortal hope. No theme was more enrapturing to him. Upon no theme could he speak with more inspiring words. No longing lay deeper in his heart, or broke more often from his lips in prayer, than the longing to help all his people to the possession of this hope, Do you remember the closing sentences of one of his

recent anniversary sermons? "I am talking to you to-night, dear friends, out of the ship that is bound for the heavenly country, and if I were sure that it would be the last message of love that I should ever bring to my people standing on the shore, what would I say? What would I say but that which I have so often said before, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' He who trusts in Christ is safe; safe at home and safe abroad, safe on the land and safe on the sea, safe in life and safe in death, safe here and safe hereafter, safe everywhere and safe evermore."

Memorial Service.

A memorial service, commemorative of the 50th anniversary of Dr. Shaw's pastorate, was held in the Brick church, Sunday evening, Dec. 7th, 1890. The following prayer was offered by the Rev. A. H. Strong, D. D., President of the Baptist Theological Seminary, Rochester:

Prayer.

We thank thee for this day of God with its many voices that call us from the tumult and the burdens and the sorrows and the sins of our earthly life to Christ the great Saviour and Healer and Helper of mankind. We thank thee for the Church of God, this House Beautiful set for the rest and refreshment of pilgrims on their way to the House not made with hands eternal in the heavens. We thank thee for the word of God with its exceeding great and precious promises, and for the Spirit of God which makes that word powerful to renew and sanctify our hearts. We thank thee for the men of God whom thou hast made our teachers and guides and ministers in the past; who have had a larger experience and faith than ours and have made us partakers with them; who have gone up again and again into the mount of communion with God and then have come down with the glory still shining on their faces to give us evidence that God will talk even with us; who have

manifestly given up wordly ambitions and the desire for wealth and reputation that they may serve their fellows and bring them to the life eternal; who have been so pure and faithful and loving and true that we could point to them and say: "There is a Christian, who lives not for self but for God."

But we thank thee especially to-night, our Father, for the man of God whom we commemorate in this service, who went in and out before this church and community for well-nigh fifty years, but the beauty and power of whose life we did not fully know till thou didst take him from us. We thank thee for that youthfulness of spirit which held on even into the frosts of age; for his gentleness and sympathy with the lowly and the poor; for the memory of his prayers; for his kindly words to the children; for his hallowing presence at so many a wedding and so many a funeral; and, above all, for his constant desire and effort to commend the saving truth of Christ to every soul within the circle of his influence, so that all might know Christ's love and be redeemed from sin. We thank thee for the impulse and inspiration we have personally received from him whom we so well knew as a father and friend of us all.

Thou hast taken him from us, but his memory is our possession. Being dead, he yet speaketh. We rejoice that his influence cannot die. We rejoice that his works will follow him. We lift our hearts to thee in behalf of those most dear to him whom he left behind. May they ever be objects of our tender love and care, as they are objects of thine. We pray for his successor. May the mantle of Elijah be the lasting inheritance of the Elisha who comes after him; and with that mantle in his hand may he have power

to part any stream of difficulty and to lead thy people through. We commend to thy great mercy the church to which thy servant gave his life and which he loved more than he loved life itself. We thank thee that though the leaders fall, the church moves on. A thousand years the same, the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Make the life of our venerated father and friend a continual stimulus to every member of this church to follow him as he followed Christ.

We pray for those whom thy servant loved and whom he sought by his preaching and his prayers, in public and in private, by night and by day, to bring to the acceptance and confession of the Saviour. Let the voices of memory be heard to-night. May remembered appeals and affectionate entreaties seem to-night to sound out from thy servant's grave. Now at length let the prayers of past years be answered. Let these souls that he loved come back to God and join with us here in the blessed fellowship of the Christian church. So make the triumphs of thy servant's death to be even greater than the triumphs of his life. So save all those for whom he prayed and labored. So bring them with us into the city of God; to that dear land of rest; under the roof of our Father's house; to the communion of God's saints; to the company of those whom we have loved and lost; and especially to the renewed society of the father and friend whom thou hast taken from us but who, with Christ our Lord, waits there upon the other shore to welcome us home; and to thee, O Lord our God, we will give eternal praise, through Jesus Christ thy Son. Amen.

Memorial Sermon.

By Rev. William R. Taylor,

Pastor of the Brick Church.

Genesis xxxii., 28: "As a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed."

On the first Lord's Day of December, 1840, a young minister of the gospel, in the name of Christ, assumed the pastoral charge of this church. He was frail of body and his expectation of life was brief.

But in God's secret book it was written that for the long period of half a century, lacking seven months, and almost without interruption, he should continue his labors here, becoming, in the service, a prince among the Lord's people, having power with God and with men, and at the last prevailing; yes, clearly prevailing. Had he lived to-day would have been his jubilee. I wish to-night to seek the glory of God in a discourse memorial of him.

I know I am late in bringing my wreath. The snow lies upon his grave now; and it was early spring when he was laid away. And the world has kept on moving. We have all been thrust far forward on our way. New scenes, new duties, new friends, new sorrows, new joys have come to us. But I need not tell you why I am so late. And I am quite sure that none of you will be reluctant to join with me in the effort to turn back the tide of time for a little while

to-night, and to live over again the moments, the years in which his life made ours so much the richer by mingling with them.

While doing him the justice of avoiding extravagant praise, and of speaking only what is true, I shall make no attempt to assume the role of an impartial critic. I speak as one who loved him to those who loved him.

I may also say, in beginning, that it is not proposed in this discourse to present his biography. The main facts of his life have been often told. His birth in New York City August 25, 1808, of Scotch-Irish parents; his father's position as a prominent merchant and as sheriff of the county of New York; his study of the law in the office of Thomas Addis Emmett; his conversion and union with the Brick Church (New York) under the pastorate of Dr. Gardiner Spring; his theological training at Auburn seminary; his first pastorate at Attica and Dunkirk in this State, and his unexpected call to this church in 1840 are well known to you all. The services he rendered to the church at large, and the honors he received in many positions of trust, especially as moderator of the New School General Assembly in 1865; as a member of the Joint Committee on Revision, which brought together the Old and New School General Assemblies, ('66–'67); as a delegate of the re-united Presbyterian Church to the mother Church of Scotland (1873), and to the Pan-Presbyterian Council in Philadelphia, (1880), are all fresh in your minds. And as evidence that cannot be gainsaid of his success in the thing which he made his life-work, there stands this church, which, under his ministry, became the sixth in point of membership among the Presbyterian

Churches of the United States, and among the foremost in the land in all good works. The unique position which he held in the respect and affections of this community, and the power and extent of his influence as a patriotic and public spirited citizen were abundantly testified in the universal sympathy shown during his sickness, and the widespread mourning at his death, which found expression in the tolling of the great bell in the City Hall, and the long procession of mourners which followed his funeral on foot to Mt. Hope.

I will speak of him, therefore, simply as he appeared to me. It must, in consequence, be a picture of an old man that is to be drawn, for he was about entering his 80th year when I first met him. I can not help thinking what a different impression this mention of his age will make upon those who knew him, and on those who did not. Little can the latter realize how hale and sunny and frosty his old age was, but please remember, you who knew him not, if any such there be, that all that is said of him to-night, is said of him as an old man. There is no interval of ten, fifteen or twenty years for us to look over, as not seeing it, to find him at his best, as is the case with most men of his age. At his last he was at his best.

In studying his character, and in attempting to resolve it into its elements, I have been made to feel many times that I had something to deal with that resembled, in some respects, a diamond—with many facets and angles and with a power to emit flashes and surprises as long as you may be pleased to look at it and turn it—but hard, clear, seamless, homogeneous, one. A kind of character, which it is best to

treat as we do a diamond, by turning and looking at it rather than by too subtle an analysis, lest in the process we destroy it.

Right here in our text we find a suggestion of two qualities which were probably his most noticeable ones, and really made him what he was.

First, he was a prince—a first man. He stood out. He possessed that mysterious thing which we call "distinction." Neither his figure nor his face was of the "commanding" type. His manner, while perfectly free and without the least suggestion of conscious restraint, was quiet and unassuming. He never laughed or talked loudly. He never thrust himself upon your notice. Nor was he a voluble talker. He put short questions. He made short remarks and waited for you to answer. If he could he would make you do most of the talking. He was not afraid of a pause now and then. And yet when your eye once lighted upon this unobtrusive man in a roomful of people, he was the one to whom it returned the oftenest. He was the man you wanted to watch. If you heard him say anything, his was the voice you listened for again. The first time you met him, though you were introduced on the street or in a doorway, you took a distinct and lasting impression of him. You could not forget him. Here, you felt, was a noticeable man. You felt the power which, in my estimation, is the real power in men of genius, the power of a man who is in himself, an original and originating, and not merely a derived force. He was a living spring, not a tank. He was a radiating center of heat and light and energy generated in his own heart; not a reflecting surface.

I am inclined to think that we waste a good deal

of time and thought in searching for the secret of power in great men. The secret of his power was simply that he was a powerful man. God made him so. In most of the qualities that make a strong man he had more than the rest of us. That is all there is of it. This it was that made him a prince among us; that drew our eyes and our hearts toward him; that made us give way before him when he struggled against us, and willing to follow him when he struggled for us. Yes, he was a prince.

And, secondly, like the patriarch again, his power faced in two directions—Godward and manward. To a larger extent than any man I ever knew he combined in himself the human and the divine. Cardinal Newman said that Abraham was a man above ourselves; Jacob a man like ourselves. With the meanness and dishonesty of Jacob left out, Dr. Shaw was a combination of Abraham and Jacob. He was like us; we felt that. He was above us; we felt that, too.

How intensely, warmly *human* he was! How quickly and powerfully you felt it! A summer friend of his whom he met nearly every year for almost twenty years in the mountains, himself a man of distinction, wrote me during Dr. Shaw's sickness: "We met him and he captured our hearts in a very notable fashion. How, I could scarcely explain. He transparently made no effort that way. He was only his simple, natural self. You felt that the sympathy, the friendliness he showed you was the law of the man. He was an older brother of yours that somehow you had previously missed knowing; but now that you had found him (or he you), the relationship asserted itself with all the more power for its post-

ponement. He was full of original human feeling for the human in you."

In how many ways this humanity of his showed itself! You saw it in his mirthfulness, and love of fun, and the spirit of boyish, though always very gentle mischief, that sometimes took possession of him. You saw it not less in the constitutional tendency to anxiety with which he had to contend to the end of his days, and to which he often alluded humorously. He once said to me: "You do the work, and I'll do the worrying." And you saw it not least (if you knew him well, and otherwise you would know nothing of it) in the gloom which sometimes came over his spirit. There were deeps in his soul from which heavy overhanging clouds arose to overcast his sky. More than once he has said to me, in response to an inquiry as to his health: "Oh, I had a miserable night. The devil got after me and made me think of all the foolish things and all the wicked things that ever I did." But so manfully did he fight this infirmity, and so successfully did he conceal it, that some of his best and truest friends probably hear it now for the first time. And I mention it only to show how strong and persistent this trait, so characteristically human, was in him, and what a long and hard struggle the divine grace had in his heart against it.

But it was in that deep, warm, tender sympathy of his, to which allusion has already been made, that you felt his humanity most. It was as natural to the man as the beating of his heart. It was a sympathy that was quite independent of words. It seemed to pass directly from his heart to yours without medium of language. It had a touch of sadness in it, as I fancy, the sympathy of Christ had—the sympathy of

a person who had been over the way many times and knows all its ins and outs, its weariness and pain and fear, its hard places, its doubtful chances, who knows that talk cannot change it, and who is willing just to sit down beside you and suffer with you, and hope with you, and pray with you. We are told that Millet, whose pictures of peasant life have so touched the heart of the world, could not get "the cry of the ground" out of his ears. So Dr. Shaw kept hearing the cry of human life. His sympathy with young men in their temptations and ambitions was extraordinary. He knew their frame, he remembered that they were "the boys." He had no severe chidings for them, but a sad concern that they should escape from every evil way. His sympathy with the sick, the poor, the sorrowing was just as unfailing, and soothing and cheering beyond expression.

No one will be surprised to be told that a man of such sympathy was singularly free from the clerical cant which takes so many ministers out of the category of human beings, without bringing them any nearer to the divine. His theology was not of the schools, but of the Bible and human life. His piety was not of the cloister, but of the home, the street, the shop, the closet of prayer. He took men and women as he found them, and while endeavoring to make them better never irritated or discouraged them by exacting the impossible. He never preached down at you, but took a seat beside you, and bade you look up. And the most natural of all outcomes of this warm human spirit was the toleration which he exercised, toward those who differed from him in religion and which he exercised in such a sweet and steady, and positive way, that it seems

as if all the churches of Rochester were governed by the angel of peace. A man like ourselves, with everything in him that is distinctively human.

And what friends he made! "Fighting friends," every one of them; life-long friends whom he loved and took comfort from, and delight in, whose praises he never tired of sounding; and for whom he never ceased to thank God.

But this man who was so human, had also his *spiritual, divine* side; in strength and richness of endowment, amply sufficient to control the other. His religion was so real, so present, so permeating! It was in his life as the air is in the cloud, as the light is in the atmosphere. As he passed from gay to grave, from the secular to the sacred, you were conscious of no change of personal identity. It was no new or different character you had to deal with. There was no effort on his part to collect himself. He never had to climb back to a pedestal to recover his dignity or his religious character. To quote again from the appreciative friend whose words we have already used once. "All through the man the Christian shone. If it had chanced that the first thing that you had ever heard of him was a burst of pleasantry and laughter, I am sure you would have known that it was a Christian's pleasantry and laughter. His whole deportment had a quality of religious expression in it, but with no hint of anything constrained. And when it came to formal religious expression, as prayer or preaching, you had just the same man on hand that you had when you were chatting on the veranda with him, or walking through the woods the day before. His common atmosphere was grace, mercy, and peace."

He literally lived by prayer, and never lost an opportunity of saying so. "My conscious weakness has been my strength," said he. "I have felt my insufficiency for my work. It drives me to the Lord. I go to him with everything." While ministering at a death bed, in his early years, the words of the Psalmist came to him, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God." It became his life motto. "For fifty years," he testified, he "lived on that passage of Scripture."

In prayer his soul always moved among the great truths which constitute the substance of Christianity, and breathed the spirit of lofty devotion which gives to the ancient liturgies their undying charm and power—the glory of the Tri-Une God, the sin and misery and pitiable need of man; the chief facts of Christ's redemptive work—His incarnation and birth, His ministry of love, His cross and passion, His death and burial, His glorious resurrection and ascension, His coming to judgment, and his eternal and blessed Reign as Universal King. How he used to soar through the heavenly regions in those wonderful prayers of his, taking us all with him, and bringing us, with sin and death and judgment passed, and eternity begun, to the throne of the Glorified Redeemer to cast our crowns at his feet! How real it all was to him! One Sunday morning after a service in which Christ had been the special theme of song and sermon and prayer—a service which moved him deeply—while we were alone in the study, he said to me, with his face streaming with tears, and with intense earnestness of manner: "One thing I know, I *do* love Christ." A year ago last Easter, which also happened to be our Communion Sunday

(and a very precious day it was), he said to me in the same way and place, "Oh! I have had my saint with me to-day."

But do not think that he maintained this strength of soul without care and effort. He left a treasure book which shows how hungrily he fed upon the Word of God. It is an interleaved copy of the New Testament, containing comments on almost every verse written in his own hand, in which, in a most devout and humble spirit, he applies the truth to himself as a man and as a minister—a work which must represent years of prayerful toil.

In this combination of the earthly and the spiritual, of the human and the divine, it seems to me he fulfilled to an extraordinary degree the conditions required of every one who would be a true priest for man in things pertaining to God, the conditions which met their highest realization in our great High Priest, Jesus Christ, who was so human in His divinity, and so divine in His humanity. It was because as a man, and as a priest, he was, in his union of the human and the divine, to so large a degree, an antitype of the great typical Man and Priest, that he was "as a prince," having "power with God and with men."

I feel quite sure, dear friends, that in what we have said we have uncovered the deepest springs of his life, the chief sources of his power. But there were two or three other qualities in his nature which contributed in no small proportion to the marked differentiation of his character, of which I will speak more briefly.

First among these I will mention his sagacity. If you will take the word in a broad sense, going

back to its original meaning, I think you will find that it describes his mental characteristics, as a whole better than any other. The word comes; as you know, from a Latin verb, "to perceive by the senses," and so, quickly, directly. The sagacious man is a man who perceives quickly, and, as it were, by intuition, wherever and at whatsoever he looks. He is able to see things in their relations and probable outcomes quickly, which makes him shrewd above his fellows, wise, judicious, safe.

This, I believe, was the quality of Dr. Shaw's mind. He had a feminine quickness of discernment, with a man's strength for handling what he discerned. His mind was a trained mind, but trained by natural rather than artificial processes. It did not belong to the profound, ponderous, speculative, German type of intellect. I should rather describe it as a practical mind of the first rank. What it might have been had he used it differently, we do not know. But we do know that subtleties, and profundities, and laborious inductions of facts were things he never concerned himself with. Starting with the few great postulates upon which the common faith of the Church has ever rested, he never went back of them; he never thought it necessary to take them out of their place simply to put them back again; he conceived his duty as being to take them as they were and use them to make men and women better and happier.

In his preaching, in his pastoral administration of the great church which he built up, and in all his intercourse with men he exhibited this quality most noticeably, and quietly enjoyed his own knowledge of its value, and the peace that knowledge gave him.

Second among these more important incidental qualities was the unfailing freshness of the man.

His life covered the period of the world's greatest activity since human history began. His birth takes us back to the beginning of the era of modern development—before the days of steamboats, and railroads and telegraphs. There were men then living who could remember when half the food of London was brought in on pack horses. During his whole life the world kept moving at a pace that killed, or, if it did not kill, that compelled all but the young and the strong and the swift to fall behind. But when he died he was in the van-guard. A thorough modern, a man for the times. Though his head was white and his legs trembled now and then, he kept up with the forced march to the end. His church was never more prosperous, never more in touch with the times, than when, in the eightieth year of his life, and at the end of the forty-seventh year of his pastorate, he laid down his office.

How infinite was his humour! How he sparkled and bubbled! How you could see the coming fun, before you heard it, in the twinkle of his eye and the play of his lips! What delicious little surprises his conversation was, forever throwing out—things that you would be sure to remember, and laugh over, and repeat to the next friend you met.

And his hopefulness and helpfulness, like his charity, never failed. On his eightieth birthday he wrote: "I am as alive as ever to all that concerns our common humanity, and as hopeful as ever that the end is to be a glorious consummation. I never in all my long life have been more hungry for work."

A third noticeable quality was his *determination.*

Never obstinate or overbearing, he was yet a determined man. He used to say that he was naturally a very timid man, and the only thing that gave him strength was his conscience. But any timidity he may have had, or thought he had, came not from lack of courage or resolution, but from his ability to see so much more clearly than others the adverse, as well as the favorable, chances of a given course. But whenever his duty was clear his will was equal to any demand.

I hope I shall not weary you, my friends, if before I conclude, I stop to speak a word about Dr. Shaw distinctively as a preacher.

All the qualities we have mentioned came out strongly in his preaching, his distinction, his human sympathy, his spiritual aspiration, his sagacity, his freshness, and his strength of will. In writing to an author, a friend of his who had sent him his book, he said: "No man was ever more completely inside of his clothes than you are inside of your books." The same thing could have been said of Dr. Shaw and his sermons. They were always carefully prepared, and generally read from manuscript. They were short, simple, and practical, but always elevated. They excelled in their first words, which never failed to catch you. They abounded in scriptural illustrations, in vivid, realistic descriptions of sacred scenes, in pointed epigrams and in powerful appeals to the unconverted. They exhibit that mixture of humour and pathos which has marked so many of the world's most famous speakers. His voice was mellow, and wonderfully sympathetic; his gestures few and simple, and his manner always intensely earnest, without ever being vehement or noisy. He may not have been a preacher of what are commonly called "great" ser-

mons. But he was a great preacher; for down to the last he always preached to a throng, and the other supreme proof of a great ministry was never lacking —changed lives.

My concluding words are words which no man could utter without seeming to speak in a way that was not modest of himself. But they ought in justice to be spoken, and there is but one man who can speak them, the man who succeeded him.

As his most unworthy successor, I humbly wish to put on record in all your hearts, my testimony to the spirit in which he abdicated the place he had filled so long, and then stood by and saw another take it. There was something so sweet, so noble, so self-obliterating in it that I can never think of it without my heart and my eyes melting. It is no extravagant expression of my feelings to say that his conduct toward me will ever be to me a human and earthly type of the divine grace shown to sinners. For from the height of his years, his honors, his wisdom, his power, he stooped to poor, unworthy me, and put me beside him—nay, in his own place. From the day, now a little more than three years ago, when, after divine service in the little church among the mountains, he stepped up to me as I came down from the pulpit and put his hand upon my shoulder, and said to me "You are the man I have been looking for," until that bleak, icy morning, when, at the railway station, before the city was astir, he welcomed me and mine to Rochester; and from that day until he went to his bed not to rise again, he never ceased to support and encourage me.

He treated me as tenderly as if I had been his son, and as deferentially as if I had been his equal.

He was always a help, never a hindrance. Of praise he was generous, of blame he had none. His ambition, he said, during his ministry, had been to be the model parish priest; now it was to be the model parishioner. And he succeeded as notably in his new ambition as he did in his old. "Be to him what you have been to me; be to the new pastor what you have been to the old." That was the burden of his "charge to the people" at the new pastor's installation. His strongest desire seemed to be to make himself the bridge over which the love and loyalty of his people, in which he had always been so blessed and so strong, might pass to his successor.

O, dear and venerable friend! Must we go all the rest of our appointed way without thee? O, beautiful gray head! Are our eyes never to be gladdened by the sight of it in the flesh! O, crag-like, time-sculptured face, so gracious and benignant! Are we never to look upon it again! No, thou canst not come back to us but we are coming to thee—a company of hungry souls to whom thou hast broken the bread of life; of lost souls whom thou hast brought back to the Father; of sorrowing souls whom thou hast comforted; of struggling souls whom thou hast helped; of young and happy souls whom thou hast made still gladder—a multitude whom thou hast never numbered. We are coming to join thee and those thou hast already with thee, in the dear heavenly home! We hail thee Victor! For as a prince hast thou had power with God and with men and hast prevailed. Blessed art thou, oh friend of cherished memory, for hath not thy God said: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with My Father on His throne."

Editorials.

Rev. Dr. Shaw Dead.

From the Rochester Union and Advertiser.

When the City Hall bell began to toll a little before noon to-day, every citizen of Rochester who has for weeks watched with interest the bulletins of the daily press from the bedside of Rev. Dr. Shaw, interpreted the doleful sound to mean that the spirit of that good man had passed away.

Rev. James Boylan Shaw, D. D., was born of Irish parents in New York City 82 years ago, and at the age of 24, in 1832, entered the Presbyterian ministry. For nearly half a century he was pastor of the Brick church in Rochester, and during that long period he so bore himself within his own communion, and toward those of whom he was not, as to command the universal and most profound respect and veneration of all. Entirely free from guile, child-like in his simplicity, charitable in the broadest sense of the term, profound in thought, forcible though mild in expression, always preaching and doing good—Rev. Dr. Shaw was a lovable character who challenged the admiration of every creed and class, and whose departure from life is a loss not merely to his own church, but to every other church, and to the community without any reference to any church. With sincere sorrow the *Union* mourns his death and marks it as an event in the history of Rochester worthy of commemoration.

The Good Pastor.

From the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Full of years and crowned with the honors that are accorded to deeds of beneficence, the good pastor has gone to his reward. For nearly fifty years he has been a part of the life of this city, intimately associated with its material progress, as well as its spiritual vitality. His voice has been heard in favor of all goodly enterprises. To one religious communion he has been guide, friend and father. To its membership he has broken the bread of life. He has baptized their children, he has married their young men and maidens, he has buried their dead. By them he was loved, as it has been the privilege of few

men to be loved. Coming to them, in the flower of his youth, they have seen his form begin to totter and his locks to whiten, but each added year increased the reverence with which he was regarded and the sanctity in which he was held. No closer earthly tie can be established than those which unite a pastor to the people with whom he has long been associated. Advancing time does not corrode the links of such intimate communion. It but brightens and strengthens them. Under his leadership the Brick Presbyterian church became one of the largest and best known of the churches in the denomination, distinguished for its harmony, the beauty and the vigor of its life, and its constant and generous charities. When, some two years ago, he resigned his pastorate, one universal expression of regret and sympathy accompanied him to his retirement, and the prayer was most earnestly uttered that he might be spared yet many years to commune with his people if he could no longer serve as their pastor.

But not alone was he cherished by those whom he especially served. He was known and honored and loved by this entire community. He was a good citizen and an earnest patriot. Naturally conservative, his mind still yielded to the persuasion of new truth, in the realms of philosophy, of science and of theology. A firm champion of his own faith, he could see the truth that was in other creeds, and, above all divisions of sects, he trusted in the wisdom and mercy of the All Father. In our streets and in our houses his presence was as sunshine, and his greeting was benediction. He identified himself with our interests, and no good cause suffered from his apostasy. He believed that religion was made for every-day use, and not for conventional occasions—that it was serviceable for time, as well as for eternity. He labored for his country and for his God. There have been greater men than he—and, in his modesty, he never assumed superiority—but there have been few purer, or better, or nobler men. His memory will long abide here, as that of one who, through goodness, became great, and left behind him an abiding influence. Rochester will long mourn as she has long esteemed, James Boylan Shaw.

The Death of Rev. Dr. Shaw.

From the Rochester Morning Herald.

A little over nine weeks ago—March fourth—Rev. Dr. James B. Shaw pastor emeritus of the Brick church, offered the opening prayer at the funeral of Dr. and Mrs. Martin B. Anderson. In the closing passage of that prayer he said :

We thank thee, oh Father, that death does not end all. How much we shall feel at home when we reach our Father's house. There are so many there whom we know, so many whom we love.

That was Dr. Shaw's last appearance in public, and thus the departure of two of Rochester's most distinguished and best loved citizens will ever be associated in the recollections of a people who knew and revered them as few men in any community are known and venerated. In less than two weeks from the occasion named Dr. Shaw was prostrated with the illness that terminated his long and useful career. During his illness daily bulletins have appeared in the press of the city announcing his condition and the hopes and fears of his friends. But yesterday, a little before noon, when the tolling of the bell in the church of which he had been the honored pastor for nearly half a century was heard the sad conviction was forced upon the hearts of all who heard it, that the end of a good man's life had come.

Had Dr. Shaw lived but a few months longer he and his people would have celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his pastorate in this city. It was a long time to minister to one church, but, notable as it was on that account, his pastorate was still more distinguished for its success. It was not solely that he succeeded in building up one of the largest churches of his denomination in the country, but that through all those years he had in faith, in word and in life exemplified as few Christian ministers have, the beauty and power of the gospel he proclaimed. Graceful and benignant in his personal bearing, gentle and childlike, yet dignified, in spirit, loyal to his faith and calling, but broad and liberal in his relations with his own and with other communions, sympathetic to a remarkable degree with the sorrows as well as with the hopes and pleasures of his fellow men, simple and earnest, yet always reverent in his public ministrations, he has long been recognized as an ideal Christian preacher and pastor. The people of Rochester, outside as well as within his own church, sincerely respected and deeply loved him. He had a kind word, a pleasant smile for all. In the pulpit he never aimed to be profound or brilliant, but his simple messages of truth, of warning and of love were eloquent and always persuasive. With well defined and positive views upon theological, ecclesiastical, ethical and social questions, views that he frankly but considerately presented when occasion called for them, he avoided controversies as unprofitable if not pernicious and depended for his usefulness and the success of his life work upon the simplest possible statement of the fundamental doctrines of the gospel which his life and his teachings so signally illustrated. The Presbyterian Church at large, of which he was one of the brightest ornaments, honored and trusted him without reserve. His light shone steadily and serenely far and wide, cheering and guiding many who had never come under the charm of his personal presence through the subtle influence that always emanates from such a life as his.

To the membership and congregation of his own people Dr. Shaw stood in the relation of a father. He had stood at the altar and at the tomb so many years that the affections of thousands of hearts had been entwined about his through the most sacred experiences that come to

human lives. When he retired from the active control of his church the occasion was a marked event in the religious history of our city, and clergymen of every faith united in an expression of their confidence and love for one who had so greatly honored their profession as well as the cause of his Master. The simple language of the prayer we have quoted above was the deep conviction of a soul that regarded the death which he then knew could not be far away and which has come to him sooner, perhaps, than he expected, as only the opening of a gate through which he could pass into a higher and grander life than the one that is now ended.

Dr. Shaw's Death.

From the Rochester Post-Express.

The death of Dr. Shaw, which has been so long expected, took place this morning.

There was no man in this community more loved; and the grief will be general; but it will be tempered by the thought that he who has gone wrought faithfully and fruitfully during the span of his lengthened years and left behind him not only the far-reaching results of his labors as a clergyman, but the example of a noble life and the memory of a beautiful character.

Dr. Shaw was successful as a pastor in a material way. He so commanded the love and confidence of his people as to build up one of the strongest churches in his denomination. It was under his guidance ever active, liberal, and harmonious. He had the tact requisite for the control of so great a congregation; but he never had to compromise his dignity, his purity, or his integrity to preserve his popularity.

He was clearly a strong, determined man, as nature made him; but either a softer touch of nature or a Divine grace put into him a strange power of love and sympathy; and it was probably that that gave him his wonderful influence.

He was a man loyal to his own creed, but tolerant of the creeds of others; and his weight was cast for co-operation in Christian endeavor, not for controversy.

He was not perhaps a great preacher, but he was a sincere and interesting one, with a fine manner, a winning voice, and a quaint tone. He seldom missed making a point with an audience and making it simply and easily. Above all he was one of that small class of speakers—the men who know when to stop. He had the discretion not to spoil an effect when he had attained it, and surprised his hearers by ceasing, not by proceeding with a discourse. The power to make himself regretted in this way is the last given to an orator; and many even among great orators never receive it.

His form was cast in a mould of manly strength and grace and the sight of his revered figure upon our streets was like a benediction.

He is gone in the fulness of his years and amid the fruitage of his labors. Let us be thankful for the blessing of having had so good a man with us for so long a time.

Rochester's Great Pastor.

From the New York Evangelist.

The deep bells of the City Hall and of the Brick church, Rochester, were tolled at noon on Thursday last, and that entire community, which had been watching the bulletin boards for weeks, knew that he who had been pastor of the Brick church for nearly half a century, was gone. He died that morning at ten o'clock.

Thus the veterans pass away. The last time that Dr. Shaw took part in any public service, was on March 4th, when he offered prayer at the funeral of his life-long friend, President Anderson of Rochester University, and his wife (both of whom had died in Florida)—a most memorable occasion. March 16th he attended morning service at the Brick church for the last time. On his way home he was seized with chills. But the attack was not regarded as serious until the 21st, when a low fever set in, with symptoms of diphtheria. Yet he rallied for a little, his throat trouble disappearing. But the fever remained, the pulse at one time reaching 132. During the fortnight before his end, the change was gradual, almost imperceptible, till at last his robust constitution yielded to the slow progress of disease working upon a worn-out frame.

James Boylan Shaw was born Aug. 15, 1808, in the city of New York, where his father was a merchant, and at one time Sheriff. He fitted to enter Yale College as a Sophomore, but instead pursued the study of medicine, both reading and lectures; but finally turned to the law, entering the office of Thomas Addis Emmet. It was while pursuing the study of law that he was converted—it is said, in the old John-street Methodist Church—and the whole current of his life changed. He became a member of the Brick church (the church of his parents) in 1829, then greatly flourishing under Dr. Spring, and lifting its tall spire from the corner of Beekman street and the Park, where we now write.

Entering Auburn Theological Seminary, Mr. Shaw was licensed to preach in February, 1832. This was a time of great revivals, and the young minister supplied the old pioneer church at Pompey Hill, up to the time of his entire prostration by excessive labors. Ordained by the Presbytery of Genesee in 1834, he was settled in Attica for the next five years, but was also preaching in Dunkirk with success, when in the

Autumn of 1840 he attended a convention in Rochester. Here again, and once for all, the current of his affairs took a change.

The Second Church, which subsequently became the Brick, in honor of Dr. Shaw's early associations here in New York, and which had had such pastors as the elder and younger Wisner, was just then vacant by the resignation of Rev. George Beecher, a son of Dr. Lyman Beecher.

Heard in the Convention by some of the church, Mr. Shaw was, very unexpectedly to himself, asked to preach in the Second Church. His sermon was liked, especially by the younger portion of the congregation, and a call—he always said to his great surprise—was shortly extended to him to become the pastor. This was in November, 1840, and he began his labors on December 1st, and was installed Feb. 16, 1841. Thence onward to the day of his death, in his 82d year, he knew no other people.

As everybody advised of religious affairs, is aware, the Brick church greatly flourished under him, its roll increasing from 445 to 1510, upward of 2000 being received on confession of their faith, and 1320 from other churches.

The question whether he was a great preacher or not, never troubled the Brick church pastor nor his people. The best proof of his power is that he preached to crowded pews for forty-seven years! But the presence and approbation of his people did not satisfy him. He sought their spiritual good, and he was not afraid of any measures that promised it. Thus in 1843 he called in the Rev. Jedidiah Burchard to assist him in daily meetings, and a great revival followed; and once and again the Rev. Charles G. Finney labored in Rochester, and on his hearty invitation. Later, on two occasions, he invited the aid of Rev. E. P. Hammond, and worked heartily with him. All these efforts were productive of great good, and withal served to keep Rochester, now become a great city, in the line of her best traditions.

But these events were years apart, and it is difficult to estimate the great labor of the pastor and his active helpers in maintaining so large a church in a condition of spiritual life and increase, from month to month and year to year. His brethren, witnessing the steady and grand results of his ministry, sometimes asked after his art, but only to receive the reply that there was no art at all in the matter. Dr. Shaw was eminently a transparent, artless man. He gave himself wholly to his work, and was always "a man of one Book"—the Bible. He did not place a very high estimate on Commentaries, preferring to go to the Word itself. He was no idler in his study. He invariably sought to begin his writing early in the week, on Tuesday morning, for in so large a congregation the calls and pastoral duties were a constant interruption. He told his Presbyterial brethren on one occasion, that he spent more labor on the preparation of his sermons than anything else. They were all written *twice;* the first time with a lead pencil. But once preached, that was the end. For old sermons Dr. Shaw had little or no use, holding that one who used such "shelf-material," was himself on the way to be

shelved. He ascribed his ability to hold the attention of his congregation to a manuscript sermon, to the fact that they were made as simple as possible. If there was a shorter or simpler word than the one he had used that would express the sense as well, he would substitute it. His aim was to be *understood* even by the children of his congregation, and nothing gratified him more than their intelligent interest in his discourse.

On Dec. 4, 1887, Dr. Shaw preached his last sermon as the active pastor of the Brick church, having completed forty-seven years. Addressing the congregation which crowded that spacious church, which stands to-day as his monument, he said :

My preaching to you has been simple, and perhaps to a fault practical. We hear much about sensational preaching. I think there has been none here. I have never preached a course of sermons, and only in rare instances have had my sermons advertised. I do not believe in startling texts and strange themes. But a sermon which makes no impression is not worthy of the name. The wind for us is the wind that purifies the air, not that which scarcely makes a ripple. O such business as we have in hand, ought to set souls on fire. Certainly this is no dainty work that a man can do with his gloves on. As I have sought you and not yours, I have sought to make this the church for the people. And by the people I mean all, the old and the young, the poor as well as the rich. I have sought personally to reach my poor brother, and to put myself in his place. I had rejected Christ once as had he.

He added : " I do not say these things to exalt myself, but that you may see what Christ has done for me." The most precious passage of Scripture to him, was a fragmentary sentence in the Psalms: " I will go in the strength of the Lord." " It first came to him," he said, " as a divine message at a death-bed during his early ministry, and ever since it had been a source of inexpressible comfort to him. For fifty-five years of his life he had walked in its strength amid labors far beyond him." Dr. Shaw's sermons were not " great " when merely read in cold type. But as they fell from his lips, they were full of power, for in the delivery his whole fine presence preached, radiating the discourse by look and tone and action. Added to this power in the pulpit, were remarkable gifts as a pastor. Dr. Shaw was a man of the people. His large heart was full of sympathy and helpfulness for all, especially those in any sorrow or distress. It was to the combination of so many traits, that he owed his constant usefulness through a long life. As was well said by his elder, Louis Chapin, who was worthy such a pastor, by whom he stood faithful all these years :

I think it was the harmonious combination of all the qualities which are necessary for a true minister to possess that won for Dr. Shaw his great success. His love for his congregation, his great sympathy for the sick, the afflicted and the poor, made his presence ever welcome. So great was Dr. Shaw's sympathy that he was often asked for advice by persons outside of his congregation, and the calls to officiate at

funerals of members of other churches were numerous. Dr. Shaw always felt a great interest in railroad men, and had many of them in his congregation. In the early part of his ministry he preached a sermon at the funeral of an engineer who had been killed at his post. The funeral services were held in the church, and the sermon so touched the hearts of the railroad men who were present that many of them became members of his church. Two years ago when Dr. Shaw was asked by the Presbytery to give the reasons for his success, he said he could not attribute it to any one quality. He gave thorough attention to all the departments of his work, and preached the Gospel of Christ.

After his own people, Dr. Shaw may be said to have been in love and favor with all the citizens of Rochester. He had seen that city double and treble in population. Her reputation was dear to him. For many years he wished to live and to die nowhere else. He was jealous for the city's good name and on occasion valiant for her moral welfare. Thus in one of the full biographies which we find in all of the Rochester papers, we read : "Many and many a time did Dr. Shaw assail existing abuses with that plainness of speech for which he was noted. He was especially active in his efforts to secure the closing of the saloons on Sunday. In the opinion of many he was never more eloquent than when denouncing evils of this type. Yet he never spoke violently or without considering his words, and for that reason his forcible rebukes of men in power carried more than ordinary weight."

James B. Shaw.

Rev. F. F. Ellinwood, D. D., in N. Y. Evangelist.

The name of Dr. Shaw has long been a household word in Rochester and in all Western New York. Some names are admired ; this was loved—one pities the man who could cherish any other sentiment in relation to it. The Rochester daily papers recently spoke of the late President Anderson as "our first citizen." Dr. Shaw would fairly divide honors with him. If the one represented the highest intellectual life of the city, the other was a noble exponent of its purest and most active religious life.

For two generations Rochester has been credited for an exceptionally high ethical character. The most prominent of its pioneers were Christian men, and from the very outset the church and the school got the start of the theatre and the horse-race. But in the maintenance of that high character through nearly the whole of the last half century, James B. Shaw has acted a very large part. When a community is filled with a revival spirit, the devil has a poor chance at best ; it is not necessary, then, to fight with him over details, for wind and tide are all against him. And here lay the tactics of the beloved Brick church

pastor. In his preaching he was orthodox, as every Scotch-Irishman should be, but his motto was "send by whom thou wilt send, if only he comes in the name of the Lord." He was not afraid of revivals, not afraid of Charles G. Finney, however he might differ from his theological views. He was quite willing to see the dry bones shaken by the "law preaching" of that man of power, and willing that his obdurate and self-righteous hearers should listen to those prayers, which at times seemed almost to lift an audience into the very presence of the throne. Mr. Finney had left a powerful impression on Rochester as early as 1830. Many of its first citizens, afterwards pillars in its churches, were then brought to Christ. Rev. Dr. Wisner, Senior, also had preceded Dr. Shaw as pastor of the Brick church, and had acted upon the principle that the great object of preaching was to win souls to Christ.

Such were the foundations upon which the new incumbent was called to build, and the value of which he had the good sense to recognize. He had no vain and petty ambition to institute a new order of things; no man ever preached less of self than he. It was the work of his Master that he aspired to do, and he was quite willing to follow out that line of faithful preaching which God had so abundantly blest. He labored with the conversion of souls ever in view, and with the idea that the best means of edifying the church was to enlist it in devoted and aggressive service for the Master. I once heard him express his sorrow that a large proportion of Christian people were "so willing to be considered a flock—mere *sheep*, instead of soldiers of the Cross." He could not have touched more adroitly the very core of a selfish religion —that kind, for example, which begrudges the "waste," when once a month the prayer-meeting is turned into a concert of prayer for the heathen, or looks upon a missionary or a charity sermon as an unhallowed diversion from the great work of edifying the elect. His people were trained to be workers, and to expect answers to their prayers for the conversion of men. Revivals were frequent, and a revival spirit was cherished constantly in the pulpit, in the general prayer-meeting, in the young people's meeting, and in the Sabbath-school. As a result, the long pastorate of nearly half a century, witnessed the ingathering of thousands into the church.

Dr. Shaw never attempted to attract hearers by any tricks of sermonizing; all else was forgotten in his earnest purpose to present a divine, and not a human message. And yet he drew; his church was always full, and his audience attentive. His style had a trace of humor at times, just enough to render it fresh and racy; and he never wearied his audience; he could stop at the proper time. He once said "I have done many foolish thing in my life, and probably many wicked things; but I never did a long thing." His preaching was eminently tender and sympathetic, and this characteristic was enhanced by the tones of his voice and by a peculiar and indescribably impressive manner.

He never aimed, by logic or ponderous argument, to preach to the head merely, but by a rare persuasiveness, he endeavored to influence

head and heart together. It was one entire personality brought to bear upon another entire personality, for its reconciliation to God in Christ. In this sense, he was a great and successful preacher. In this sense, he preached Christ in all his intercourse with his people and with the whole community. The instances might be given by hundreds in which, by his conduct of a funeral service, perhaps in the home of strangers, he won a whole circle of friends by his heartfelt sympathy and pathos. He was peerless on such occasions, and by the sick bed. His gentle words were balm, and his prayers, then and at all times, were like the breath of heaven.

On all public occasions, when citizens were assembled for some general object, Dr. Shaw was the one to be called upon to offer prayer. And it was prayer, and not a performance. He never told the Lord a single thing, nor made the exercise a medium for expressing his sentiments to the audience. It was earnest and fervent petition, having the Most High reverently before him, and yet always eminently observant of fitness and propriety.

For eleven years I was permitted to be a neighbor of Dr. Shaw; our churches were on the same block. He was much my senior and I learned to love him as a father. I have only pleasant and endearing remembrances of him in all those years. The two churches were then, and still are, much alike in policy; both are active working bodies, both large contributors to all benevolent objects. Both are extensively engaged in the Sabbath-school work, and are in full touch with the masses of the people; and both are remarkable for their multitudes of the young. Both have sent forth vigorous colonies, and yet their Sabbath services are crowded. Rochester is a good place in which to preach the Gospel, and no man has done so much to make it what it is as James B. Shaw.

In the Presbytery and the Synod, as well as in his own church and community, he was honored and beloved as a wise counselor, a peacemaker, and a brother. No man had a larger place in the Beatitudes of the 5th chapter of Matthew than he.

Dr. Shaw never cared to figure largely as a leader in the Presbyterian Church. He was modest and retiring in his nature, and especially averse to controversy. He had been moderator of the General Assembly because the spontaneous desire of his brethren placed him there, and he won all hearts by his ability and his spirit. Having been chosen as a delegate to the meeting of the Presbyterian Alliance, held in Edinburgh, he acquitted himself with so much credit as to win the special regard of his brethren abroad.

The published accounts of his death inform us that he died of "general failure" at the age of 82 years. It was a rounded and complete life. There was no falling off in character through the feebleness of age. No jealousy arose on seeing a young and popular successor in his place, no crotchet or stubborn conceit marred his last days; the sanctified common-sense, the mellowness and sweetness all remained till God called him.

His beloved wife, whose lofty character was the fitting counterpart of his own, had gone but a few years before him, and now, while their sons and daughters rise up to call them blessed, and the congregation mourn, and the young successor prays for the mantle that has fallen, a great city shares the sorrow. For a week past the daily secular press of Rochester, without distinction of party or creed, has been full of sincere tributes to the memory of this common benefactor and friend.

This is characteristically a money-getting age. Social and political ambition are rife, and selfishness sometimes seems supreme. And yet this universal tribute of honor and affection to the name of one who lived not for self, but for Christ and humanity, comes to cheer us. It strengthens our faith in mankind.

Minutes and Resolutions.

The Session and Trustees of the Brick Church.

The Session and Board of Trustees of the Brick Church in Rochester, desire to record for themselves and for the church which they represent, their sense of sorrow and loss in the death of their late pastor, Dr. James Boylan Shaw.

No words are adequate to express a sorrow which is felt by so many hearts, and a loss which comes as the closest personal bereavement into so many lives. For nearly fifty years, from his youth in the ministry down to his honored old age, Dr. Shaw has gone in and out among us preaching the kingdom of God, and commending himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. Each year has seemed to give a new sacredness to his presence, a new aptness to his teachings, a new wisdom to his counsel, a new grace and comfort to all his associations with us; still he walked among us, the beloved and revered father and friend alike of young and old; gentle in the midst of us as when a nurse cherishes her own children, and so affectionately desirous of us that he was willing to have imparted unto us, not the Gospel of God only, but also his own soul, because we were dear unto him. He coveted no man's silver or gold nor sought his glory or reward of men. Yet few men stand less in need of eulogy or memorial. This church which has so grown and prospered under his guidance and ministry, the great congregations that week by week and year by year have gathered, eager to listen to his voice, the almost greater company that, won to God by his word and example, have passed before him to the Eternal City—these

are his truest monument as they are his glory and crown of rejoicing. We feel that a man of God's own heart has been among us through all these years, and while we sorrow we are grateful that his presence has so long been spared to us. May his spirit still abide with us, so that he being dead may yet speak to our hearts and constrain and persuade us to seek the things he loved, and for which he gave his life.

To his family we express our tenderest sympathy, joining with them in a grief second only to their own.

The Brick Church Sunday School.

In the providence of God, under circumstances which seldom occur, this great Sunday-school to-day is overshadowed with a heavy sorrow. There has passed from it into the realm of eternal joy him, who for almost the full round of half a century, has been its spiritual leader and guide—our beloved pastor and friend, Rev. Dr. James B. Shaw. Not as a young man, cut down in his strength, has he been taken, but an old man, full of years, who, serving his God in his day and generation, has fallen asleep and has been gathered to his people.

Death, whenever it may come, is sudden and full of pain to those who remain. Though we may have fully realized that our beloved pastor had filled out more than the usual allotment of years, and that the days of his passage in the laws which God has fixed were at hand, the sorrow that has fallen upon us is none the less profound. In the heavy, personal bereavement that has come upon us, and in the pain which the realizing sense brings to us that the dear form which for so long has been among us has gone forever, and the dear lips that have spoken living words of truth are silent forever, we cannot restrain our mourning or withhold our tears. Yet, for ourselves only, dare we grieve; for he has passed into the joy of his Lord, and is at rest in the celestial city, at home in the mansion that has been prepared for him, beyond all mourning and tears. For us alone the sorrow remains.

But in our grief is there not left to us a comfort—yea, a note of triumph—that seldom falls to the lot of any people, in the glory of Dr. Shaw's beautiful life, in the greatness of his work, and in the many years of fruitful service during which he was spared to serve his people? In mourning over our loss is it not well to remember the beautiful heritage of his glorious life, which no wrench of death can take from us, which rests over us like a benediction from above. Amid our sorrow, therefore, let us express to God, the giver of all good and perfect gifts, our profound gratitude that He gave Dr. Shaw to us; that He spared him through all these years; that He filled his great heart so full of love that love was drawn from ours so abundantly; that He gave him power and strength to accomplish so much for his Master; that He

gave him a beautiful old age; spared to him the retention of all his faculties to the end; and finally took him home with the love, veneration and esteem of a whole city crowning his hoary head.

If in our grief we lose sight of these things we would be untrue to the memory of our beloved dead whom we strive to honor, and to all the teachings of his fifty years. Nothing could grieve him more than the thought that, in the gloom of our bereavement, we had failed to look up and thank God.

In expressing our deep personal loss, therefore, let us remember with comfort the long years of Dr. Shaw's abiding with us. In this Sunday-school are those upon whose infant heads his blessed hands have been laid in consecration to God, who have grown to middle age under his loving ministrations, with whom his tears have mingled in sorrow and his laughter in joy, and who have loved him as their father in Christ. From this Sunday-school many can rise up and say that he pointed them to the way of life; and how many there are beyond this great tribulation of mortal life who welcomed his arrival among the blessed of the Lord with glad acclaim and hosannas of praise—those that he gathered for the Master's Kingdom who now are jewels in his crown of righteousness.

We are to be thankful for the beauty, purity and simplicity of Dr. Shaw's life. In it was realized the spirit of the Saviour's command. "Unless ye become a little child." In him was ever found the open heart, the quick sympathy and purity of a little child, and gave to him that wonderful power that this great church and Sunday-school attest. We are thankful for God's blessing upon his efforts that crowned his work with such abundant faithfulness and made for him so holy a place in the judgment of men; and last of all we are profoundly thankful for the wonderful love he held for this Sunday-school to the end. He loved the church to the fullness of his great heart, but it almost seemed he loved the Sunday-school more. Can we find anywhere a more fitting memorial of him than this great school, or a greater service to his name than renewed consecration to the work here which he has forever laid down? As for him, we can pray in the words he himself used the last time he made a public utterance:

"We thank Thee, oh Father, that death does not end all. How much we shall feel at home when we reach our Father's house. There are so many there whom we know, so many there whom we love."

To enable the whole Sunday-school to place upon record its sense of grief on this sorrowful occasion, it is resolved that these sentiments be adopted and placed upon record in the Sunday-school minutes.

It is also resolved that we express to Dr. Shaw's family our loving sympathy in their sorrow and grief, and send them a copy of these resolutions.

George H. Walden,
Edward Prizer,
J. D. C. Rumsey,
Committee.

The Doctor Shaw Bible Class.

Whereas, It has pleased God to remove from among us the Rev. James Boylan Shaw, D. D,. for nearly half a century the beloved pastor of the Brick Church, and

Whereas, Dr. Shaw was the organizer, and for many years the teacher of our Sunday School class, whose interests were very dear to him, and

Whereas, We, in common with the many others who have felt the influence of his life, teaching and example, wish to give expression to our sentiments ; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Dr. Shaw we have lost a teacher who was ever faithful in holding up the great love of God for mankind as the foremost theme of the gospel, as expressed in John iii., 16 : " for God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Resolved, That we have lost more than a teacher ; that each of us has lost a personal friend, for, by his kind and loving disposition and deep interest in our welfare, he endeared himself to us all.

Resolved, That while we extend our tender sympathy to his bereft family, we also enter with them into the hallowed joy that comes with the thought that his eyes now see, and his ears now hear, and his heart now knows the things prepared for him within the walls of the beautiful city, whose builder and maker is God.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon our class records, and that a copy be sent to his family.

F. I. RAYMOND,
GEORGE J. MCLAUGHLIN,
JOHN M. KIMBALL,
Committee.

The Presbyterian Ministers' Association.

At a meeting of the Presbyterian Ministers' Union, the following memorial was adopted :

Dr. Shaw, our dearly beloved friend, our brother in Christ, our father in the ministry, our counselor and leader, our representative on public occasions, has finished his personal work on earth, and gone to his heavenly reward. Thursday, May 8th, at 10 o'clock in the morning, after an illness of seven weeks, surrounded by his loving and ministering children, he passed from his home below to his home above. After forty-seven years pastorate of the Brick church in this city, and fifty-

five years in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, in his 82d year he closed his eventful life. To pay a tribute to his memory, who was one of the original founders of this union, and accustomed to attend and take part in its gatherings, and also to give expression to our love for him as a man, a Christian, and eminently successful minister and pastor, we have prepared, and adopted for permanent record, this memorial.

Commanding in presence, gentlemanly in bearing and intercourse with all, kind and generous in impulse, sympathetic in heart, word and deed with all in want or trouble; social and humorous by nature, of great simplicity in public utterance, sagacious in dealing with questions and men, sincere and frank in the expression of his opinions, charitable in judgment, catholic in converse with those not of his faith or church order, a lover and earnest laborer for the salvation of souls, a steadfast and eloquent preacher of the old Gospel of Christ's love and power to save, deeply spiritual and gifted in prayer, and fully consecrated to his calling. Dr. Shaw has left on us an impress for good, for which we shall gratefully treasure his memory. As a Christian, Dr. Shaw's uniform testimony concerning his personal experience was of conscious weakness and absolute dependence upon God. For all inspiration, guidance and support in his pulpit and pastoral work he ever looked with all confidence to his Maker in earnest prayer.

As a preacher, in thought, style and language, he was unusually simple, clear, earnest, lively, pathetic, persuasive, impressive. Tested by the fact that, for nearly fifty years, Dr. Shaw preached to one of the largest congregations in the Presbyterian Church of this country, retaining his hold on not only his own people, but on the public, he proved himself to be a wonderfully effective preacher.

As a pastor, Dr. Shaw was an acknowledged model. He was very methodical and prompt in his study hours, in the conduct of his week day and Sabbath services, in his church, and in his pastoral visitations. Conscientiously, persistently, lovingly, he went the rounds of his great parish, with a word of enquiry, cheer, help and comfort for all, young or old. The natural gifts and graces which God had endowed him, especially qualified him for this great field of usefulness. He was truly a sanctified pastor.

As a public man, beyond the limits of his own church or denomination, Dr. Shaw wielded great influence for good. His well known Christian character, and sympathy with all that concerned the public welfare in city, state or nation, gave him power with men of all, or no religion. The natural traits, and spiritual graces, conspicuous in the character and life of our brother and father, of which we have made mention, constituted those elements of power which made his work within and outside of his church so grandly successful. It was the privilege of Dr. Shaw, while engaged in his active work in the pastorate in this city, to receive many public tributes of the esteem and love entertained for him by his brother ministers and the Christian public. His death has called forth from the secular press of this city, from the religious press and from ministerial associations of different denominations expressions and

resolutions voicing the universal regard and honor accorded his character and work.

The visible monument of his labors in this city will be the Brick church, into which he put, for nearly half a century, the consecrated energies of his life. A great company of living witnesses bear grateful testimony to his faithful labors in leading them to Christ, and building them up in Christian faith and living. An innumerable multitude of those who sat under his ministry and shared his love and helpfulness, preceded him and awaited his coming in the heaven of which he so loved to preach.

To have known and been in Christian fellowship, worship and work with such a man as Dr. Shaw, is a blessing for which we render sincere thanks to our common Master and Lord. His example and influence will abide with us as a precious and glorious heritage.

Resolved, That this paper be put upon the records of this Union.

Resolved, That a copy of this memorial be furnished to the daily papers of this city: also to the religious papers of the churches represented in this union.

Resolved, That a copy of this memorial be presented to the family of Dr. Shaw as an expression of our sympathy for them in the death of their honored father.

EDWARD BRISTOL,
JAMES P. SANKEY,
CHARLES P. COIT,
GEORGE PATTON,
NELSON MILLARD,
Committee.

Rochester, N. Y., May 19, 1890.

The Methodist Ministers of the Rochester District.

Whereas, The Rev. James B. Shaw D. D., for 47 years active pastor and for the last two years emeritus pastor of the Brick Presbyterian church of this city, has been removed from our midst by death, we deem it our duty and privilege to give formal expression to our sentiments and feelings on the occasion; therefore,

Resolved, That in the decease of Dr. Shaw we realize that a prince and a great man has fallen in Israel. We submit to the inevitable, and offer sincere thanks to God for the gift of such a man and Christian minister to our city and to the Christian world—a man so distinguished for broad catholicity of spirit, for sweet gentleness and beneficence of temper, for genial social amenities, for wonderful genius and success as a pastor, for distinguished talents as a preacher of the gospel, for lofty patriotism as an American citizen; and we are thankful that he was spared to fill to completeness the orb of a life so perfect as an example to others, so replete with devoted Christian service to the world.

Resolved, That while we approvingly and admiringly have found in Dr. Shaw a loyal son of the Presbyterian church, heartily and zealously

devoted to the building up of his own denomination as the most effective means of advancing the kingdom of Christ amongst man, yet we claim him as a brother beloved, whose generous catholicity of faith transcended all denominational boundaries and distinctions, and made him a glorious witness for the Christ "who is head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all things."

Resolved, That in the entire devotion of Dr. Shaw to his work as a Christian pastor, seeking no honors, craving no emoluments outside of his legitimate work, or other than the reward which God bestows upon his faithful servant when he gives him souls for his hire, and success in building up the church of Christ, we find an example, as Christian ministers, well worthy of study and emulation, and a stimulus to more earnest and devoted work in our holy calling.

Resolved, That we sympathize with our sister church and denomination, and with the immediate family and friends of the deceased who are so deeply bereaved, and with them we rejoice that, although he is taken from them, he has left for them as a legacy more precious than gold, the memory of a pure, exemplary, completed, useful, Christian life, and also the assurance that their and our loss is his eternal gain.

Resolved, That as a testimonial of our high regard for the memory of Dr. Shaw, and our appreciation of his distinguished life and services, we do as a body, attend his funeral.

A. D. WILBOR,
G. C. JONES,
JOSEPH DENNIS.

The Genesee Baptist Ministerial Association.

Whereas, God in his wisdom has called from his earthly ministry to services on high, our brother, Dr. James B. Shaw; and

Whereas, Dr. Shaw was so devotedly attached to all the churches of Rochester, so closely interested in the welfare of our university and seminary, and so lovingly consecrated to the good of our city; and

Whereas, We all felt we had in him a personal friend and a shining and successful example of a gospel preacher and faithful pastor; therefore

Resolved, That we express our deep appreciation of his long and loving labors in the church of his faith and fathers, that we testify to his Christ-like life, that we acknowledge his personal worth and work and that we extend to his church and family our sincere sympathy in this hour of their sorrow.

Resolved, That copies of this memorial be put on our records, sent to the Brick church and to his family, and published in the daily papers.

AUGUSTUS H. STRONG,
M. V. WILSON,
H. CLAY PEEPELS.
Committee.

The Central Presbyterian Church.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 21st, 1890.

Dear Brethren:—No truer, tenderer tie of Christian fellowship can be established than is the natural outcome of the association of pastor and Session. The elders of the Brick church have successfully enjoyed a rare privilege in the companionship and counsel of their pastor and leader, Dr. Shaw, in the responsibility of caring for the spiritual interests of the church ; a privilege which is now a precious memory. His kindness of heart and the rare tact with which he met the difficult and perplexing questions which constantly arise in the pastoral office, must have been, in your close and confidential relations, an inspiration and help. You have been upheld by his grand, yet simple, faith, and in the counsel freely and faithfully given, you have been guided and steadied for your work,—the Master's attitude to the chosen ones who shared His labors was the pattern for Dr. Shaw.

We extend to you our sincere sympathy in your personal loss, and are sure the same Comforter whom the Lord promised those whom He loved, will be with you.

Attest

HENRY H. STEBBINS,
Moderator of Session.
F. M. ELLERY,
Clerk of Session.

To Brick Church Session.

Memorial Presbyterian Church of Rochester.

The Memorial Church, in common with the whole Christian community, has, in the death of the Rev. James B. Shaw, D. D., suffered a loss unsurpassed in the history of Rochester.

Endowed by nature with gifts unusually large and varied—enriched by training in many schools of learning—sanctified and developed by the grace of God until he was almost without a peer as a gospel preacher. He, for nearly a half a century, has been among us, a moral and religious teacher, until a large share of the good which distinguishes our fair city, is due to his shaping hand.

In his lifetime the recipient of the highest honors that can be conferred by University, Theological Seminary, Presbytery Synod and General Assembly, yet the best evidence of his greatness has been seen in the multitudes of souls he has won to Christ and seen in that spontaneous tribute and love which has been paid to him all these years

by people of all classes, the rich, the poor, persons of the various denominations, Protestant and Roman Catholic.

He thought—and he illustrated the fact—that the highest honor one can have is that of preaching the gospel of Christ to a sinful, sorrowing world. With a simplicity and a humility born of his greatness, with a sympathy for the afflicted and a compassion for the needy flowing out of the Christ-spirit within him, with a wide knowledge of Scripture truth gained by prayerful study and by the anointing of the Holy Spirit, he preached the gospel in the pulpit and out of it with an effectiveness such that his ministry will be historic in the annals of our General Assembly.

The members of the Memorial church mingle their tears with those of the members of the Brick church, remembering that it was Dr. Shaw who went about to raise the funds for the establishment of the Mission, from which our church has developed and who, until the very last, manifested a deep interest in all that pertains to our welfare.

In common with the Mother-church, which generously, through many years, nourished us into strength, we mourn the loss of him who has been pastor and spiritual father to us all, thankful to the Great Head of the Church that in His kind providence He gave us, for so long a time, such a devoted servant of His as the Rev. Dr. Shaw.

REV. CHARLES P. COIT,
Moderator of Service.
CHARLES R. BARBER, M. D.,
Prest. of Board of Trustees.

Memorial Presbyterian Church, Rochester, N. Y., May 11, 1890.

The Central Church Sunday School.

The following was read at a session of the Brick Church Sunday School as a tribute from the Central Church Sunday-school to the memory of Dr. Shaw :

The termination of an unusually active and useful life-work in the Master's service of nearly half a century in one pastorate is no common event; and the influence for good, where such a life has been spent, is not confined to the church or Sunday-school over which such a servant of God has directly watched. Dr. Shaw's parish was the entire city and his Christ-like heart embraced as his own people in this community all co-workers in the Lord's vineyard. While this church and Sunday-school have always loved the revered pastor of the Brick Church, we were drawn so closely to him during the union services under Mr. Davidson, that ever since he has held the warmest place in our hearts,

and we have looked upon him as our own venerable father in Israel. Therefore, the members of the Central Church Sunday-school extend the tenderest sympathy to their neighbors and fellow laborers of the Brick Church Sunday-school, in the sad affliction through which, in the providence of God, they have been called to pass.

Christian friends, you are rich in the heritage of such a life; the memory of such a grand, good man will be an inspiration in your noble work for generations to come, as his presence has been for generations past.

S. L. DOBBIN,
Superintendent.
A. L. MABBETT,
MRS. H. F. SMITH,
ADELIA C. BARTON,
Committee.

1892
2109

EULOGIES

ON

WADSWORTH AND PORTER.

"The Century."

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

CENTURY ASSOCIATION

IN HONOR OF THE MEMORY OF

BRIG.-GEN. JAMES S. WADSWORTH

AND

COLONEL PETER A. PORTER;

WITH

THE EULOGIES

READ BY

WILLIAM J. HOPPIN AND FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

DECEMBER 3, 1864.

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PROCEEDINGS

OF

"THE CENTURY."

During the summer of 1864, the Century Association appointed committees to report resolutions at the November meeting, expressive of the respect cherished by the Association for the memory of the late General Wadsworth and Colonel Porter.

The first of these committees consisted of the following gentlemen:

George Bancroft,	John Jay,
Charles P. Daly,	James W. Beekman,
Francis Lieber,	John J. Astor,
William M. Evarts,	Benjamin R. Winthrop,
Daniel Huntington,	George T. Strong, and
William C. Bryant,	William J. Hoppin.

This committee afterwards appointed Mr. Evarts to prepare the resolutions, and Mr. Hoppin to read an account of the life and services of General Wadsworth.

The second committee included the following gentlemen:

John Van Buren, Daniel Huntington,
Lewis Rutherford, Joseph H. Choate,
Charles H. Ogden, William E. Curtis, and
A. Rodney Macdonough.

Mr. Macdonough was chosen by them to prepare the resolutions, and Mr. Frederic S. Cozzens to read a paper upon the public life and character of Colonel Porter.

The celebration of Mr. Bryant's birthday having been appointed for the November meeting, it was decided to postpone the reports of these committees until the first Saturday in December.

On that evening, after the regular business of the Association had been transacted, Mr. Hoppin read a Eulogy upon General Wadsworth; upon the conclusion of which Mr. Evarts offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, and ordered to be entered on the minutes:

Resolved, That in the death of General Wadsworth society has lost one of its brightest ornaments, the State of New York one of its most eminent citizens, and the country one of its greatest patriots and bravest soldiers.

Resolved, That the most generous impulses of public spirit and of ardent patriotism inspired the prompt and persistent resolution with which General Wadsworth forsook every attraction and enjoyment of private life with which his wealth and his family, his talents and his education surrounded him, and from the first outbreak of the Rebellion devoted himself, his means, his influence, his labors, to the support of his Government, and at last laid down his life a sacrifice to the welfare, the safety, the honor of his country.

Resolved, That the manner of his death, in the front of battle, at the head of his command, in the severest conflict of the war, was an illustrious close of a noble life; and notwithstanding the great public loss and the manifold private griefs which attend his death, we must yet pronounce a life thus lived, a life thus closed, complete, heroic, fortunate.

Resolved, That we beg to offer a sincere and respectful sympathy, in their nearer sorrow and deeper affliction, to the family of General Wadsworth, and that we earnestly ask the Government that it will honor his memory by permitting one of the forts of our harbor to bear and commemorate his heroic name.

Mr. Frederic S. Cozzens then read a Eulogy upon the life and services of Colonel Peter A. Porter; after which, Mr. Macdonough, from the committee charged with that duty, presented the following resolutions, which were also adopted unanimously, and ordered to be entered upon the minutes of the Association:

Resolved, That "The Century" deplores, with deep and lasting grief, the death upon the battle-field of their late loved and honored associate, Colonel Peter A. Porter.

Resolved, That we search the annals of this war in vain for a kinder heart, a brighter wit, a purer soul, inspiring a life of culture more finished and purposes more noble, and welcoming a more triumphant martyrdom of all-sacrificing patriotism.

Resolved, That the character of Colonel Porter—tender and steadfast as he was in all home and friendly relations—faithful and intelligent in devotion to the public civil service—modest, humane, and gallant in the career of arms—crowning the graces and accomplishments of the scholar's life with the truest glories of the soldier's, and the genuine faith and practice of the Christian's, burnishes the bright name which he inherited, and stamps it high on the Golden Book of Americans made noble by worth and valor.

Resolved, That the personal sorrow with which "The Century" laments the loss of one endeared to them by so many years of genial companionship, is deepened by the sense that in him the Nation has lost a man of a type it can ill spare; and that the years so rich in promise would have borne, had they matured, ripe fruits of wisdom in council and of courage and resource in action, priceless to his country in that new era, for the dawn of which he gave his hopes, his labors, and his life.

Afterwards, on motion of Mr. John H. Gourlie, it was

Resolved, That "The Century" presents its acknowledgments to Mr. Hoppin and to Mr. Cozzens, for the feeling and elegant manner in which they have prepared the memorials of its esteem for its late associates; that the Eulogies just delivered be printed under the direction of the Board of Management, together with the Resolutions, the expense of printing to be defrayed by subscription, and that the two Committees be discharged, with thanks.

On motion of Dr. Lieber, it was

Resolved, That the committee of which Mr. Evarts is chairman communicate with the War Department with reference to naming a fort in our harbor after General Wadsworth.

MR. HOPPIN'S

EULOGY

ON

GENERAL WADSWORTH.

Mr. President and Brothers of "The Century"—

I have been honored by my associates upon the Committee of Arrangements by a request to write an account of the life and services of our friend and fellow-member, the late General Wadsworth. It would have been better, perhaps, if the performance of this duty had been intrusted to some one who enjoyed more intimate personal relations with him than I did, and who might have enlivened his memorial with anecdotes and recollections which a confidential friendship alone could supply. But it is, after all, with the main facts of Wadsworth's life that we are chiefly concerned, and if I can recite these in such a way as to arouse in your hearts the respect and admiration which they have excited in my own, I shall feel that I am not entirely unworthy of the position to which I have been assigned. It will be enough for me to show, in the simplest words, his high idea of patriotic duty, his unfaltering devotion to it, and the extraordinary sacrifices he made in its pursuit.

James Samuel Wadsworth was born at Geneseo on the 30th day of October, 1807. He was the eldest son of James Wadsworth, who had emigrated from Durham, in Connecticut, and whose family was among the most ancient and respectable in that State. It is said that one of his ancestors was that sturdy Puritan, Joseph Wadsworth, the Captain of the train-bands who concealed the precious Charter which Charles II. had given to the Colony, in the famous oak at Hartford, in defiance of the authority of the tyrant Andross; and who, afterwards, when another intruding Governor, Colonel Fletcher, of New York, attempted to exercise illegal rule over the Connecticut Militia, caused his drums to beat and drown the reading of the Royal Commission, saying to Fletcher, "If I am interrupted, I will make the daylight shine through your body."

James Wadsworth, of Durham, and his brother William, the father and uncle of our friend, made their way to the banks of the Genesee in the year 1790, when that whole region was a rude wilderness, from which the Indians had scarcely been expelled. They opened their path, in some places, by their own axes, and established themselves at a point called "Big Tree," which is now the village of Geneseo. They were the agents of many of the proprietors, whose lands they cleared and brought into market; and they also, in process of time, became

themselves the most extensive and wealthy landholders of that neighborhood. Mr. Lewis F. Allen, to whose excellent Memorial of General Wadsworth I am indebted for some of the information contained in this paper, intimates that they owed this success to the happy union of their own personal qualities. William, who had a more stout and hardy nature than his brother, carried on all the out-of-door operations, while James, who had received an excellent education at the East, and acquired habits of system and order, managed the finances, entertained the guests, and, by his sound judgment and fine taste, contributed not only to the material prosperity, but to the picturesque beauty of that famous valley. He had been graduated at Yale College, and he took into the wild country to which he emigrated a love for letters and refined social intercourse which made it blossom early with the sweet flowers of mental and moral culture. After the population had sufficiently increased, he caused tracts upon the subject of popular education to be printed and circulated at his own expense; he offered premiums to the towns which should first establish school libraries; he procured the passage of the school library law in 1808; he suggested the establishment of Normal Schools in 1811; he founded and endowed a library and system of lectures at Geneseo; and he provided that in all his sales a tract of one hundred and twenty-five acres in every

township should be reserved for a church, and as much more for a school. When he died, in 1844, his gifts to the cause of Education alone had exceeded the sum of ninety thousand dollars.

His wife, and the mother of our friend, a most intelligent and amiable woman, was one of the Walcotts, of Windsor, in Connecticut, a family of importance in the history of that State.

This was the stock from which General Wadsworth sprung, and he proved his descent by the intrepidity and vigor of his character, as well as by that frank courtesy of manners and princely generosity which always distinguished him.

He received the first rudiments of his education at the common schools of Geneseo, although much of his youth must have been given to those rough employments in the open air which the border-life of those days required, even of the sons of rich fathers. Our esteemed friend and associate, Henry L. Pierson, remembers him well when he was a boy of twelve or thirteen, and made a visit to New York in company with his Uncle William. They had come all the way on horseback, driving a herd of cattle, and Wadsworth was then a hardy, vigorous stripling, intelligent, manly, and self-possessed.

He entered Hamilton College, near Utica; but after a

short residence there, went to Harvard, where he remained a longer time, but was never graduated. About the year 1829 he became a student of law at Yale, where he stayed a few months, and then continued his course with Mr. Webster, at Boston, and finished it in the office of McKeon & Deniston, at Albany. He was, in due time, called to the bar, but he never practised law as a profession. He preferred to assist his father in the care of the family estate, which had been increased by the property devised by his Uncle William, who died a bachelor, in 1833.

Wadsworth was married about this time to Miss Wharton, of Philadelphia, a lady whose charms of mind and person are so well known and so distinguished that I may be pardoned for alluding to them here. They went abroad soon after their marriage, and upon his return Wadsworth applied himself with great spirit and success to agricultural affairs. In 1842, he was elected President of the State Society, and he always manifested a lively interest in its prosperity. He repeatedly took prizes from this and the County Society for the excellence of his farm stock.

In 1844, he had the misfortune to lose his most worthy father, and was thus left in sole charge of the greater part of the property, embracing, in addition to his own share, the estates of his two sisters.

He continued to make Geneseo his chief residence, and was induced, both by self-interest and affection, to promote its prosperity by every means in his power. Among other generous acts, he caused the works which supply the village with water to be constructed. He was intending to erect a building there for the purposes of the literary institution which his father had founded, when the breaking out of the war prevented the execution of the project, which, however, he provided for in his will.

He made another visit to Europe, with his family, in 1854; and shortly after his return purchased a house in Sixteenth street, in this city, which he made his permanent town residence.

On the 1st of March, 1856, he was elected a member of our Association, upon the nomination of Frederic S. Cozzens. He was not a very frequent visitor at the Club, although his absence was occasioned by no want of sympathy in our objects or regard for our members.

I now approach the time when Wadsworth's name became interwoven with the history of the Nation. Until now he had been chiefly known as a wealthy landholder—a hospitable country gentleman—a leading agriculturist. But the day had come which was to test the metal of every man's character. None came out of the furnace purer and brighter than his.

Let me attempt to describe him as those who knew

him best remember him to have been at that time. And let me first speak of his home in Geneseo, for this is necessary, that we may understand the purity of his motives, the greatness of his sacrifices, and the value of his example.

His country house, as it has been described to me by one of our most honored landscape artists, was large, but not ostentatious—embosomed in trees, and commanding, on its western side, a prospect of the beautiful valley of the Genesee, which, with its glimpses of sparkling water, its cultivated fields shut in by rich masses of foliage, and its scattered groups of oaks and elms, partook of the character of an English landscape, and reminded our artist friend of the famous view of the valley of the Thames from Richmond Hill. All these trees were parts of the primeval forest, which were preserved by the pioneer who first opened these solitudes, and had been protected since with pride and reverence by his descendants. Near the mansion was the home-farm of two thousand acres, which received the special attention of Wadsworth, and was well stocked with flocks and herds. Beyond and around, in Livingston and the neighboring counties, lay the leased lands of the estate, a domain, altogether, of fifteen thousand acres, and which, if regarded as one tract, is as large as some German principality.

I may not intrude upon the interior of the homestead, made charming by all that wealth, and taste, and affection could collect—books, pictures, music—the conversation of intelligent guests, and the exercise of graceful and refined hospitality. Here Wadsworth lived, in the midst of numerous, contented, and thriving tenants, two-thirds of whom, or their fathers, had also been the tenants of the first James Wadsworth, and thus proved, by their continuing the relation, the justice and liberality of their landlords.

I will not attempt to give a minute analysis of the character of our friend, but only to describe some of its more striking qualities. One of these seems to me to have been his direct, straightforward manliness. He never knew fear himself, and he despised all cowards. He was also eminently true and just. He hated all shams, and loved whatever was open, frank, and genuine. Perhaps he might have seemed to some a little unsympathetic—a little wanting in tenderness. But this arose from absent-mindedness or the preoccupation of engrossing business. There was an inner source of gentleness and sympathy in his nature which they discovered who knew him best, and saw him at times when the secret doors of the heart were unlocked. That he was thoroughly benevolent and generous is proved, not only by the alacrity and profusion with which he contributed

to the Irish famine fund and other public and splendid charities, but also by the readiness with which, when the crops failed, he constantly forgave the rent to those small farmers who paid in kind, and thus quietly abridged his own income to the extent, sometimes, of tens of thousands of dollars.

Wadsworth had excellent natural powers of mind, but little cultivation. His intellectual ability developed rapidly in the latter years of his life. He was an original thinker. His judgment was always clear and sound; but he disliked the details of business and the petty cares of an office. He seized with great quickness the point of a law question, or any other matter which was the subject of his reading or conversation. He also was a capital judge of character, and had the art, which distinguishes many leading minds, of sifting the knowledge of those who engaged in discussions with him, by putting a few pointed questions. No one had more tact than he in talking with the farmers of his neighborhood. He rode about among them on his small pony in the most simple and unpretending manner, and his advice had always an important influence in forming and directing their opinions.

He was entirely free from all false pride. He never, directly or indirectly, boasted of his wealth or his connections. In his manners he was simple, cordial, and unaf-

fected. Mr. Lothrop Motley says of him, in a letter which I have read, "I have often thought and spoken of him as the true, original type of the American gentleman —not the pale, washed-out copy of the European aristocrat." In his dress and equipage he observed a simplicity which was almost Spartan. He had no trinkets or curiosities of the toilet. He was extremely temperate in eating and drinking, and despised all the epicureanism of the table.

He was now in the flower of his age. His figure was tall, well proportioned, and firmly knit. The glance of his gray eye was keen and determined. His Roman features were well rounded, and his hair, which had become prematurely white, added to the nobility of his expression.

Such is an imperfect, outline sketch of the man and of his home in Geneseo, as they appeared in the autumn of 1860, when the great Conspiracy, which had for many years been plotting at the South to destroy the National Government, proceeded from seditious language to treasonable acts, and finally dared to inaugurate flagrant and detestable Civil War. James Wadsworth took at once the most open, manly, and decided stand on the side of the Union. From that moment till the day of his death he postponed all private affairs to public duties, and devoted his time, his thoughts, his wealth, and all the

power which his position gave him to the service of his country. To this he was impelled by his political principles, no less than his personal character. He had come of old Federalist stock, and learned from his father to respect the Constitution and the National Government which the people had created under it. So long ago as 1848 he supported the Free Soil party, which had proposed his name as a District Elector. He was consistent and persevering afterwards in his efforts on the same side. In 1856 he received the nomination of State Elector from the Republicans, and now, in November, 1860, he was chosen a District Elector for Lincoln and Hamlin.

He owned immense tracts of lands and had numerous tenants, and this, to a superficial observer, might seem likely to have diverted his sympathies towards the Southern Slaveholders. He was also connected, by the marriage of one of his sisters, with a noble British family, and his associates and intimate friends had been chiefly formed among the wealthy classes and in circles where the fires of patriotism were burning very low, if they had not gone out altogether. Some of his closest friends were indeed representatives of the best Southern society—men possessing that refined and winning manner, the faint tradition of Huguenot politeness, which seems, in a few instances, to have survived the adverse influences that

surrounded it, and which has been nowhere more unduly praised than at the North. But notwithstanding all these hindrances, Wadsworth remained a true, brave, Northern Democrat. Mr. Lothrop Motley, in the letter from which I have already quoted, says of him: "He believed, honestly, frankly, and unhesitatingly in democracy, as the only possible government for our hemisphere, and as the inevitable tendency of the whole world, so far as it is able to shake off the fetters of former and present tyrannies. He honored and believed in the people with his whole heart, and it is for this reason the people honored and believed in him." . . . "It has always seemed to me," Mr. Motley adds, "that he was the truest and most thoroughly loyal American I ever knew; and this, to my mind, is his highest eulogy, feeling as I do how immeasurably higher the political and intellectual level of America is than that of any other country in the world!"

No other man than Wadsworth valued his fellow-beings more for the high qualities of mind and heart, and, I may add, strong right arms which God had given them, and less for their clothes, their trivial accomplishments, or the company they kept. No other man than he more thoroughly despised that counterfeit chivalry whose vow of mercy was satisfied by assaulting unarmed men with swords and pistols, and of charity by squan-

dering money borrowed of others, and never to be repaid. He had opposed the extension of slavery in the territories, and he befriended the negro as he did any other unhappy human being who needed his assistance. For this he was called by that name which seems to some persons the most opprobrious which party ingenuity can invent—the name of "Abolitionist." Perhaps the application of this name to him may add another to those examples in history, where that which was devised as the instrument of shame afterwards became the badge of immortal honor. Wadsworth saw with his clear eye that a deadly struggle had now begun between systems of society entirely repugnant to each other—between the civilized democracy of the nineteenth century and that ferocious spirit of bastard feudalism which, strangely enough, has found a more congenial home on the banks of the Mississippi than it had ever enjoyed on the Neva or the Danube. No charms of social intercourse, no claims of private friendship, obscured the clearness of his vision on this point. He attributed at once to the Southern conspirators a spirit of determined aggression—a calculating, comprehensive treason, which Northern optimists were at first reluctant to admit. He saw that the laws of population and the irresistible opinion of the world forbade them from delaying an enterprise which their mad ambition had long before planned, and that all

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temporizing measures on our part would be idiotic and pusillanimous.

Accordingly, in that *Comédie Larmoyante*, gotten up by crafty Virginia politicians, and misnamed the Peace Conference, upon whose doors should have been written Claudian's words:

> "*Mars gravior sub pace latet,*"
>
> Under the show of peace a sterner war lies hidden—

in that assembly, in which he took his seat on the 8th of February, 1861, he wasted no time in speeches, but constantly voted against all measures that seemed to jeopardize the honor and independence of the loyal States. On the 17th of February, upon his motion, the delegation of New York virtually resolved to vote No upon the chief sections of the report of the committee which summed up the action of the Conference, and the State of New York was spared the mortification of assenting to overtures which weakened the position of the North, while they failed to propitiate the Southern conspirators.

For the time was now at hand when the action of deliberative bodies was to be of no account, and the safety of the Nation to depend upon military measures alone. Fort Sumter was attacked and captured. The soldiers of Massachusetts were assaulted in the streets of Baltimore. The railroad communication with the capital

was interrupted, and the supplies for the troops there were nearly cut off. In respect to this latter danger, the clear, practical mind of Wadsworth seized at once the difficulties of the situation, and devised the remedy. With great promptness and energy, he caused two vessels to be loaded at New York, on his own account, with provisions for the army, and accompanied them to Annapolis, attending personally to their delivery. During that interval of great anxiety between the first demonstration of the enemy against Washington and the commencement of General McDowell's campaign, Wadsworth was in constant communication with Lieutenant-General Scott, and was employed by him in executing delicate and important commissions. But he was not content with the performance of duties which, however difficult and responsible, made his example less valuable than the more dangerous service of the field. He soon determined to enter upon this, notwithstanding the sacrifices it involved. Let us remember that he was now considerably past the military age; that his private affairs were numerous and engrossing; that he was able to give wise counsel and large pecuniary aid to Government, and fulfil, in this way, every duty which the most exacting patriotism might be supposed to require. He had, as we have seen, a home made attractive by every thing which wealth and taste and the love of friends could supply. His children

were just coming into the active duties of life, and while they needed his careful supervision, their affection and high promise made the parting from them all the more difficult and trying. Wadsworth resisted all these temptations and rejected all these excuses. In June, 1861, he became a volunteer aid on the staff of General McDowell, and fought his first battle in the disastrous affair of Bull Run. His intimate friends declared, when they heard of his resolution to take military service, that this was equivalent to the sacrifice of his life. They knew his bravery was so impetuous that he would court every peril and exposure, and that he would never survive the war. These predictions, alas! were too surely to be realized, but not until a later day. They were, indeed, very nearly fulfilled at Bull Run. Nobody was more conspicuous than Wadsworth in every post of danger. He had a horse shot under him in his efforts to rally the panic-stricken troops. He seized the colors of the New York Fourteenth, and adjured that brave regiment to stand up for the old flag. He was one of the last to leave the field, and was most active in restoring order on the retreat, and in assisting, at Fairfax Court-House, to preserve the government property and to relieve the wounded.

In the organization of the National Army, Governor Morgan, supposing he had a right to propose the names

of two Major-Generals from this State, sent Wadsworth's and Dix's to the President. We were entitled, however, to only one, and the grade was given to General Dix. Afterwards, in the summer of 1861, Wadsworth was made a Brigadier.

Whatever may be the judgment of intelligent critics upon the expediency of taking generals from civil life, and however unsatisfactory they may consider the reasons which influence the Government in making such appointments, it is admitted by all that Wadsworth received his commission with diffidence, and that his genius, which was essentially military, coupled with his attention to his duties, soon made him an efficient officer. His brigade was attached to the Army of the Potomac, and stationed in the advance, near Upton's Hill. He lay there during the autumn of 1861 and the succeeding winter, impatient at the delay of the Commander-in-Chief in moving upon Manassas, and always insisting upon what has since been proved to be true, that the enemy's force there was for a long time too weak to resist any serious attack upon it, if we had made one.

In March, 1862, General Wadsworth was appointed Military Governor of Washington, and for nine months discharged the very delicate and responsible duties of that office with great satisfaction to the Government. A

competent writer, who served under him, says, that "while he gave the citizens all the liberties consistent with public safety, he took vigorous measures against traitors, spies, blockade-runners, and kidnappers. He seized the slave-pen, discharged the captives, and permanently established the rule that no negro should be taken out of the District of Columbia, under color of the Fugitive Slave Law, without an examination on the part of the military authorities respecting the loyalty of the master." The same writer adds, that "great pains were taken by General Wadsworth to facilitate the change of these people from bondage to freedom. He organized a contraband bureau, established permanent quarters, taught the poor blacks how to work for themselves, and made the confiscated goods of the blockade supply their wants. Amid political and military embarrassments, he succeeded in pioneering the way to practical emancipation while commanding the fortifications and twenty-four thousand troops."

In the autumn of 1862, and while he was still in command of Washington, he received the Union nomination for Governor of New York. This had been offered to him, in 1848, by the Free-Soil Democrats, and again, in 1856, by the Republicans, but he had declined it on both occasions. He now thought it to be his duty to accept the position, and went into the canvass, but was

defeated by Mr. Seymour by a majority of ten thousand seven hundred and fifty-two votes.

After nine months of service at Washington, General Wadsworth applied to the Government for more active duty. They granted his request, and, in December, 1862, ordered him to report to Major-General Reynolds, then in command of the First Corps. General Reynolds gave him his First Division, and this he led, with great gallantry, at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville.

The experience of the last four years has proved the truth of the assertion of military men, that War is a Science which must be studied like any other, and that civilians cannot be extemporized into generals. It must be confessed, however, that the genius of some laymen eminently fits them for command, and a campaign or two may supply the want of early professional study. As I have already stated, Wadsworth seems to have been one of these natural soldiers. He was very successful in gaining the love of his men. His high sense of justice and true republican respect for manliness, wherever he found it, soon convinced them that if they did their duty they should be rewarded. They knew, too, that he made their comfort his constant study. These qualities endeared him greatly to his troops, and when, before the battle of Fredericksburg, he rode with his staff unexpectedly into the encampment of his old brigade,

the soldiers of all the four regiments rushed tumultuously towards him and made the skies ring with their shouts of welcome.

But there was another and a better reason why his soldiers loved him, and also why he was always a reliable officer: he was so cool and collected under fire. "He had a habit," says an intelligent writer, who saw him at the front just before his death, "of riding about the foremost line, and even among his skirmishers, which somewhat unnecessarily exposed his life. He knew very well how to handle his division, and he knew how to hold a line of battle—how to order and lead a charge—how to do the plain work which he liked best; and at Gettysburg he showed how much a plucky, tenacious leader can do with a handful of troops in keeping back and making cautious an overwhelming force of the enemy. He was pertinacious; did not like to give up or back out; and was not a man safely to be pressed, even by a force much superior to his own."

General Meade writes of him: "The moral effect of his example, his years and high social position, his distinguished personal gallantry and daring bravery, all tended to place him in a most conspicuous position, and to give him an influence over the soldiers which few other men possess."

And General Humphreys, General Meade's chief of

staff, in speaking of the qualities he showed on the field on which he lost his life, writes: "In the two days of desperate fighting that followed our crossing the Rapidan, he was conspicuous *beyond all others* for his gallantry—prompter than all others in leading his troops again and again into action. In all these combats he literally *led* his men, who, inspired by his heroic bearing, continually renewed the contest, which, but for him, they would have yielded."

This is high praise, and from the most competent sources, to be given to a man who had never been under fire until he had passed his fifty-third year, and whose life had been occupied in quiet agricultural pursuits. It was the blood of the old Puritan Captain which tingled in his veins in those days of trial: better than that, it was the inextinguishable love of country—the reverence for Right and Truth—the inborn hatred of every thing false, and mean, and treacherous, which made him content to exchange the delights of such a home as I have attempted to describe for the unspeakable horrors of the battle-field.

It may well be supposed that with qualities like these he was not allowed to remain inactive in the campaign which succeeded the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. At Gettysburg he commanded the First Division of the First Corps until the fall of Gen-

eral Reynolds, when he assumed charge of the corps. Before that, however, his division had received the brunt of the enemy's attack. It went into action at nine in the morning, and continued under fire until four in the afternoon, suffering heavier loss than any other in the army. He had several horses shot under him, and he animated the fight everywhere by his noble presence. At the council of war held after the victory, Wadsworth, who, as the temporary commander of a corps, had a seat at the board, with great modesty, but with decided earnestness, favored the pursuit of the enemy, but his advice was overruled and Lee escaped.

After General Grant was ordered to the Eastern Division, Wadsworth was constantly employed in assisting in the arrangements for the present campaign. Before it was undertaken, however, and about the beginning of the present year, he was sent upon special service to the Mississippi Valley, and made an extensive tour through the Western and Southwestern States. It was on the eve of his departure that he made to the paymaster from whom he had always drawn his pay, the remarkable declaration that he desired to have his accounts with Government kept by one and the same officer, because it was his purpose, at the close of the war, to call for an accurate statement of all the money he should have received, and then to give it, whatever

might be the amount, to some permanent institution, founded for the relief of invalid soldiers. "This is the least invidious way," said he, "in which I can refuse pay for fighting for my country in her hour of danger."

When General Grant commenced his present campaign, Wadsworth was placed in command of the Fourth Division of the Fifth Corps, which was composed of his old division of the First Corps, with the addition of the Third Brigade. He crossed the Rapidan on Wednesday, the 4th of May. On the 6th, the battle of the Wilderness was fought, in which our friend was mortally wounded. This event, and its attendant circumstances, are described in simple and touching language by his son, Captain Craig Wadsworth, in a letter which is published in Mr. Allen's Memorial. Captain Wadsworth was attached to the cavalry division, which was guarding the wagon train; but, by permission of his commanding officer, he went to the front, and remained with his father for two or three hours on the morning of the memorable 6th, and while the fight was going on.

It seems, from that account, that General Wadsworth's command had been engaged for several hours on the evening of the 5th, and had lost heavily. Early the next morning General Hancock ordered it again into action, on the right of the Second Corps. Wadsworth charged repeatedly with his division and carried an important

point, which he was unable to hold, owing to the superior force of the enemy. He was afterwards re-enforced, and, with six brigades, made three or four other assaults upon Hill's Corps, which was the one opposed to him. In these assaults he fought with the greatest gallantry, having two horses killed under him. At eleven o'clock, General Hancock ordered him to withdraw, and there was a lull in the battle until about noon, when Longstreet precipitated his force upon Wadsworth's left and drove back Ward's brigade, at that point, in some confusion. Wadsworth thereupon immediately threw forward his second line, composed of his own division, and formed it on the plank-road, at right angles with his original position. It was while trying to hold this line, with his own division, then reduced to about sixteen hundred men, that his third horse was shot under him, and he was himself struck in the head by a bullet. The enemy were charging at the time, and took the ground before the General could be removed. He was captured and carried, while he was probably in a state of insensibility, to one of the rebel hospitals. No medical skill could save his life. He lingered from Friday afternoon until Sunday morning, and then yielded his brave spirit into the hands of its Maker.

Thus died James Wadsworth, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and in the full strength of his manhood.

Many a true, and brave, and noble soldier fell on that bloody field, but none truer, or braver, or nobler than he. Many a patriot consummated there the long record of his sacrifices, but none left a brighter and purer record of sacrifices than he. In this war, which has been illustrated by so many instances of heroism, it seems almost unjust to compare one man's services with another's; and Wadsworth, with his unaffected modesty, and his reverence for worth wherever it existed, if his spirit could sit in judgment on our words, would rebuke us for attributing to him a more genuine loyalty than that which animated many a poor private who fell by his side. But when we remember how entirely impossible it was in his case that his worldly advantages should have been increased by military service, and how often it is that a mixture of motives impels men in general to undertake it, we feel that we can give our praise to him with fuller hearts, in no unstinted measure, and with no reservations or perplexing doubts.

As he lay upon the field, in the midst of the dead and the dying, in that awful interval between the retreat of his own men and the advance of the enemy, if any gleam of consciousness was vouchsafed to him, may we not hope that the recollection of his noble fidelity to his country assuaged the bitterness of that solemn hour?

"Who is the happy warrior?" asks a famous English poet; and the poet answers, he is the happy warrior

> "Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
> Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
>
> * * * * *
>
> Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
> Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
> Or he must go to dust without his fame,
> And leave a dead, unprofitable name,
> Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
> And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
> His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause.
> This is the happy warrior, this is he
> Whom every man in arms should wish to be!"

My friends, will it violate the proprieties of this occasion; will it seem to be turning our thoughts too far from him whose life and services we so gratefully commemorate, if we seek, in his example, some influence which may strengthen our own patriotism and confirm our hesitating feet in that path which he trod with such unfaltering step?

We claim, in this Association, to be animated by better motives than money-getting or pleasure-seeking. We try to encourage a spirit of philosophic inquiry and the study of literature and art. These are noble objects. But is it not true that, instead of aiding and stimulating, they sometimes take the place of that love of country which is so much higher and nobler than they? Is it not

true that everywhere in this Nation, even in this moment of supreme trial, when the Republic needs the best thoughts and the most sagacious counsels as well as the life-blood of her sons, there are men of distinguished position, of large experience, ripe learning, and varied accomplishments, who are still intent upon their books and their pictures, and who abandon public affairs to pretenders making a trade of politics, and having no more intelligence or learning than they have patriotism or virtue?

If there be thousands of men who, like Wadsworth, are willing to give their lives and all that they hold most dear and precious for their country, is it too much to ask that we should sacrifice in her service a little of our time and our comfort—a little of the leisure that we devote to literary and artistic pursuits—a little of the luxurious ease of our pleasant studies?

"Too much to ask," do I say? What would be all the consolations of philosophy — all the delights of poetry—all the charms of books, and pictures, and intellectual converse, if the administration of our political affairs should be surrendered to knaves and tricksters, if chicanery should take the place of statesmanship, if our country, the loving mother of us all, should stand ashamed and degraded before the nations, dishonored by her children, all the brightness of her raiment tar-

nished, and the light of glory burning no longer in her eagle eyes?

My friends, let us renew our vows of allegiance to her over Wadsworth's bleeding body; let us swear to hold her, next after God, first in our heart of hearts; to devote to her the best fruits of our studies, the most exquisite works of our hands—to defend her against all assaults; to magnify her in the face of her enemies, and, finally, if she should demand the sacrifice, to lay down our lives in her service!

MR. COZZENS'S

EULOGY

ON

COLONEL PORTER.

Mr. President and Fellow-Members of "The Century"—

It has been the custom of our honored Institution, from its beginning, to pay some brief tribute to the memory of its departed members, as year after year separates name after name from its fraternal roll. It is a beautiful custom, and one peculiarly suited to this Association, which, being necessarily limited in numbers, feels the more keenly the loss of any one who has been a part and agent of itself. If the qualifications of a new member are so closely determined, both in the Board of Admissions and by the open vote of the Club, that we may feel assured that there is nothing in the mind, the character, or the career of the candidate to conflict with the objects of "The Century," nor to mar its harmonious movements in obedience to the organic law which called it into being, how much the more do we estimate the character of a member who has been for many years bound to us by every social tie, and endeared to us by

every quality that lends dignity and grace, even to the Association itself?

At the annual meeting of next month we shall commemorate the eighteenth anniversary of "The Century." A glance at its original purport may not be uninteresting, in connection with the subject of this discourse. On January 13, 1847, the first meeting was held. It was then "deemed expedient to form an association of gentlemen of the city of New York and its vicinity, engaged or interested in letters or the fine arts, in order to bring them into more frequent, friendly, and social intercourse; and, at the same time, afford them opportunities of consultation in regard to the fine arts of this country—a subject in which all felt the deepest interest." It was then proposed that the Association should consist of one hundred members. Mr. Edgar S. Van Winkle suggested that, from the number of its members, it should be called "The Century." This happy title was adopted, and although we have grown out of the limits of the specified number embraced in the title, yet, in honor to the original founders, we bear the name still.

It would be a grateful task to trace the history of "The Century" from its inception to the present time. The illustrious men, of all countries, who have found access to its congenial climate, speak of it in terms too flattering to be repeated here. Its objects have never

been corrupted by any influences strong enough to move it from the broad base upon which it was organically established. When innovation attempted to change its purpose, it moved a little, but swung back into its old courses, as if it had been the very pendulum of conservatism. For in the harmonious intercourse which brings together gentlemen of taste and cultivation to discuss subjects connected with Letters—with Sculpture or Painting—with Progressive Science, or those Studies dear to the learned professions; in such an intellectual convention there is no place for petty rivalries or narrow schemes. On the contrary, such an association not only ennobles, elevates, dignifies the social intercourse of its members, but its influence extends beyond the limits of itself; it enriches the land with its silent but powerful efforts in favor of correct taste and all the beautiful manifestations of art, and even carries into every action of familiar life a quiet charm, of which we are scarcely aware until we begin to consider from whence this influence is derived.

Is it then surprising that with this sweet fraternal feeling growing and clustering, year after year, within and around and about us, that *here*, much more than in ordinary life, we should feel the loss we have sustained when we behold an empty space where once stood the animated form; where once we met the

happy smile; where once we responded to the joyous voice?

Is it unmanly to remember that several familiar faces are no longer seen at our festivals? When the first eulogy pronounced in "The Century," over the lamented Seymour, was hushed, was it not "a sad but pleasing thought" that we had preserved the brief memorial of his fellowship with us? Was there not even a more grateful feeling that we had had the forethought to do so, when, only a few years afterwards, we assembled upon a similar occasion, to listen to a passing tribute to the memory of Robert Kelly, the second member "The Century" had lost—himself the eulogist of the first?*

Since that time many names have been added to the roll of the departed. And as the mortuary record lengthens—for who can tell whose name shall be the next inscribed upon it?—there is a pleasing consciousness that we, in turn, shall be remembered by those that survive us—at our gatherings—at our meetings for business—at our festivals; whenever there shall be a "Century"

* Daniel Seymour, the first Secretary of "The Century," was a gentleman of the finest literary tastes and attainments. He, and Robert Kelly were fellow-students at Columbia College. Kelly was the more distinguished in public life as a leader in those benevolent institutions which have had so marked an influence upon our municipal history. Both were eminently beloved in private as in public life. The unobtrusive merit of the one, with the active benevolence of the other, formed a beautiful contrast.

assemblage, large or small—that there we shall not be forgotten!

It is scarcely necessary to recall to the minds of a majority of the members present, that our late friend and associate was the only son of "that brave soldier of the War of 1812," General Peter B. Porter. It is due to the memory of the son that this memoir should also embrace a brief sketch of the father, particularly as no reliable history of the war in which he bore so distinguished a part has yet been written.

Among the earliest of the pioneers in Western New York, were two brothers, Augustus and Peter B. Porter, sons of Dr. Joshua Porter, of Salisbury, Connecticut.

This Dr. Joshua Porter, the grandfather of Peter A. Porter, left behind him an autobiography, in manuscript, written in his ninety-first year, from which it appears that he was born in Wyndham, Connecticut, June 26, 1730; graduated at Yale College in 1752 or 1753; was educated as a physician, and removed to Salisbury, Connecticut, in November, 1757. For twenty-two years he was a member of the Connecticut Assembly, and sat in the lower house during forty-five sessions; was appointed Judge of Probate in 1774, and held the office until 1812. In the Revolutionary War he commanded a regiment, which was for some time stationed at the then important point on the Hudson, Peekskill, forming one

of the defences of the river; and he was afterwards in the battle of Saratoga and at the memorable surrender of Burgoyne, October 16, 1777. He was also a member of the Connecticut Convention assembled to ratify the Constitution of the United States, in 1788; and his vote, as Colonel Joshua Porter, is recorded, January 9th of that year, in the affirmative.

He was esteemed to be a man of vigorous mind, even in extreme old age, and his life had been as active as it was blameless. His two sons were well educated, and carried with them into the western wilderness the customs, the training, and the experience of cultivated life.

The younger brother, Peter B. Porter, was born at Salisbury, Connecticut, in 1773; graduated at Yale College in 1791, and studied law with Judge Reeve, of Litchfield. At this time the Great Holland Purchase, as it was then called, and has since been known, stimulated the enterprising and the intrepid in all parts of the country. This vast tract of three millions six hundred thousand acres, originally purchased of the State of Massachusetts by Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, and by him sold, in 1792 and 1793, to Hermon Le Roy, John Linklaen, Gerrit Boon, and others, in trust for certain capitalists in Holland, who had furnished the money, comprises the whole or part of the counties of Allegany, Wyoming, Genesee, Orleans, Cat-

taraugus, Erie, Niagara, and Chautauque. To this unbroken region, "the wild lands of Western New York," the brothers Porter emigrated in the year 1793. In an address prepared thirty-eight years afterwards, for the Euglossian Society, of Geneva College, the younger brother speaks "of entering the interminable forests of the West at the German Flats, at Mohawk, which was then the extreme verge of civilized improvements. The only evidences of civilized life consisted of some half-dozen log-huts at Utica, and the same again at Canandaigua. Besides these, there were a few miserable cabins sprinkled along the road, at a distance of five to ten miles apart, where the traveller might look, not as now, for comfort or for rest, but for the sheer necessities of continuing his journey."

In 1795, the young pioneer, then in his twenty-second year, commences the practice of law at Canandaigua; in 1797, he begins his official life as County Clerk for the county of Ontario; in 1802, he is elected member of the State Legislature; and in 1808 and 1810, is elected to Congress. In the latter year he removes to Black Rock, where he has large possessions, and in the year following is prominently engaged upon two of the most important subjects that then occupied the public mind, and which have ever since exercised a marked influence, not only upon the interests of the State, but upon

the whole country. The first was his appointment, by act of Legislature of the State of New York (April 8, 1811), on a commission "for taking into consideration all matters relating to Inland Navigation." It is impossible to over-estimate the value of this, the greatest Board of Commissioners the State of New York ever selected. It does not lessen, in the eyes of an admiring posterity, the high, patriotic, and sagacious character of this wise body of counsellors, when it is remembered that they were not selected with any reference to party measures. The very mention of these eminent men at once recalls the Empire State in its proudest days, as well as its most disinterested legislators. It is a pleasure to repeat their names—Gouverneur Morris, Stephen Van Rensselaer, De Witt Clinton, William North, Simeon De Witt, Thomas Eddy, Peter B. Porter, Robert R. Livingston, and last, not least, Robert Fulton! It is to this commission that we owe the policy which gave our State that teeming cornucopia of the West—the Erie Canal!

O forethought shrewd! O stretch of human mind!
O genius born to bless, not curse mankind!
That with prophetic skill (like him, the blest)
Saw the rich Canaan of the teeming West!
And that the States their chiefest boon should know,
Struck the bare rock, and bade the waters flow.
What had the East to boast, not having this?
On ocean's cheek what touch like Erie's kiss?
Lo, the broad West his genius shall proclaim!
And famished Europe murmur Clinton's name!

That we owe to the inventive genius of De Witt Clinton the first thought of this great public work, the greatest the world has ever seen, is no less true than that we owe to the commission, that supported him in those trying days, a kindred debt of gratitude.

In the same year (1811), but following his action upon this commission, Peter B. Porter filled the important post, in Congress, of Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. The Berlin and Milan decrees of Napoleon (the Continental Policy, as it was called), and the no less stringent policy of Great Britain, embraced in the "Orders in Council," had almost totally destroyed our commerce. But not only this, the free right to the high seas, the germ of all the policy that from that time to this has been dear to every American heart; the sense of injustice that had already swept away the Tripolitan tribute under Preble and Decatur (as it has more recently the sound dues demanded by the countrymen of Hamlet); the right to sail a ship, in any sea, without interference from any powers, save those of Divine Providence, at that time had begun to excite the deepest interest. These subjects of international polity were somewhat complicated by the embargo and non-intercourse acts of our own country.

All these matters being before the Committee of the House on Foreign Relations, of which Peter B. Porter

was Chairman, were speedily brought to a point. France having repealed the Berlin and Milan decrees, so far as they concerned the United States, Great Britain demanded still higher authority over the high seas in relation to the same power. In response to this the Committee reported, through their Chairman, resolutions recommending the increase of the military force, the fitting up of war vessels, the allowancing of merchant vessels to arm in self-defence, and such other measures as were necessary to maintain the position the United States had taken.

In the records we find that the speech of the Chairman, Peter B. Porter, introducing these resolutions, was marked by "great ability, firm and energetic in its tone, yet temperate and judicious." The resolutions were adopted December 19, 1811.* Immediately afterwards he resigned his seat in Congress. And although tendered a Brigadier's commission in the regular army, he declined it in favor of a commission from his own State as Quartermaster-General. From this period his active military life begins. "To trace his military career," says the author of the Holland Purchase, "from battle-field to battle-field, would be to write a history of a large portion of the war upon the Niagara frontier."

* Hildreth, Vol. III., sec. 2, p. 226.

It is to be regretted that we have not a complete, reliable history of our last struggle with England. It is, to be sure, "a spotted field;" and perhaps (to many) a bare exhibition of the record would be not pleasing. There were many who objected to that war; there was much legislative interference; there were some conventions in session whose proceedings amounted to very little; and perhaps some trifling with fire-arms at Detroit and Bladensburg; but why should a respect for the feelings of a few imperfect-minded men, in some narrow strips and shreds of this great nation, be a barrier to a publication that would place in bold relief the heroic character of the real men of that time?

The War of 1812 was, at the same time, the shortest, as well as one of the most important wars that ever occupied the attention of mankind. That it was brief, we have only to consider that the Declaration of War was proclaimed June 18, 1812, and that the Declaration of Peace was ratified at Washington February 17, 1815—say two years and eight months, save one day. That it was important, the freedom of the high-seas will witness. That it destroyed the power of Great Britain upon those blue waters, is now a matter of history. It was a battle fought for all mankind as to the right of a common highway. It was a battle for a right-of-way over a briny common that a modern king of Great Britain had no

more authority to control than one of its ancient kings had to bid, "come no farther."*

In the early part of the contest Hull's surrender at Detroit had turned the direction of the war to the Niagara frontier, as the most vulnerable point along the lines. As we have seen, General Porter was at this time residing at Black Rock, where he had large possessions. But his active, energetic mind did not permit him to remain at home during the first indications of battle. We find him "twice leading the van" in General Smythe's unfortunate army of invasion in 1812, and his sarcastic comments upon this futile attempt led to a duel between him and his superior officer. In 1813, the British surprise Black Rock, and he narrowly escapes being captured in his own house. The result of his escape is the capture by him, in turn, of the capturers of Black Rock—Lieutenant-Colonel Bishop and his forces. We hear of him as taking an active part in the Sackett's Harbor expedition; in the contemplated attack of Montreal; in the attack and capture of Little York (now Toronto). In 1814, he joins Major-General Jacob Brown with a brigade of thirty-five hundred men, composed of New York and Pennsylvania Volunteers, with a portion of

* The intense feeling of this time, as well as the popular sentiment, is to be found in the brief abstract of General Porter's speech, in Hildreth's History of the United States, Second Series, Vol. III., p. 260, to the end of the chapter.

the Indians of the Six Nations, particularly the Seneca tribe, headed by those notable warriors and orators, Corn-Planter and Red-Jacket.* It is to be remembered that the Indians on the enemy's side were headed by the son of Joseph Brant (Thayendanagea). The memorable battle of Chippewa followed, in which Porter was an active and gallant, though not successful, participant. General Armstrong, in his notice of the War of 1812, says: "General Brown detached Brigadier-General Porter, of the New York Militia, to march rapidly, under cover of an adjoining wood, and throw himself between the British skirmishing party and the main body. He succeeded in completely routing the outposts, and was pursuing them, when he unexpectedly found himself in presence of the *main body*, and was obliged to retreat." This affair was commented upon with great severity by some military critics of the day; great cowardice was awarded to the militia, but the gallant conduct of General Porter was greatly applauded by all. In Major-General Brown's official report of Chippewa, he says: "By this time Porter's command gave way and fled in every direction, notwithstanding

* See Stone's Life of Red-Jacket, also his Life of Joseph Brant. The latter contains a letter from Porter, descriptive of Brant's habits in England. It shows the Mohawk chief to have been a most amiable and gentlemanly person, in accordance with his early training (which was for the Church), notwithstanding his natural taste for blood. But all men have their weaknesses.

his personal gallantry and great exertion to stay the flight." But this very body of volunteers more than redeemed themselves in the battle of Lundy's Lane and the sortie of Fort Erie. In the terrible conflict of Lundy's Lane, when the brave Colonel Miller had carried the heights, and captured the key of the position, it was Porter's volunteers that served as the supporting force; and the details of that battle furnish the evidence how bravely they made amends for their former lack of spirit. A gallant officer, who was himself an actor in this battle, in speaking of the last desperate charge that decided the day, says: "Porter's volunteers were not excelled by the regulars during this charge. They were soon precipitated, by their heroic commander, upon the enemy's line, which they broke and dispersed, making many prisoners. The enemy now seemed to be effectually routed—they disappeared. And even at Chippewa, a portion of these men were rallied by their commander, and ordered forward in pursuit of the enemy, which, by General Scott, were driven back from that hard-fought field, and decided the conflict in our favor."*

For these various services General Porter was commisioned Major-General in the Regular Army of the United States.

* Silliman's Gallop through American Scenery, p. 255.

After Lundy's Lane, the sortie from Fort Erie forms the chief point of interest in the history of the war on the Niagara frontier. This fort had been captured some time before by the Americans, had been strengthened by them materially, and was strongly garrisoned; but General Drummond, being heavily re-enforced, determined to capture it by assault, on the morning of the 15th of August, 1814. The repulse of the British, and the death of General Drummond, who was shot while exclaiming "Show no mercy!" after the capture of a bastion, are sufficiently familiar. The enemy withdrew to a safe distance for a regular siege; and, after a month's time, had advanced his parallels to within four hundred yards of the right of our lines. General Brown determined to attack him within his own defences. A rainy, foggy morning was selected for the enterprise. The command of the right wing was given to the brave Colonel Miller; the left to General Porter. Ripley held the reserve. Porter's command consisted of his volunteers, Gibson's riflemen, and the remains of the First and Twenty-third Regiments of United States Infantry. The assault was made with desperate fury. Porter carried a block-house of the enemy, in rear of Battery No. 3, by storm; made the garrison prisoners; blew up the powder magazine; and hastened to the assistance of Colonel Miller. He, in turn, had penetrated Batteries Nos. 1 and 2, and, by the

aid of Porter, carried both. The result was, that the British advanced works being destroyed, and a large number of prisoners captured, as well as a heavy loss in killed and wounded, caused the works of Drummond to be abandoned. General Brown, in his report, says: "In a close action, not exceeding an hour, one thousand troops of the line, and an equal number of New York Militia, destroyed the fruits of fifty days' labor, diminished his effective force one thousand men, and forced upon him the abandonment of the siege and speedy retreat to Chippewa." And a military critic of no little renown, Major-General Sir William F. P. Napier, in his History of the War of the Peninsula, refers to it in high terms, as follows: "The sortie of Fort Erie was a brilliant achievement; the only instance in history where a besieging army was entirely broken up and routed by a single sortie."

But this gallant action was not without severe loss on our side. The three officers in command of the divisions under General Porter—Colonel Gibson, General Davis, and Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, fell mortally wounded. General Porter himself was wounded twice in the sortie. An incident, characteristic of his bravery and presence of mind, is related by his son. As he was going from one part of the field to another, during the engagement, attended only by his staff, he came

suddenly upon a party of British soldiers, about eighty in number. Putting a bold face upon the matter, he went up to them, and said, "That's right, my brave fellows! surrender; I'll take care of you," at the same time throwing down their muskets, which were piled or stacked; but they, recovering from their surprise, picked up their fire-arms, and no doubt would have captured him and his staff, but for the timely appearance of a body of Americans. The result was a brisk skirmish, in which most of the enemy were killed or made prisoners. "With the destruction of Fort Erie, and the removal of the troops from the Canada line, the campaign of the Army of the North, in 1814, was ended."* In acknowledgment of his services in this war, the city of New York presented General Porter with the freedom of the city in a gold box; the State of New York voted him a sword; and the thanks of the Congress of the United States, with a gold medal, struck to commemorate the successful campaign of 1814, were presented to the five generals who had most distinguished themselves—General Brown, General Scott, General Ripley, General Gaines, and General Porter. In the lately published autobiography of Lieutenant-General Scott there is but little mention of General Porter, in connection

* "Scenes in the War of 1812."—*Harper*, January, 1864.

with the battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane. But it is not the custom with autobiographers to permit the public mind to be diverted from the principal character, whose great deeds they are describing. Some correspondence, however, found among General Porter's papers, after his death, reveals the fact that his great services were not overlooked by the Government in 1814. He was then appointed "*Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Frontier;*" and his commission, with the papers accompanying it, are now in the possession of his family. But the war being speedily brought to a close, he declined the merited distinction, as his services were no longer actively required.

But the exercise of his abilities for the public good did not cease with his military life. In the year following the war (1815), we find him nominated by the Governor of the State of New York, Daniel D. Tompkins, for Secretary of State. "He did not solicit the appointment," says Hammond, "his business at Black Rock, where he resided, requiring his personal attention;" and, besides, he had been the year before re-elected to Congress. His appointment, however, was confirmed by the Council; and as it may be interesting to know *why*, I quote the language used upon the occasion: "That General Peter B. Porter had honorably distinguished himself in the army on the Niagara frontier

during the war; and, besides, was justly esteemed as a man of the first order of intellect." These were considered *qualifications* in 1815. It does not appear, however, that even with this flattering commendation, he served as Secretary of State; his election to Congress may have prevented his acceptance. In 1816 we still find him occupied with arduous public duties. He is appointed (by President Madison) Commissioner, under the Treaty of Ghent, to settle the boundary line between the United States and Great Britain.

For a time we lose sight of him as a public man. He married, late in life, Mrs. Letitia Grayson, a widow lady, and daughter of the late John Breckinridge, of Kentucky, formerly Attorney-General of the United States, under President Jefferson. The estimable character of this most charitable and pious lady, who died only a few brief years after her marriage, leaving a son and daughter, is so well known that it has become a matter of public record, and therefore I do not transgress the limit of propriety in speaking of her here.

The personal friend of Colonel Porter, as well as his legal adviser and executor,* who has generously furnished me with the materials he had collected for a biographical sketch for the Buffalo Historical Society, says, in a letter:

* Mr. Charles D. Norton, of Buffalo.

"I recollect her, a woman of noble presence and imperial face and form, very gracious in her manners, of wonderful capacity in the management of affairs; of a most benevolent and charitable disposition, she was the friend of the friendless and the supporter and benefactress of all worthy institutions. She was renowned in this region for her care of the poor, and her sympathy for all those in circumstances either of poverty or affliction. Her door, in the cold mornings of winter, was beset by her dependents, and they went away rejoicing in what was most necessary for them in their condition. At her decease, the local journals, the papers of Washington, New York, Philadelphia, Charleston, and Louisville, spoke of her in terms of the highest eulogy, and recorded her many virtues. Her correspondence shows her to have been the friend of Clay, Calhoun, General Scott, and the most distinguished statesmen of her time; and I find letters of condolence upon her decease from General Scott, Henry Clay, Mr. Calhoun, General Cass, Mr. Preston, Commodore Rodgers, and others; all of them expressive of the same grief for her death, and extolling those remarkable graces of mind and person for which she was distinguished above her sex.

"From such a mother Colonel Porter inherited many of his noblest traits of character, and it is not surprising that a man thus born and reared and educated should

have been noticeable for the best gifts which God vouchsafes to the distinguished sons of our race."

The last important position which General Porter occupied in public affairs was that of Secretary of War, under the administration of John Quincy Adams, in 1828. It is said that this appointment was derived solely from the active influence of Mr. Clay, his personal friend and rival in debate, who fully appreciated his great shrewdness and sagacity. A contemporary, and one of the few able men that have survived this period, says, "that his administration was very able; his method excellent; being himself a business man, the routine of his department was thorough, while his official documents were marked with great elegance of style, as well as singular simplicity and clearness. He was a little deaf, but it was a great pleasure to sit beside him, upon social occasions, at table; his manners were fascinating, and his conversation happy and unaffected, although pregnant with fine thoughts and observations of the world."* From another source we learn, "that in the records of legislation, in State or Nation, there are few better specimens of eloquence than he uttered, or of compositions than those that came from his pen."†

If I have trespassed too much upon your time, in

* Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck.

† Holland Purchase, p. 615.

recalling these particulars, it is because a brief history of the career of the gallant father forms a portion, as it were, of the biography of his no less gallant son. We recognize the same traits of character in both, and the comparison is drawn still closer when we reflect that the hero that led the sortie of Fort Erie was then about the same age as our hero when he led the charge at the bloody battle of Cold Harbor, Virginia.

Peter Augustus Porter was born at Black Rock (now a part of Buffalo, New York), July 14, 1827. Four years afterwards, in 1831, we find, by the family record, that he becomes an orphan on the mother's side; and in 1844, a few years after the General's removal to Niagara Falls, a great concourse assembles there to pay the last tribute of respect to the hero of Fort Erie and the Niagara frontier. At the time of the death of his father, he is still a mere youth, seventeen years of age. It is due to his memory to say, that much of the care of his earlier years devolved upon his only sister, of whom he always spoke in terms of the tenderest affection.

He was prepared for college by the Rev. James Such, a graduate of Cambridge, an English gentleman, and an accomplished scholar. He entered Harvard College in August, 1842, in the Sophomore class; graduated in August, 1845; visited Europe in May, 1846; and studied for some years at Heidelberg, Berlin, and Breslau, in

order to perfect himself in the usual accomplishments of a scholar and a gentleman. He returned to America in the spring of 1849, to take charge of his patrimonial estate, which was large, and situated in the counties of Erie and Niagara. In 1854 he engages in the study of the law, at Cambridge, Massachusetts; in September, 1855, he again visits Europe, and returns in May, 1857.

It would appear incumbent upon me to refer here to his immediate family relations. It is true, they form part of his domestic history; but it seems to me too delicate a task to perform now. I shall, therefore, avoid treading upon this sacred ground, and I am sure he would sanction my reticence if he were present.

Let us, rather, turn to those matters which more immediately concern his connection with "The Century." He became a member of the Association on the 9th of January, 1853.

At this time the "Journal of the Century" was in full vigor. The "Journal" was a collection of papers, contributed from time to time by the members, and read at the monthly meetings. Mr. John H. Gourlie was then the chief, and I had the honor to be junior, editor. One evening, just preceding the monthly meeting in July, 1853, Mr. Cranch placed in my hands a MS. poem, entitled "The Spirit of Beauty." It struck me then as a rare specimen of rhythmical art, and it possessed, besides,

a very subtle humoristic quality, that rare and dangerous companion of delicate verse. When it was read its reception was as flattering as its merits deserved. I was then just acquainted with the author, and at my request he permitted the poem to be printed in the "Knickerbocker" of the following month, by whose judicious readers it was highly relished and appreciated. In April, 1857, another poem from his pen, entitled "Arcadia, a Medley," was read before "The Century," and at my request he allowed it to be published in "Putnam's Magazine," of May. It was not the less enjoyed and appreciated. In 1858 he wrote the "King's Speech," in the great Twelfth Night festival; and at the Twelfth Night festival of 1859, made the "Queen's Speech," both of which are preserved in the archives of "The Century." The last contribution of Colonel Porter to "The Journal" was in 1858. It was a humorous tilt at our ancient festivals, entitled the "Centurion's Dream." It was subsequently printed in the "Crayon," of November, 1860. This, like all the other productions of his pen, he had great misgivings for; he did not think it worth publishing. I had some difficulty in changing his opinion, *or*, *perhaps*, his determination. In regard to these matters, he always afforded a striking and a pleasing contrast to many other versifiers with whom I had the honor to be acquainted. Their pens were

not lodged in the racks before they were ready to fly into the world, to let that great listener know what they had done. But that great listener is as discriminating as it is amiable; and it has placed a few poems of modest merit far above the strife, the rivalry, the dust, and struggles of literary aspirants, in the poetical arena. Let us, at least, accord to Porter that he was not a contestant for the laurel crown. He looked upon the conflict from his side-box. He had learned, from the teachings of his early tutor, the Rev. James Such, who was a most accomplished scholar in versification, the full value of prosody, the longs and shorts, the rhythmical music of the old English tongue; and he employed his lore in compositions merely for the amusement of his friends.

A beautiful elegiac poem from his hand, written in Europe, some years ago, "Upon hearing of the early death of George H. Emerson, a college friend and classmate," was republished in the "New York Times" of June 14th or 15th of this year. It is full of the tenderest pathos, and might properly be quoted here, if it did not too painfully recall the writer. In the "Wine Press" for April, 1860, a contribution from his pen appears. It purports to be a continuation of Macaulay's History; but the writer, with that constant regard for truth which, even in fiction or in jest,

always accompanies him, says of the sketches of the lives of Washington and Franklin, "they purport to be sketches for a future volume, by Macaulay;" but in the preceding paragraph he says, "*but for their authenticity I do not vouch.*" And this he does as a forewarning to the cursory reader, to be on his guard against the playful deception, which is so close to the original in *style*, that it might have deceived the most cultivated and the most observant of critics.

In the "Buffalo Commercial Advertiser" of November 19th, 1864, appears a posthumous poem, entitled "Come nearer to me, Sister," written by Porter, when only nineteen years of age. It bears all the promises of his early genius, which afterwards ripened into more perfect productions. I do not know of any American poem more tenderly pathetic than it. To any one competent to measure the latent and undeveloped powers of a highly imaginative mind—rich in treasures of learning and controlled by an exquisite taste—these few pieces will afford a curious and interesting study. The humorous verses exhibit, with every changing current of the theme, a wonderfully creative fancy, original in conception, delicate in expression, and almost as perfect in musical rhythm as some of the most elaborate essays in versification of the present time. In the elegiac lines we find the same powers of imagination

developed in language of the deepest pathos; nervous, but chastened by the tenderest emotions, and elevated in accordance with the solemn character of the theme. In the imitations of Macaulay, we perceive that it is the style only of the late eminent historian that is copied. The thoughts are Porter's own; and, clothed in other language, without the trick of antithetical rhetoric, would place his powers as an analyst of character upon a par with those of the happiest writers of that class. In all things his judgment went hand in hand with his imagination; his exuberant fancy was curbed by his taste; and his erudition was only equalled by his modesty.

Nor was his knowledge in art less cultivated, less delicate, less intelligent. He was quick to detect merit in the earlier works of rising artists; totally unbiased by the schools; and broad and generous in his applause when art-critics hesitated to commend works of real genius. With such gifts, which, had he lived, would have been developed to the honor of the State and to the credit of the Nation, our dear friend has closed his career. "Colonel Porter," says Mr. Norton, "has left a mass of half-finished manuscripts; a play incomplete; a fragment of verse; an essay here; a poem there;—if the time were not so brief between now and December, I wish they were in your hands, that you

might judge more accurately of his varied ability." And in a subsequent letter from this gentleman, he says: "Porter had collected all his father's papers and letters relating to the last war, with the view of writing a history of the campaign of 1812; for he was always of the opinion that such a history was a desideratum, none having been written which gave all the facts of that eventful period with the fulness and accuracy which the events demanded, and the importance of the war required."

You, Mr. President,* who can so fully estimate the meaning of this brief extract from a familiar letter; you, who have devoted your life-long labors to the history of this country upon its ancient theatre; you, who have done for the earlier actors of the colonies, and the revolution, what our beloved friend and associate intended to undertake, that we might have a true representation of the conflict which gave us the free right of the seas of all nations, as the earlier revolution gave us the free right of the lands we occupy; you, who have so laboriously built up one of the American Pyramids, can more truly than any other estimate the loss we have sustained in the younger Cephrenes.

It is, indeed, to be regretted, that so valuable an

* Mr. George Bancroft.

acquisition to our growing libraries should have been lost. It is true, the "correspondence, notes, and reports," of the elder Porter, may pass into other hands, and be still treasured and recorded in libraries and cabinets, as forming an extensive view of our last war with Great Britain; but, whatever may become of them, it will be a source of regret to the future student, to think that they were left without the touch of the animated pen that could have given them vitality, warmth, and coloring. In this, as in every other way, we feel that we have sustained a great public loss. Who shall fill the vacant chair, or wield the graceful pen which fled from fingers so competent?

The political life of Peter A. Porter was brief. Like his father, he was a member of the Assembly of his native State—elected in 1861. In March, 1862, he made a very spirited address to that body, in relation to a bill providing for the public defence. He, among the very few, had a true idea of the magnitude of the approaching conflict; and even anticipating foreign intervention, in which case the Niagara frontier would have been, as in 1812, the assailable point, he says: "Our frontier should be the bulwark; we should defend it. May we not hope, at all events, that the strife may be confined to our border; that, using all arms and defences that may be given us by the State and country,

we shall confine *the desolation to our own farms and fields*, and not suffer the tide of blood to stain the pure waters of the Susquehanna or the rich valleys of the Genesee?"

At the outbreak of the war I had many opportunities of conversing with Colonel Porter, in relation to the aspect, civil and military, of the approaching struggle. His position in regard to it was unmistakable. Connected as he was, by birth as well as by marriage, with the Breckinridges of Kentucky; knowing, as he did, by constant intercourse with leading Southern men, much more of the policy that underlaid Southern principles than the majority of professional writers upon the subject, and being well informed, by personal observation, of the true state of the South, both in regard to its strength and its weakness, his opinions were singularly valuable, and his statements singularly clear and reliable.

But the position that he had taken was as firm as it was temperate. It was the position that became the Christian gentleman and the patriotic soldier. And in this, as in every other act of his life, he lived up to his professions. In his letter of September 5, 1863, declining the nomination of Secretary of State of New York, we find a full exposition of his views of the political aspects of the question. And even to those who do not adopt all

his conclusions, the animus which pervades his political faith will be as dear to them as love of country can inspire. I do not quote this admirable letter at length, because I feel sure that it will be embraced, with many other writings from his pen, in some future volume. But I cannot avoid referring to one of his reasons for declining the nomination, namely, his immediate obligations to his regiment, the Eighth New York Artillery. "I left home," he says, "in command of a regiment composed, mainly, of the sons of friends and neighbors, committed to my care. I can hardly ask for my discharge while theirs cannot be granted; and I have a strong desire, if alive, to carry back those whom the chances of time and war shall permit to be 'present,' and to 'account' in person for all."

With this letter his political career closes. I am not aware that he gave any public expression of his sentiments afterwards; and in his military career, he was carefully "reticent" of all political matters.

In the summer of 1862, the noble infantry regiment which Colonel Porter had raised performed garrison duty in the defences of Baltimore. But to a young and inexperienced officer the position was trying and arduous. In the first place, his command was changed to a regiment of artillery. In a regiment of infantry the numerical force is, in round numbers, about one thou-

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sand men, while in a regiment of heavy artillery, it is from fifteen hundred to two thousand two hundred, men and officers. It is impossible now to ascertain the strength of his command, for the muster-rolls are not open for public inspection. But from a *surmise* of the *necessary* garrison of so important a post as Fort McHenry, to estimate it at two thousand men would not be far from the truth. In the second place, his position as commandant of one of the most important fortifications on the Chesapeake, including, as it must have done, the garrison of Federal Hill, assailable by land or by sea—and, I may add, *points* that General Lee would have struck at, had the military genius of the North failed, either at Antietam or Gettysburg—to such a commander, so young in military affairs, the position must have been trying and arduous. *Arduous*, to discipline so large a body of men, with such slight experience. *Trying*, to feel the contingencies that might hang upon his shoulders if he had to assume the defensive against Lee's army, flushed with victory.

During these eventful periods of our country's history, I had a few rare opportunities of seeing him in Baltimore and in Washington. He spent part of his time with me in his brief visits to the capital. He was always inquiring about our personal friends; about "The Century," in particular, its members, its course of

action. Need I say to you how dear those conversations were? But if these were interrupted by occasional visits of army officers, just from the front, the conversation took a technical turn. Then Colonel Porter was the anxious neophyte of military knowledge. I cannot conceive of any person paying a more absorbed attention to every sentence that fell from the lips of the prominent actors of the great strife, and particularly in details, than he. What he heard then I was satisfied was carefully treasured in his memory.

Let me briefly recall here one little incident of those days. As commandant of the post at Fort McHenry, he was also the custodian of political prisoners. One day, while in Baltimore, I proposed to him to visit a friend who lived a few miles out of the city, and whose collection of pictures was well worth seeing; but Porter declined, and for these reasons: "I do not visit any persons in Baltimore," he said, "not even my own relatives. I might meet persons one day, socially, as friends, who, on the next, might be marched into the fort as captives. How could I receive as guests, and invite to my prison fare, without feelings of compunction, those who had only a short time before received me with an abundance of hospitality? Much as I would like to go, I feel that it is my duty to decline." And so, with a disposition fitted for society; with an exquisite appreciation

of the fine arts; with a natural longing for something to temper the austerity of garrison life, his routine service was preferred by him, *simply because it was his duty!*

And the fine feelings of the gentleman, as well as of the officer, shine forth very clearly, when, even out of respect for some of the possible prisoners, he says, "How could I invite them to my prison fare, who had, a short time before, received me with an abundance of hospitality?" Knowing, as we now do, his feelings in regard to such matters, we can the more fully appreciate the meaning of the expression in his letter declining the nomination of Secretary of State. "We hear and talk almost nothing of politics," he says, "in our *little world.*"

And that "*little world*" of bastions and parapets, of soldiers and prisoners, bounded, for two years, a life so noble, so wise, so brave, and yet so gentle.

We can imagine, however, that there were times when he experienced a respite from the stifling boundaries of his little world: it might have been, when, in the cool of the evening, he took his accustomed walk to that famous parapet at Fort McHenry where our flag floated during the bombardment of the British fleet in 1814, the sight of which produced the immortal ode of Francis S. Key. Can we not also imagine that

those hues of our flag, which suggested the line of the poet,

"In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream"—

may have also suggested to Porter's mind the far off image of Niagara, with its national bow of promise—in full glory reflected! and that the thought might have reminded him too of that earlier war, in which his father was so gallant a participant?

I may as well recall here, too, another incident. Colonel Porter, in the early part of his military training, used to have an old sergeant, a veteran of the regular army, at his left hand, during regimental drill; and it was his custom to consult this "*vieux moustache*" upon knotty and technical points concerning battalion tactics. Porter did not scruple to speak of this fact when talking with more experienced officers. But it sometimes happened that the sergeant was wrong. And I remember when a mooted point came up, and the advice was asked of a few military proficients, who happened to be together in Washington, that the Colonel's judgment proved to be better than the sergeant's training. And I well recollect the remark of an officer, afterwards, who had passed his life in the military service. "If your friend Porter," said he, "is not afraid to begin with a sergeant at his elbow, with what he knows theoretically, and with what

he will learn practically, he will become one of the most accomplished officers in the army. But," said he, "there are very few officers in the volunteer service who would dare to face their regiments with a sergeant as a tutor. It shows great firmness of character, and not a little of military shrewdness."

Colonel Porter's desire to take an active part in the field kept pace with his military acquirements. It neither preceded nor followed them. Coupled with his ardent wish for more active life, was his sense of responsibility to his regiment. He had no thoughtless impulse that would lead him to squander the lives of his men in a fruitless field, but a strong desire to carry back those whom the chances, or time, or war, should permit to be present when the result was attained and the campaign was over.

Let me now hastily refer to the movements of the Army of the Potomac which brought him into the field.

General Grant, on the fourth of May, 1864, at four o'clock in the morning, struck tents and moved upon his momentous campaign. The various battles that followed, until the left wing of the army attacked the enemy at Spottsylvania Court-House, are sufficiently familiar. But just preceding this time, such had been the heavy losses sustained in our numerous battles, that the reserve forces in garrison were called out into the field. Burn-

side's Corps—the reserve of forty thousand men—had been already brought to the front in the tremendous conflicts in the early part of May, of which the battle of the Wilderness was the most trying. Hancock, Warren, Sedgwick, and Meade had been hammering away with unexampled valor at the enemy's front, without gaining a permanent foothold. But the loss of men had been fearful on both sides.

At this time there were two regiments of heavy artillery commanding important points of defence on the Maryland peninsula. One was that of Colonel Porter, at Fort McHenry, overlooking the harbor and the city of Baltimore; the other was that of Colonel Lewis O. Morris, at Tenallytown, covering the approaches, on the north, to the city of Washington. These two regiments of New York Volunteer Artillery, numbering some two thousand men each, intrusted with most important positions of defence during the war, and now actively called into the field, possess, for us, a mournful interest. These regiments—the Seventh and Eighth New York Artillery—comprised the flower of the volunteer service of our State. Colonel Morris, of the Seventh, was the son of Brevet-Major Lewis N. Morris, United States Army, who was killed at the storming of the heights of Monterey, in Mexico. Colonel Porter, of the Eighth, was not less eminent in heroic lineage. Both officers entered the

campaign together; both were killed on the same battle-field.

At the attack upon the defences of Spottsylvania Court-House, Colonel Porter was particularly distinguished for gallant conduct. In order to animate and encourage his men, he fearlessly rode out in the face of the hottest fire of the enemy. But the ordinary chances of battle were not the only dangers to which he was exposed. He was picked out. There was a crack of a rifle, a puff of smoke from a tree in close proximity to the gallant Colonel, as he rode to and fro. A few well directed shots from our sharpshooters tumbled a rebel out of the tree, and, upon examination, it was found that he was shot through the head. When brought in, all wounded as he was, and questioned, his Southern bravado did not desert him. "I fired," said he, "at Colonel Porter out of that tree three times, and missed him every time." The men of Porter's regiment who heard him, would have killed him upon the spot with their bayonets, but for the interposition of Porter. "Let him alone," said he. "Poor fellow, he has been punished enough. Take him to the rear." "But how did you know," said one, "that it was Colonel Porter?" "Oh, I knew him well enough," said the rebel. "I was a prisoner under him at Fort McHenry."

After Hancock's gallant attack upon Spottsylvania,

the army, by successive marches, moved over the North Anna, and crossed the Pamunkey, at Hanovertown. From "White House" it skirted the defences of Richmond, on the peninsula, and found that the open ground which had been occupied by General McClellan, in the campaign of 1862, was covered by the defences of Richmond in 1864. This may explain why it is more difficult to capture that city now than it was two years earlier.

Between the Pamunkey and James Rivers, but much nearer to the former, lies a place known as Cold Harbor. It is no *harbor*, for it is quite inland; a rolling country, not entirely cleared from the primitive forest; patches of pines and oaks are interspread here and there with Virginia farms, as well cultivated as any in that country. Cold Harbor is not a village, nor even a collection of farmers' houses; it used formerly to be a famous place for picnics and excursions from the capital of Virginia, from which it is about twelve miles distant. It has been suggested, that its shady coverts and breezy uplands gave it its original title of "Cool Arbor." But our worthy secretary* says that Cold Harbor is a common name for many places along the travelled roads in England, and that it means, simply, "Shelter without fire." The German origin of the name,

* Mr. Augustus R. Macdonough.

"*Herberge*," means a shelter. In this country there are now many settlements by the English formerly so named.

But, in a military point of view, Cold Harbor is a place of no little importance. Its healthy elevation above the swamps of the Chickahominy; its proximity to Richmond; to the James River on the south; the Pamunkey on the north; to the Virginia Central Railroad on the west, and the York and Richmond Railroad on the east, would suggest at once to a commander the necessity of taking possession of it. More than this, it is the centre of five turnpikes, that lead to all these important communications like the spokes of a wheel to its periphery. It is a splendid fighting country, twice famous for obstinate and determined battles. Gaines' Mill, about two miles west of it, was held for a while during the "seven days" by General McClellan; —the rebels keeping possession of Cold Harbor. In General Grant's campaign, two years afterwards, and in the same month, the positions were nearly reversed—the rebels holding Gaines' Mill, while our attack was to capture the intrenchments at Cold Harbor, which would have given us the passage of the Chickahominy.

Two of the five roads that radiate from this point are crossed by another, about a mile and a half south—the two radii forming the sides of a triangle, of which the cross-road is the hypothenuse. Within this narrow

patch of earth the most deadly struggle was waged. On the west road the enemy's rifle-pits and intrenchments covered the approach to Gaines' Mill. Early in the morning of the third of June, orders were given to advance against the enemy's works, and capture the point of roads. It is necessary to say, here, that the Seventh and Eighth New York Heavy Artillery served as infantry in this campaign; that these large regiments were brigaded with what remained of several infantry regiments, and, with these skeleton regiments, constituted the effective force of the attacking brigades. Colonel Porter's regiment was in General Gibbon's Division; Colonel Morris, in General Barlow's; General Robert O. Tyler, who was chief of artillery in the Peninsular campaign, commanded the brigade, of which Porter's regiment formed the most effective part. To show the numerical superiority of these artillery regiments, let me say that one of them, with four of infantry, would make a full brigade; while some brigades, composed entirely of infantry, required no less than twelve regiments. The gallant General Tyler was severely wounded in the action, and Porter would have succeeded him in command on that field, had he lived.*

* General Hancock said that Porter would have been promoted for gallant conduct, had he lived. He surely would have well won the coveted star of a Brigadier-General, and added lustre to it.

All these commands were in the Second Army Corps of General Hancock. The mere mention of the names of these gallant officers, and of this brave corps, will recall some of the most heroic achievements of the war.

At the opening of the ball, Colonel Morris, of the Seventh New York Artillery, carried the enemy's rifle-pits, captured two hundred and sixty prisoners and several pieces of artillery; but not being supported in time was obliged to retreat, leaving his captured guns in their embrasures, but carrying off his prisoners. This was a severe blow to us. Morris had gained the key of the position at the first onset, and he had been obliged to relinquish it. To this point the rebel forces now converged in great numbers, and the fire here was as close and deadly as the opposing masses could be packed together. Against this fire Porter was ordered to advance. In response to it he made a brief address to his officers, who were summoned about him, telling them, "that it was almost certain death, but the duty must be performed." Then dismounting from his horse, he called out to his men, "Follow me, my brave boys! I will lead you!" and so, waving his sword, plunged into the terrible fire at the head of his command, and charged up to the enemy's lines. So noble and conspicuous an object could not fail to draw the fire of the rebel sharp-

shooters, as it had at Spottsylvania.* He fell, pierced by a bullet through his neck. Struggling to his feet, he again waved his sword, to re-encourage his charging lines. Once more he fell, this time, among other fatal wounds, struck through the heart. But with wonderful vitality, he gathered himself up on his hands and knees, and died in that position, within a few hundred feet of the enemy's works. For two days he lay under the fire of those terrible antagonists.

We lost upon and in the vicinity of that little patch of earth seven thousand men, in killed and wounded. A newspaper reporter, in describing the conflict, says, "Six hundred of the Eighth Regiment of New York Artillery lay stretched upon the field of battle."† And

* There was something singularly commanding and officer-like in Porter's appearance after he entered the service—a seriousness, a sense of responsibility, that impressed itself upon his fine features. His figure was moulded in Nature's best proportions; his complexion so fair that it would have been almost effeminate, had not his features possessed every mark of masculine energy. His hair was light, his eyes gray; his face suggested a perfect type of Saxon symmetry. The broad brow, the resolute chin, the delicately curved nostril, rivalled the best specimens of classic sculpture. It is to be regretted that no cast was taken from his face. This may seem the extravagant language of a too partial friend, to everybody except to those who knew him.

† What the loss was cannot now be ascertained. An officer on General Tyler's staff, Lieutenant Pierre Van Cortlandt, in speaking of the battle of Cold Harbor, said, "I never saw such fighting. One regiment went in eighteen hundred strong, and came out with only six hundred. They went right up to the rebel works and commenced pulling out the abatis. The Colonel was killed, the Major wounded." When I asked him what regiment it was, he said, "the Eighth New York Artillery, Colonel Porter, of Niagara Falls."

these men, with all the other men from other regiments on both sides, rebel and Union, were, for the time, exposed to a cross-fire from either front. This is one of the terrible lessons of civil war!

It belongs also to the cruel history of this war to state, that Porter's own cousin, John C. Breckinridge, doubly bound to him by lineage and by marriage, commanded the rebel forces in this fearful conflict.

On the night of the second day, during a rain-storm, five men belonging to his regiment, "the sons of his friends and neighbors," whom he had promised "to account for, if alive," determined to rescue the remains of their beloved commander. They crawled as near to the enemy's works as they dare go together; then one, "holding his life in his hands," dragged himself through the mire to the body, "lying within five rods of the enemy's breastworks," tied a rope to the now useless sword-belt, and so, crawling back to the hollow where his companions were sheltered, drew him within reach of their affectionate hands. Crouching to the earth with their burden, they carried it a quarter of a mile farther, without drawing the fire of the enemy, and then placing it on a stretcher, bore it three miles through the night to the division hospital.

I am happy to be able to record the names of these gallant fellows: Sergeant Le Roy Williams had charge

of the expedition; the others were Galen S. Hicks, John Duff, Walter Harwood, and Samuel Traviss. It would be a grateful task for "The Century" to remember their gallant conduct by some slight memorial. Be it greater or less, it would not be forgotten by them.*

The body of Colonel Porter, when examined, was found to be pierced with six bullets—two through the neck, one through the heart, one through the abdomen, and one through each thigh. His remains were inclosed in a coarse coffin, made from the rough boards of a Virginia farm-house, by his faithful body-servant, John Heany, who had been with him during the course of the war. From Cold Harbor they were taken to White House, Virginia, and there embalmed; from thence to Baltimore, where they were met by a military escort, and, with the profoundest and most respectful observances, carried to the Episcopal church, in which he used to attend Divine service while on duty in that city.

The rude coffin, enveloped in the dear old flag of his

* "The Century" has acted upon this suggestion, and appointed a committee to prepare some suitable token, as a memorial of its affection, to be presented to these brave men. But since this action of the Club, a new phase of the enterprise has come to light. It seems that the faithful body-servant of Colonel Porter, who was authorized to act in such a contingency, offered a reward of one thousand dollars to any who would rescue his remains. These five men accomplished it, but would not accept the reward. "They would not touch it," said my informant. This places the action of these *braves* upon a still more conspicuous pedestal.

country, was placed in the chancel. The funeral service was performed amid the most solemn and impressive silence. The body, after remaining all night in the chancel, was re-escorted to the cars on the following morning, and then, in the care of friendly hands, carried towards his once happy home at Niagara Falls. A large concourse from the neighboring country attended the last ceremonies that closed his brief and beautiful career. The services at St. Peter's Church were conducted by Reverend Dr. Shelton, an Episcopal clergyman, who had before performed the same sad rites over the remains of his father, his mother, and his first wife. There was no military display—no ostentatious exhibition of public processions; but the stores were quietly closed as a mark of respect, and scarcely a sound was heard in the hushed village except the solemn thunder of Niagara. After the impressive ceremonies of the Church were over, the concourse moved to Oakwood Cemetery, where the hero now rests, but not "alone in his glory."

The proposed monument is to be a simple column of marble, crowned with the emblems of his faith and his patriotism—the cross and the flag.

Fellow-members of "The Century!" in the performance of the task allotted to me I have, thus far, placed only a bare and barren record of dates and facts before you; but even the data relating to his life are so preg-

nant with all that is noble, wise, self-denying, indicate such keenness of perception in matters of criticism, and yet so generous in appreciation, that he was, with great gifts, so modest; as honest in purpose as he was patriotic in principle; and as heroic in action as he was patriotic; and so—dying as nobly as he had lived—how can the vast storehouse of language supply epithets for a formal eulogy that will rival his simple narrative? And can Friendship even mourn over the close of so brilliant a career, when he, in the very fulness of his chivalric nature, surrounded by a cloud of witnesses, gave up his life for his country upon that heroic field? Is it for us to rear the commemorative obelisk or to unveil the tributary urn of tears, in memory of him whose virtues need neither pedestal nor inscription? Let us rather turn to the more immediate relations of his blameless life, with which many of us are not so familiar.

His confidential friend and legal adviser, to whom I owe much of this brief history, says: "He was a man of the clearest perceptions in matters of business, grasping readily the most complicated affairs; and of such sound judgment, that his conclusions were rarely incorrect." His promptness was remarkable; he never made an appointment that he failed to keep. Once having decided any matter, he rarely found occasion to change his mind. He was exceedingly conscientious in his dealings

with others. "Let us do right," he said; "though the law gives me an advantage, I will not avail myself of it." In the hard times of 1857 he voluntarily reduced the rents of his tenants. When his mortgages were unpaid and required foreclosing, his first inquiry was, are they honest, worthy, working men? If they were, or if they had died, leaving widows or children, he always ascertained first the value of the improvements upon the property, as well as the payments they had made upon it, and generally paid the one and refunded the other." That such a course of conduct was justified by ordinary pecuniary laws we cannot admit; but his executor says that "when his course of conduct was determined upon, he would take no other." His charities were like a rich placer, to be worked by the poor. To the friendless he was a constant benefactor. He indeed fulfilled all the injunctions of the Apostle.*

"But to all this was added yet another and higher attribute. From his earliest boyhood, his reverence for sacred things was most profound and sincere. He spoke but little of such subjects, but his whole conduct showed him to be a devoted and humble Christian." His faith was as genuine as it was unobtrusive. It guided the whole course of his spotless life. To

* 1st Corinthians, xiii.

those who were witnesses only of Porter's intercourse with the foam-spray of society; who merely knew him as a part of that brilliant artificial life, of which he was, upon all occasions, so conspicuous an ornament; to those this statement will appear almost incredible. But the contact of the world did not sully his pure character. Like the nobler metals, his nature could endure the fiery trial of the furnace, and run clear from the dross of the crucible. It was for many years his constant practice to acknowledge his obligations to his Creator in humble prayer, in the midst of his family, and he became a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in October, 1861, being confirmed at Geneva, by Bishop De Lancey. The last letter written from the front (and received after his death), contains these memorable words: "I try to think, and feel, and act as if each day were to be my last, so as not to go unprepared to God. We must hope, and pray, and believe, He will preserve me. Yet His will be done! It is selfish to wish to be spared at the expense of others."

I cannot more fitly close this brief biographical sketch of the earthly career of our dear departed friend, than by this extract from his will:

"I, Peter Augustus Porter, being of sound mind, do declare this to be my last will and testament:

feeling, to its full extent, the probability that I may not return from the path of duty on which I have entered. If it please God that it be so, I can say, with truth, that I have entered on the course of danger with no ambitious aspirations, nor with the idea that I am fitted by nature or experience to be of any important service to the Government; but in obedience to the call of duty, demanding every citizen to contribute what he could, in means, labor, or life, to sustain the Government of his country—a sacrifice made the more willingly by me when I consider how singularly benefited I have been by the institutions of the land, and that, up to this time, all the blessings of life have been showered upon me beyond what falls usually to the lot of man."

And now, fellow-members—while the accents of his departing words still linger in your ears—let me retire. I have attempted to lay a garland upon his grave, and have brought no flowers so fresh and fragrant as those that were already there. I have attempted a eulogy, and find the voice of praise is hushed by attributes above all praise. Let me dedicate, however, these few leaves to his memory, for they come from what he prized above all earthly things—the hand and heart of a friend.

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Henry Wheatland, M.D.

BORN JANUARY 11, 1812.

DIED FEBRUARY 27, 1893.

SERMON

PREACHED BY

REV. EDMUND B. WILLSON,

AT THE

NORTH CHURCH, SALEM,

SUNDAY, MARCH 5, 1893.

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the lead of the affections are so many symbols of that decisive power of spiritual concentration, which in Jesus wrought his mighty works and is in sharp contrast with that distracted mind and not-clear vision of those who seem drawn many ways at once, and whose great want is some one overpowering and controlling motive worthy to rule,—a desire and purpose mastering all other desires, reducing them to order and producing harmony by silencing all lesser and opposing motives, and giving by concentration or singleness of vision unity and power to the life.

I could not anticipate when speaking to you last Sunday of one aged, leading and life-long member of our communion just gone, that another of the same household, and certainly not less worthy of commemoration would, by his almost immediate departure, invite us again to personal reminiscence and biographical retrospect.

It is but a few weeks since that, as I was illustrating the rare success and productiveness of some lives which are yet even exceptionally quiet and retiring in habit, I mentioned as a most pertinent example the President of the Essex Institute then a good while retired from active duty by what seemed a prostrating and incurable invalidism. He has followed to his rest after a week the elder brother of whom I spoke last Sunday morning at some length. His history furnishes a notable illustration of what large results that singleness and clearness of vision, which selects an object or end to live for and holds steadily to it for the years of a long life, may accomplish. It might be put as Jesus put it—accomplished by one who is more chosen and called to his work than he is conscious of choos-

ing it, so adapted does he seem to it. It is natural selection. Nature selected him for it.

In the first place, the end sought was a worthy and noble one; in the second place, it was distinctly comprehended in all its nobleness; in the third place, it was pursued with an unwavering steadiness of aim and constancy of faith that refused to be turned back by obstacles or discouragements, and finally compelled even obstacles to become allies.

In pronouncing the end or object to which Doctor Wheatland devoted his life, a worthy and noble one, my meaning is not that he saw in their perfected shapes from the beginning the very institutions and agencies of social education and elevation which he did so much to create, foster and develop into their present forms. His vision was by no means so narrow and definite as that. More broadly his vision comprehended all possibilities behind these nearer ones; they were indefinitely large. They comprehended, as the hymn we sing has it,

"Whate'er is friendly to our race."

To what outlined and formal proportions his vision would shape itself he could not foresee. This would appear as he went on. Time and the beginnings and the possibilities would determine that. He no doubt builded better than he knew. All do so who build in faith and seriousness, and put heart into their work. Yet he saw more beyond what he was building, as what was to come after.

In his early manhood he began the search for knowledge: not simply for the glory of it, as would appear, or that he might be rich in large accumulations, or exhibit great store

of learning, but that he might put his acquisitions to use. As he travelled—partly for health—he made use of his opportunities to observe and study, and think over plans of life; so that he brought home not only a sharpened appetite for knowing, but some gathered fruits, and brooding thoughts of what to try to do. And looking around him modestly in this his home community, and taking note of the things most needing to be done and things seeming possible, he quietly went about doing them in his own fashion, pretty much unnoticed. He put out no prospectus of new and large operations, but took the materials at hand, went among his fellows with suggestions, which after the usual amount of delay, objections and discussion bore fruit. By the time that harvest was ripe—usually a good while before—he had forecast the next step, and was ready with further suggestions, and plans more or less matured as to the direction the advance should take next, and how to compass it.

He was interested in education and studied ways and means of improving the schools. He was an early and zealous if not the foremost promoter of the selection of Salem as a seat for one of the Normal Schools of the state. He was not covetous of the honor of connecting his name with any new or good thing if he could get it done. He sought to enlist such as had means, such as had influence, such as had powers of persuasion in the carrying forward of his plans, and never betrayed any sign of envy or of hurt to his pride if the credit of any success went to them. He saw respectable and venerable societies devoted to scientific and historical research whose histories had had

honorable beginnings, but had come to the languishing period, and showed but a feeble vitality, and he labored to revive them, to arouse interest, to raise funds, and by combining their resources, insufficient for a separate maintenance, to make them sufficient in combination. So he brought those who were working apart to work together. Gradually he gathered helpers about him. This was an intelligent community. There were men in it who more and more appreciated the importance of what he was doing. Some could not at once see the use of all that gratuitous toil and drudgery to which he submitted in gathering old papers, pamphlets, MSS., relics, curiosities, cast-aside furniture,—much of which seemed to them nondescript rubbish; but they came to believe that he knew what he wanted and what he would do with it; so they let him collect and began to lend him a little help in it, and little contributions came in to his cabinets and museums and various collections. And by and by here were mere boys forming their little associations and collections. They had caught this healthy habit of going through the world with their eyes open and their thoughts about them. And there grew up little by little a cluster of institutions and activities of an intellectual and educational sort about here, such as has rarely if ever been seen equalled in any other community of the size of this, unless it were a university town or the seat of some important institution of education,—and a parallel even in such a community I imagine it would not be easy to find. They did grow up here; they were natural products; came quietly, first the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn

in the ear; but none the less was the soil to be tilled; and it was in no small part the hand of the diligent husbandman whose work I am tracing that helped it to be.

He was always at work for the people. He seemed to resort little to the centres of learning and investigation for fellowship with the learned. They knew him as of their guild and appreciated his labors. But instead of affecting to spend his time in seeking them and associating with them exclusively, or in a select and separate way, he sought to bring them here as fellow-workers with him, and to induce them to impart to the community at large of their riches. They recognized him as of their order and came at his call, glad to find here a group of receptive and intelligent listeners. So he made friends with Cambridge professors and those of other colleges and institutions and such as had the gift of instructive and scientific exposition. Here some of the literary men found a more than usually congenial atmosphere in which to express themselves. Here the men who had made new and wonderful discoveries and inventions liked to make early exhibition of their experiments and accomplishments.

Do I claim for this one man all these wonderful results? By no means. Doctor Wheatland was himself a product of this ripe American civilization which has known no better soil for its planting and unfolding than this spot. It had been the home of Doctor Prince and Doctor Bentley and Doctor Bowditch and others who, if less known, had something of their quality. Its brave and intelligent mariners and its sagacious commercial factors had been taught already to lay under tribute the rarely visited shores of

foreign lands, civilized and barbarous, as also those of the most remote and secluded islands, for whatever thing, native or created by man, could illustrate the natural history or the civil history of man; nor to omit to bring of the natural products of every soil and clime. But he was more than receptive. He recognized opportunity, and he made opportunity. With a discerning and single eye he saw what needed to be done to preserve and to pass on this rich civilization to posterity, bettered too, by at least so much as one quiet man with his eyes open, his wits about him and his heart in it, could do to increase and deepen its benefactions. And observe again that his object was always to extend these helpful influences among the people. If he could bring Professors Agassiz and Gray and Norton and others of eminent ability to speak here from time to time, it was not that it might shed reputation upon himself, but that the minds of the people of the young especially might be aroused, their tastes guided and their minds enlarged. He made it his business to watch for and encourage every inquiring mind about him in its first curious explorations for knowledge. He had no scorn for small and feeble beginnings. No man or woman, or curious child, need think the book of the universe closed and sealed against investigation even from one whose life was given to labor and industry. If a real thirst for knowledge existed it could secure even in what could be saved from leisure hours some acquisition worth striving for; and, if he did not himself possess the knowledge you sought, he would tell you where to go for it. He was always eager to extend these social and educational

influences. Salem, if it had arrived at anything of benefit to itself as to its educational advantages, must carry it through Essex county, and then beyond, and all abroad. Correspondence, exchange and fellowship with all associations elsewhere seeking similar ends, namely, the increase of human knowledge and the elevation of men and society, he sedulously cultivated.

I remember most distinctly how much I was impressed when I first became a citizen of this place by the aspect of things here and how soon I observed this man's influence in much which interested me most. Here was a remarkable centre and gathering-place for young men, students they called themselves I suppose, many of whom have since made for themselves names of distinction, and who as they have scattered widely have carried with them the enthusiasms fostered in this congenial climate: professors, teachers, lecturers, explorers, they are still in the various fields of science. How came they here? They were not pupils of Doctor Wheatland. Something drew them, chose them,—they came by natural selection. But when I inquire how it happened that the conditions were made so favorable for them to pursue their studies here, to act upon each other and to stimulate each other in their chosen pursuits, I find that the one chiefly watchful and diligent to make ready the conditions and help forward the result was, as I am sure no one would deny, Doctor Wheatland; that his was the leading influence in creating this Salem school of young scientists. He was their chief; their central figure about whom they ranged themselves.

Perhaps nothing filled me with greater admiration at

that time than the—to me—novel and original institution called a "field meeting" of the Essex Institute. I had never seen or heard of anything like it. I do not know whether he originated it or not. It has since declined in popular favor, somewhat, I believe, though it still has all its original capabilities if it had the same leadership. It was then in the full tide of success, and I never missed an opportunity in those early days of my ministry of attending one unless it was impossible. It seemed to me the most thoughtfully devised and simply managed method of extending and popularizing knowledge, of quickening mental life, of teaching the value of observation and of opening the book of nature to the study of the young and curious of all ages, of which I could conceive. Here came a little group of specialists to a country town of the county, few, perhaps none of them, very learned yet, even in their own department of science; but, though rating themselves as students and collectors only, possessing so much knowledge that they could study the locality and and discuss its history and its natural history intelligently. And this they did. After a morning spent in exploring the vicinity, divided into parties according to their tastes and special studies, and accompanied by any who chose to join them in the walk and the search, they assembled at mid-day, and after partaking of the refreshments they had brought with them, they made their reports to an audience composed half of members of the Essex Institute and their friends and half of such dwellers in the vicinity, old and young, as were interested enough to attend.

The more expert we will say in geology, mineralogy

and archæology now gave their interpretation of the geological formations of that locality, finding on that little spot of the earth's crust the signs of how it had come to be, hill and stream, rock and soil, the processes of prehistoric times by which it was being made fit for man's habitation; with mineralogical specimens before them they gave interesting information of the order of rock-making, the succession of deposits, the agencies of sun, rain, and weather, and of internal and external temperatures, in shaping this bit of the world to its existing contour and consistency.

The botanist followed in turn with talk of the forests, the flowers, the plants, the vegetable growths of that same territory; made known the methods of identifying families and species of trees and plants, with leaf and bud and plant in hand to illustrate the lesson, all given in the simple and familiar conversational style.

Then came the zoölogist, whether ornithologist, entomologist, ichthyologist or ophiologist, with their accounts of the animal life of the region, with specimens gathered from the waters, the woods and fields, to give flavor and color by illustration, and thus deeper impression to their discourse.

From fossil implements, graveyard inscriptions, family and town records, the antiquarian and local historian brought interesting fragments of early settlement, family history, the developments and changes of industries, the statistics of schools and literary associations, of inventions and architecture, and whatever else would diversify, instruct and entertain the meeting.

Now the most significant thing about all this was, to my mind, its simplicity and efficacy as an educational agency. It was a series of object-lessons gathered from the ever-open leaves of nature's text-book, and her uncollected collection—if I may call them so—in natural history. It was not so much for the knowledge dispensed or gathered in that hour that it had value, as it was for the quickening impulse it gave to every listener, especially to the young, as it became a revelation of the wonderful things lying close at hand to every man and woman, boy and girl, in his or her own however isolated home. It opened eyes to see, it set minds to thinking. Without other text-book or teacher than this open book of nature, it became possible for each one to enter on a course of observation and experiment for himself by the roadside, in his door-yard, in the brooks, pastures and woods of the homestead;—everywhere were these most interesting and curious facts open to the discovery of one who had eyes and would use them, who had the powers of thought and would think. The learned book would follow in time, the more perfect science would come later. Here was the start, the quickening of mind, the faculty and the thirst for observation and comparison set going, the foundation and beginning of all knowledge. And this far-seeing man perceived here the means of impulse and guidance, in line with all wise educational methods from Kindergarten to University.

Another fact, which early and greatly impressed me as showing the wide and wise beneficence of this man's methods, was one which I had never noticed to anything

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

like the same extent elsewhere, kindred, to be sure, to that just spoken of; the fact, namely, that an unusually large number of persons engaged in regular and exacting occupations, had felt a marked intellectual stimulus from this widely prevailing tone of thought. Not only were the sea-going men inspired with an interest to collect for these museums, and educated by that interest, but here were busy men and women in bank and factory, in shop and garden, giving regular and full time to their respective professional, mechanical or mercantile pursuits, who yet had found the fascination of some field of observation, or research, or special reading and study so great, that they had surrendered a large portion of their leisure to these pursuits, and found no other pleasure or diversion sufficiently attractive to draw them away from them.

The measure of Doctor Wheatland's influence will appear more and more fully as time goes on and as we trace back to their beginnings some of the best features of the social life of this city. His eye was single. His motives were pure and unselfish to a rare degree. His life-work was a continuous labor of love. No man for earthly reward would have given himself so heartily and wholly to his calling. He saw visions, and dreamed dreams, and built castles with a prolific imagination: yet he was no visionary. He employed his imagination as faithfully and laboriously in devising ways and means as in shaping structures fair to the eyes and aspirations of those who love their kind. Night and day his brain was busy with his creations, at first only imaginations, of the good to be striven for. If his hopes met with delay, disappointment,

defeat, he was not soured, impatient, despondent. His faith that time would bring him his harvest seemed never to waver. He was always on the lookout for recruits. He was interested to know of each new-comer to town whether he was one to help forward his public-spirited designs in any capacity. He reconciled those disposed to work by themselves, to one another and brought them into coöperation. He dealt gently with prejudices. Though naturally quick in feeling he had infinite patience with the slow. He was no partisan in anybody's contentions and strifes. Always a peacemaker, he would lend a hand to any one, or any company endeavoring to make things better for man, and to make man himself better deserving, and of more worth to himself.

And the noblest example of all which he has left us was his unselfishness. Most men need appreciation, and feel the slight, if in their generous endeavors to serve their age, they receive inadequate recognition and credit for what they do. Doctor Wheatland probably valued the good opinion of his contemporaries as we all do; and of late years, as many of his plans have ripened to a noble harvest visible to all eyes, he has had this appreciation in no stinted measure. But he had many early discouragements to struggle against. Men did not see so far in advance as he did. His methods were quiet. He carried the strongholds of objectors and doubters individually, not in the mass; by personal explanations; by the exhibition of results already gained; by watching every opportunity to make a new friend or seizing an unexpected advantage. The progress was slow, tedious, costly in time, and in

expenditure of effort. And when some single, unusual gift, or unexpected lift of the burden came, what was seen by the many was the last sudden and exceptional generosity, and to the liberal giver went naturally and properly the meed of praise; but he to whom fell the long and toilsome previous persuasion and study of means that led up to it was more easily overlooked. But want of popular and immediate appreciation and response never seemed to dampen the ardor, or chill the faith, or give pause to the industry of this friend of all good causes. Observe: of *all* good causes. Because he seemed to foster the Essex Institute like a beloved and only child, you had only to know him more closely and intimately to know that he did not confine his sympathies or his efforts to this institution. Literally, "Whate'er is friendly to our race" could count on him as a friend. Especially whate'er was friendly to that portion of our race which has the fewest friends and the most need of them. He was the President of the Salem Fraternity from the beginning; an institution which sought to gather in and minister to the needs of those standing most in need of home influences, of a healthy, moral environment, refining companionship, rational amusement, industrial training and reading habits.

Long an officer in the principal library association of the city (before the public library was established), he was one of those who gladly entertained and forwarded the endeavor to devote that library as far as it would go and in combination with others to the founding of a free public library in Salem. All the appliances which he could gather, appropriate and adapt to educational uses, he was

ever disposed to place at the service of the public, or of any individual pursuing any particular line of investigation. He would extend to the schools all available helps and privileges which could contribute to teachers or pupils assistance and encouragement in their work. What one of us did he not place under obligation by referring him to the sources of information upon some point or theme of interest to him, modestly furnishing hint and suggestion to facilitate his labors, and rendering him all the aid and encouragement in his power?

I must bring to an end my hasty enumeration of some of the principal and best-known services rendered to this community by this man of the single purpose and clear vision. Many another will bear more full and adequate testimony to the merit of his labors as a friend of science, a patron of learning, an attentive observer and ready helper in establishing important industries, and opening new sources of prosperity to his native city. I can hardly believe that any other will accord to him a more hearty and venerating appreciation of the spirit of generous self-sacrifice in which he devoted his life, his counsel, his substance and all his abilities to the welfare of his native city and the service of mankind. Doing good was the business of his life. And the influence of his life is not ended. It is just beginning.

> "... They serve God well
> Who serve his creatures.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> What's done is what remains! Ah! blessed they
> Who leave completed tasks of love to stay
> And answer mutely for them, being dead."

Library of the University of California,
from Samuel A. Green.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH,

THE EARLIEST POET AMONG HARVARD GRADUATES, WITH SOME BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON HIS DAY OF DOOM.

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in Boston, on Thursday, January 10, 1895, Dr. Samuel A. Green communicated the following paper: —

Michael Wigglesworth, a graduate of Harvard College in the Class of 1651, was the earliest alumnus of that institution to achieve in his own day distinction as a poet. There were earlier graduates who indulged at times in versification, but their attempts were confined to elegies, and short poems on minor occasions, and were not considered of literary importance. A few years after leaving college Wigglesworth wrote a poem of some pretension, first published in 1662, which had for that period a wide circulation among the Puritans of New England. It is entitled: "The Day of Doom; or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment. With a Short Discourse about Eternity"; and, on the poet's own statement as authority, the first edition of 1,800 copies was sold within a year of its publication. It is a grim production, belching forth hideous and repulsive doctrines; and Professor Moses Coit Tyler, in his "History of American Literature" (II. 27), calls it a "blazing and sulphurous poem." Mr. Sibley, in his Harvard Graduates (I. 272), says: "This work represented the theology of the day, and for a century, with the exception perhaps of the Bible, was more popular throughout New England than any other that can be named. It passed through

several editions in book-form, besides being printed on broadsides and hawked about the country. As late as the early part of the present century many persons could repeat the whole or large portions of it." While Wigglesworth was earnest and honest in his convictions, the notes of his song were harsh and discordant, but at that early period they satisfied the spiritual needs of devout worshippers.

The poem has passed through many editions both in this country and England, and was reprinted in New York as late as the year 1867, showing that even in our time, there is a certain demand for the book, though perhaps rather as a literary curiosity than for its religious consolation.

Without doubt the first edition was printed in Cambridge, and probably the fourth also; but the second and third may have been published in London, as editions appeared there anonymously in 1666 and 1673. In the following notes, for the sake of convenience only, I shall refer to these several editions, and shall assume that they were the only ones printed before 1701; but this assumption on my part may be wrong. The statement has been made that no copy of any of the first three editions is now extant; but this is probably true only as it relates to American imprints. There are copies of the third edition (London, 1673) in the Prince Collection of the Boston Public Library and in the Lenox Library, New York; and Mr. Sumner Hollingsworth, of Boston, also has a copy among his fine collection of rare books connected with early New England history. In the Addenda to his "Ante-Revolutionary Publications," found in the Archæologia Americana (Vol. VI.) of the American Antiquarian Society, Mr. Haven gives Cambridge, 1683, as the place and date of the fourth edition, but I fail to find his authority for the statement. Perhaps it was an advertisement at the end of a book or pamphlet, or an allusion to the poem in some contemporary manuscript. Undoubtedly he had good reason for the assertion. The Boston edition of 1701 is called on the titlepage the Fifth, which might mean the Fifth generally, or the Fifth American. There is some reason to suppose that there were four Cambridge editions before 1701, though unfortunately no complete copies of any of them are now to be found; and perhaps the two London issues of 1666 and 1673 were unauthorized, and not counted by the New-England printer in

the series of numbered editions. If this supposition be correct, the question would shape itself thus: —

First edition,	Cambridge,	1662	
Second "	"	1666, reprinted, London,	1666
Third "	"	167–, " "	1673
Fourth "	"	1683	
Fifth "	"	1701	

As neither of these London editions has marginal notes, both may have been reprinted from the first Cambridge edition, which is supposed to have been also without notes.

During a recent visit to New York, Mr. Wilberforce Eames, of the Lenox Library in that city, called my attention to the fact that a title of the second edition of the Day of Doom is given in the printed catalogue of books in the British Museum, where it appears anonymously under the letter "D," and not under the name of the author. There is also a copy of the third edition in the same library entered in a similar way; and there are titles of two later editions given under "Wigglesworth." As the second edition of this interesting work is unknown, even in a fragmentary way, to bibliographers in this country, I here give a collation, for which I am indebted to the courtesy of Dr. Richard Garnett, Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum: —

The | Day of Doom; | or | a Description | of the Great and Last | Judgment. | With | a Short Discourse | about | Eternity. || London | Printed by J. G. for P. C. 1666.

Collation: Titlepage; i–ii. A Prayer unto Christ . . . ; 1–72, The Day of Doom; 73–79, A Short Discourse about Eternity; 80–91, A Postscript . . . ; 92–95, A Song of Emptiness . . .

Copy in the British Museum, c. 57. a. 21.

There is in the library of the Historical Society an imperfect copy of the Day of Doom, which unfortunately lacks the titlepage and the three following leaves. It is bound up with some pamphlets in a volume which was given by Robert F. Wallcut, on November 23, 1837. This copy of the poem is certainly a specimen of very early printing, and came probably from the press of Samuel Green at Cambridge, as similar border pieces were used by that printer in "The Book of the General Lavves and Libertyes" (1660), Eliot's New Testament, translated into the Indian Language (1661), and

his Bible (1663), John Cotton's "Discourse about Civil Government in a New Plantation" (1663), and John Norton's "Three Choice and Profitable Sermons" (1664). Different arrangements of the same ornamentation are to be found in other books of Green's printing during a period of many subsequent years. Probably this imperfect copy belongs to one of the missing Cambridge editions. The Scriptural references in the margin, for the most part, are fewer than they are in the fifth and later editions which contain the same references though slightly amplified. A collation of the copy is as follows: —

Titlepage, *verso* blank; (6 pp.), "To the Christian Reader," signed "Michael Wigglesworth"; (2 pp.), "On the following Work and It's Author," signed "J. Mitchel"; (2 pp.), "A Prayer Vnto Christ the Jvdge of the World"; 1–75, "The Day of Doom," page 65 numbered "51," and catch-word at bottom of page 75 "On"; (76), blank; 77–84, "A Short Discourse on Eternity"; 85–94, "A Postscript unto the Reader," page 92 printed "62"; 95–98, "A Song of Emptiness to fill up the Empty Pages following. Vanity of Vanities," page 98 numbered "78."

A fragment of four lines from the address "To the Christian Reader" happens to have on the back the printed name of Michael Wigglesworth, which seems to show that this edition, though perhaps published anonymously, had the author's name appended to the address immediately following the titlepage.

In Mr. Hollingsworth's collection is a copy of the fifth edition of the poem, from which nearly three years ago I made a collation of the volume. It is as follows: —

The Day of | Doom: | or, | a Poetical Description of | the Great and Last | Judgment. | With | a Short Discourse about | Eternity. | By Michael Wigglesworth Teacher of the | Church at Malden in N. E. | The Fifth Edition, enlarged with | Scripture and Marginal Notes. | [Three lines from Acts xvii. 31, and five lines from Matthew xxiv. 30.] || Boston: Printed by B. Green and J. Allen | for Benjamin Eliot, at his Shop under the | West End of the Town House. 1701.

Titlepage, *verso* blank; (6 pp.), "To the Christian Reader," signed "Michael Wigglesworth"; (2 pp.), "On the following Work and Its Author", signed "J. Mitchel"; (2 pp.), "A Prayer unto Christ the Judge of the World"; 1–57, "The Day of Doom"; 57–62, "A Short

Discourse on Eternity"; 63–75, "A Postscript unto the Reader"; 76–80, "A Song of Emptiness, to fill up the Empty Pages following. Vanity of Vanities."

In the library of the New-England Historic Genealogical Society is a fragment of the Day of Doom, which Mr. John Ward Dean, the Librarian, and other experts think once belonged to a copy of the first edition. Judging from the font of type and from certain ornamented initial letters and border pieces, the book was printed probably by Samuel Green at Cambridge. It has neither notes nor Scriptural references in the margin, and in this respect resembles the London editions of 1666 and 1673, which in these remarks have been called the second and third. The following is a collation, made under many difficulties, as the copy is very imperfect, lacking pages both at the beginning and the end. Perhaps one half of the book is gone, and the description, taken in part from the stubs of leaves, may be subject to error.

Titlepage, *verso* blank; (2 pp.), "A Prayer unto Christ the Judge of the World"; (6 or 7 pp.), "To the Christian Reader," by Michael Wigglesworth; (2 pp.), "On the following Work and its Author," by J. Mitchel; (1 p.), blank; 1–65, "The Day of Doom"; (66), "A Short Discourse about Eternity," — a page given to the title; 67–73, "On Eternity"; 74–83, "A Postscript unto the Reader"; 83–86, "A Song of Emptiness . . . "

In the opinion of Mr. Dean, who has given much attention to Wigglesworth, and has written a memoir of him, the first edition of the poem did not have the marginal notes. He infers this from a statement by the author which is found in one of his manuscript note-books, now in the possession of the New-England Historic Genealogical Society, as follows: "About 4 yeers after they were reprinted wth my consent, & I gave them the proofs & Margin. notes to affix." Perhaps these marginal notes were prepared for another Cambridge edition, of which no copy or fragment is known now to be extant, unless perchance the imperfect copy of the Historical Society should prove to be such.

Since the year 1701, there have been numerous editions of the work published, but the scope of the present paper does not include them for description.

Chief-Justice Sewall, in his Diary, under date of August 14, 1688, makes an entry in which he mentions giving to a kinsman a copy of the Day of Doom, perhaps at that time a recent publication. If this was so, it may have been one of the missing fourth edition, though I lay no stress on the probability.

The following advertisement, found at the end of an Election Sermon (Cambridge, 1670), preached at New Plimouth, June 1, 1669, by Thomas Walley, Pastor of the Church of Christ at Barnstable, gives the year of publication of another of Wigglesworth's famous productions, about which there has been some diversity of statement: —

THere is now going to the Press sundry excellent and divine Poems, entituled, *Meat out of the Eater;* or, *Meditations concerning the Necessity, End, and Vsefulness of Afflictions unto Gods Children; All tending to prepare them for, and comfort them under the Cross.* By *Michael Wigglesworth.*

This advertisement does not appear in the first edition of the pamphlet, printed in the year 1669, but is found in the second, published in 1670. There are copies of both these editions in the possession of the Historical Society, but hitherto in the catalogue of the Library by an oversight they have not been recognized as distinct or separate issues. The first is not given in Mr. Haven's list of "Ante-Revolutionary Publications." These two pamphlets were struck off from the same press at Cambridge; and with few exceptions the second was printed line for line from the first, and with the same catch-words at the bottom of the pages. One exception is found near the top of page 5, where the abbreviated form "Doct." is inserted at the beginning of the lines in italics, thereby changing their justification; and another instance occurs in paragraph numbered "3," on the same page, where there is a similar change in the justification of several lines, caused by the use of italics and by wider spacing between the words. In a few other places the types vary either in their fonts or in the use of capitals and italics: *e. g.*, "o" in "to" in the headline, on page 3; the "J" in the italicized names "Jerusalem," "Josiah," and "Jer.," on the same page; and the capitals in "Pride" and "Self-love" on page 9, line 7.

The Historical Society has a note-book, kept by Wigglesworth during the years 1652–1657, which is similar to four other manuscript books by him, now in the possession of the New-England Historic Genealogical Society, and evidently once belonging to the same set. This note-book consists largely of personal memoranda, and contains many entries in short-hand. Our associate, Mr. William P. Upham, an expert in such matters, to whom I have often been indebted for the rendering of similar entries, has again come to my help in this instance, and writes me as follows in regard to the passages: —

They are written with the characters of the System of Thomas Shelton, 1641. (See Upham's Brief History of Stenography, Salem, 1877.) No historical matter of importance is found in them. They appear to consist wholly of the pastor's own penitential reflections, and "relations" (statements of religious experience) made by other persons.

Mr. Sibley had the use of these five volumes when he prepared an account of the Puritan minister which appears in his Harvard Graduates (I. 259–286), and he describes them in some detail at the end of his sketch.

In conclusion I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. Dean and Mr. Eames for valuable aid in the preparation of this paper.

CHICAGO
HISTORICAL SOC
1885

In Memoriam.

JOHN S. WRIGHT.

In Memoriam.

JOHN S. WRIGHT,

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 21, 1885.

BY

AUGUSTINE W. WRIGHT.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
CALIFORNIA.

CHICAGO:
FERGUS PRINTING COMPANY.
1885.

CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

CHICAGO, July 23, 1885.

AUGUSTINE W. WRIGHT, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I have the honor, in behalf of the Chicago Historical Society, to tender to yourself and brother its thanks for the beautiful oil portrait of your father, the late John S. Wright, which you generously presented at the quarterly meeting on the 21st inst.

I also beg to inform you that, on the motion of Hon. William Bross, the thanks of the Society were unanimously tendered to you, and a request made that you furnish a copy of the biographical memoir of your father which you read on that occasion, that the same may be published. Very respectfully,

ALBERT D. HAGER,
Secretary.

In Memoriam.

JOHN S. WRIGHT.

GENTLEMEN OF THE CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I HAVE the honor of addressing you this evening upon the life of my father, the late John S. Wright, although I realize fully the truth of Barham's statement, that "It may, perhaps, be questioned whether under any circumstances a very near relative is a fit person to fill the office of biographer; independently of the prepossession by which he must almost necessarily be swayed, and of the restraint which a consciousness of its existence induces, expressions both of eulogy and the reverse seem to fall ungracefully from his pen. The writer has no immunity to plead in the present instance from the effects of this law."

In 1832, the population of Chicago was estimated at 150. Today it is estimated at 700,000! What has caused this wondrous growth, a growth unequalled in rapidity by any city of the known world? Some will answer, it is due to nature, to the wonderful

natural advantages surrounding the site upon which this proud city was to be erected. I, however, affirm that it is to be attributed not less to the remarkable character of those who, in the early days, ventured from their homes into this almost unknown region and by their wonderful energy and unequalled ability gave an impetus to the growth of the would-be city, that has gathered force as it rolled, and has resulted in the Chicago of today!

"The means that heaven yields must be embraced, and not neglected; else if heaven would and we will not, heaven's offer we refuse."

No city was ever the happy possessor of greater capacity in its founders! John S. Wright wrote, "A set of men superior to the early settlers of Chicago were never brought together." Only the most enterprising and energetic ventured upon the long and trying journey to the then "Far-West", and those early settlers have left their impress upon every profession, every occupation in the life of this great metropolis! Their fame is not bounded by the confines of this vast continent, but has extended to every civilized country upon the globe! Among those who thus cast their all with Chicago was the subject of this brief address, and to no other individual is this city more indebted.

In the quaint old graveyard at Colchester, Conn., can be seen tombs of generations of the Wrights. Capt. Joseph Wright moved from Wethersfield to Colchester, where he purchased a large farm. He died Sept. 10, 1766, aged 87. His wife was Mary Dudley from Guilford. Timothy was their second

son. He died in 1756, aged 44. His wife was Mehetible Brainard of E. Haddam. Their sixth child was John, born May 27, 1745. He died June 6, 1826. His wife was Lucy Sears of E. Haddam. Their fourth child was John, born Nov. 25, 1783. He died in Chicago, Ill., Sept. 20, 1840. He was born and raised on a large farm near Colchester, Conn., and having a store in Sheffield, Mass., he there, in 1814, married Huldah, a daughter, eldest but one, of Stephen Dewey. At the latter's house in Sheffield their eldest child, the subject of this sketch, was born July 16th, 1815. He was named John Stephen after both grandfathers.

In 1815-16, John Wright traveled for his health on horseback from Massachusetts into Illinois, and thence to New Orleans, whereby he acquired a knowledge of the country, and became much impressed with its promise for the future. He moved from Sheffield to Williamstown in 1822, where the mountain scenery is grandest of Berkshire, to have the benefits of the college in educating his children, having three sons at that time, John S., Timothy, and Walter. He continued a merchant. A brother of his wife, very dear to her, Prof. Chester Dewey, was in the college, and Mr. Wright at once took one of the best students, Mr. Willey from New Hampshire, into his family, giving him board for his teaching the children. The mother had been the teacher exclusively. She was a highly-cultivated lady in every respect, and taught her son, John S., before he was seven years of age, all the arithmetic, English grammar, and geography that he

ever studied. Mr. Willey put him at Latin, which was his chief study for four years. Both parents were very superior in mental powers, perfectly united in family affairs, most devoted to their children! At ten, he was put with his brother, Timothy, with Mr. Bradley, going to his room in college to study and recite, and began Greek. After two or three years, an academy was started under a Mr. Canning, and to Latin and Greek, Algebra and Euclid were added. His excellent uncle, Prof. Chester Dewey, had such a fame for interesting scholars in study and arousing their ambition, that Mr. Pomeroy of Pittsfield, father of his then wife, built for him the Berkshire Gymnasium, and induced him to take charge of it as a higher field of usefulness. To him John S. was sent in 1829–30, and was then taken into his father's store as a clerk for six months, with an interest in part of the business, giving a trial of his book-keeping, which had been well mastered. The profits paid for another year's schooling at his excellent uncle's, who loved him as his own children, and never chided for anything, except that love of chess prevented adequate out-door exercise. Ambition was aroused equal to his uncle's pride and confidence, and the two and one-half years' discipline of head and heart was worth double all other education, except that of his adored parents! Yet the great and good Dr. Griffin, Professors Kellogg, Albert and Mark Hopkins, who succeeded Dr. G. in the presidency of the college, had ever a pleasant word of encouragement, bespeaking strong interest that helped abundantly his ambition to

make himself a man. I have heard that Prof. Hopkins said, his was one of the brightest minds that ever came under his instruction.

The first Sunday in June, 1832, he became a member of the Congregational Church. The wish so dear to many a New-England mother was not absent from his own, and she had always trained him to love the ministry and study for that profession; but he preferred an active business life as giving far greater opportunities for rising, and he expected to enter a store at New York; but his uncle, Prof. Dewey, said to him: "Cousin John, you will do no such thing; your father intends to take you to the 'Far-West' and let you make a man of yourself; and that 's my own advice as the best way to bring you out." The lad's satisfaction was intense, and in a few weeks he went home, expecting to go with his father to New York to get a stock of merchandise. The cholera then first appearing, the father thought it best not to take his son; but the next day brought a letter from his brother, Amasa, living in Brooklyn, saying the cholera had subsided. The son started for the great city, and found his way to his uncle's, to their great surprise. But he told them he had no idea of going way off West, without seeing New York; that he hoped to help build a great city out there. Goods, some $5000 or $6000 worth, were bought and shipped to Buffalo, where from thence they had no idea. The Black-Hawk War had that year called attention to Chicago, where was Fort Dearborn; and a schooner being found at Buffalo thither bound, the goods to

arrive were contracted for transportation. The plan was to get them to Galena, then prominent for its lead-mines. The trip from Williamstown, then consuming nearly three weeks, would be interesting to contrast with the present.

The father and son arrived at Chicago, October 29, 1832. In a few days the father purchased a horse to explore the land, going to Fox River and down it some thirty miles, and striking back for Chicago. He stopped a night at a place afterward called Plainfield, with a Mr. Searcy, who had a lot 80 x 150 feet, on north side of Lake Street, a little east of Clark, in Chicago. This Mr. Wright bought for $100. In 1833, he built a hewed-log store on this lot. It was called the "Prairie Store," being so far back from the line of business. Before the fire, it paid among the best rents in Chicago. The goods in part only arriving, some not reaching Buffalo when the vessel had to sail, John S. rented a store-room in a log-building of Mark Beaubien, with whom he boarded. Beaubien had met them on the South Branch, where they stood with the wagon, waiting to go over to another hotel. He was a large, fine-looking Frenchman, and came up, touching his hat and bowing, said, "You going to stop here?" Mr. Wright said, "Yes, we had heard the hotel was on the other side." Said Beaubien, with usual emphasis, raising and lowering his arm with a vengeance, "This my house. Me keep tavern like ——

('What I decline to repeat;
It was th name af a bad place, for mention unmeet';)

play de fiddle like damnation; you no stop with me?"

Mr. Wright was so amused that with a hearty laugh he accepted the cordial invitation.

John S. had unpacked, marked, and was selling the goods at 100 to 150 per cent advance, having learned of Dole, Hogan, and Bob Kinzie, friends already, what they charged. So when his father returned, he never said a word about Galena, but told his son with much glee of his lot purchase; but the son "went him better" by telling him that Philo Carpenter had proposed, just after he started to see the country, that they should hold the chain for each other, and get Mr. Herrington to survey for each a quarter-section, to get at $1.25 per acre by pre-emption. The father had a severe contest with Hiram Pearson to get his quarter-section, but succeeded, although under the adverse claim it was sold at $1000 per acre in 1836. It is now Wright's Addition to Chicago, and includes Union Park, and is worth millions. The son became very expert with the rifle, and shot prairie-chickens and snow-birds from the store-door, at the southeast corner of Lake and Market Streets. The father returned to Massachusetts in the fall, but came suddenly upon the son in the spring, and opened his eyes with astonishment when he saw the store converted into a gunnery, and the goods all sold. He said naught to the son, but inquired of Mr. Dole about him, who said, "Never you fear for John. The boys (Hogan, Kercheval, Bob Kinzie, and Brady) have tried their best to get him into our frolics, but he was no go." He had spent the time studying the Greek classics, etc. He assisted in raising the third frame-

building in Chicago in February or March, 1833—P. F. W. Peck's store.

In 1834, Mr. John Wright removed his family to Chicago. In 1833, the Rev. Jeremiah Porter organized the first Presbyterian church of all the Northwest, except at Galena. Mr. Wright was one of the elders, and his son John S. an original member.

John Wright lived until Sept. 20, 1840, and day by day had his original convictions strengthened that this *was* to be the site of a populous city. His wife died in Chicago, April 15, 1853, leaving an enviable record of good works. She was one of seven sisters, and the words of another may be applied to her:

"Distinguished no less for grace and loveliness of person than for rare endowments of mind and heart, she grew up in her New-England home in an atmosphere of the purest christian love and refinement; and giving up home and kindred, she went forth trustfully to share with her husband in all sweetness of patience and tenderness of devotion the hardships and trials of life in the log-dwelling at Chicago."

The family home was for many years at the southwest corner of Michigan Avenue and Madison Street. She entered actively into every good work, and her charity never failed. From her John S. Wright inherited most noble traits.

The lad, John S., became at once imbued with a deep faith in the future of Chicago, and began to operate in real estate on his own account in 1834. He was not of age, but gave his father a lot valued at $2000, in December, 1835, for the remaining seven months of his minority. This was afterward returned

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to him in the division of his father's estate. He published one of the first lithographic maps of this city early in 1834. It comprised Sections 9 and 16, and the fractional 10 and 15, bounded north by Chicago Avenue, south by Twelfth Street, west by Halsted Street, east by Lake Michigan. But only 10; the south half of 9, east of Jefferson Street; and the two or three north tiers of blocks of 16 were subdivided into lots; all the rest was in squares and 40 x 80 acre lots. In 1836, the property he had acquired was valued at $300,000, and this he had accumulated without pecuniary assistance from his father. He purchased at one time over 7000 acres of canal lands, and probably owned a greater portion of Chicago than any other person. As stated, he was a member of the first Presbyterian church. He also assisted in organizing a Sunday-school, in which he taught a class, and was likewise secretary and librarian, carrying this the first Chicago Sunday-school library, of 20 volumes, to and fro in his pocket-handkerchief.

In 1836, in accordance with his father's wishes, he purchased a warehouse and dock lots for $23,000, to engage in the shipping business, as the father considered it very desirable for the son of twenty-one to have regular occupation to promote good habits. His entire indebtedness at this time was about $25,000, and there was due him nearly $20,000, chiefly final payments upon real estate which he had sold; but the panic of 1837 brought ruin to many; his debtors could not pay, and by 1840, his property had all gone.

In 1837, he erected the *first* public-schoolhouse of

this city at his own expense ($507.93). It was on the church lot S.-W. cor. Clark and Washington sts. His mother was interested in an infant-school, and desiring a building, this dutiful and generous son erected it. This was the beginning of our public-school system, and for years he devoted much time and thought to educational matters. In 1839, he was manager of the Chicago Colonization Society, as well as trustee, secretary, and manager of the Union Agricultural Society. The farming interests engaged much of his attention, so that, in the fall of 1840, he began issuing *The Prairie Farmer*, hoping by practical agriculture to reach the leading farmers, the power of the West, upon the fundamental subject, common-school education! For some years he was sole editor, and retained an interest until the panic of 1857. Did time permit, I would fain dwell upon the value of this paper to all the Northwest.

From 1840–5, he traveled in a buggy most of the time in all parts of the then West—Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa—to become acquainted with influential farmers, and to make them write for their paper, and advocate common schools. He became well informed about the country, and witnessed its rapid settlement, as well as the development of its unequalled, inexhaustible resources. In 1842, he got up the first State convention at Peoria, to promote an interest in common schools. It was a grand success, and he was made chairman of the committee to memorialize the legislature. Traveling then constantly to and fro about *The Prairie Farmer*, he had done noth-

ing toward the memorial when he went to Springfield, but it was done, as he said, "after a fashion," and read by him in the senate-chamber to the joint committees of the senate and house upon common schools. Monday morning the memorial was offered in the senate, and Mr. Constable, from a Wabash county, and an entire stranger to him, arose upon the presentation, and said he had listened to its reading before the committees, and he moved to print 10,000 copies that it was the best thing he ever saw or heard upon that subject. Not a voice did he hear against it, but so afraid was the lieutenant-governor (John Moore) of Yankee-school innovations that he pettishly declared the motion lost. Then 5000 was moved, and it passed unanimously. That started the efforts in the whole West for that great work.

In 1845–6, he was in the East, and wrote a series of most valuable papers, appearing in *The Commercial Advertiser*, *Evening Post*, *American Railroad Journal*, etc., etc., urging the capitalists of the East to engage in the construction of railroads; about the various agricultural products of the West, their profits, etc.; the minerals, manufacturing advantages, the canal, etc., etc., and predicting that Illinois bonds, then worth 25 to 30 cents on the dollar, and three years of accrued interest not reckoned, so prevalent was the impression that the State debt could never be paid; that by 1858–9, Illinois *would* pay her full interest without any increase in the then rate of taxation. Writing in 1860, he said: "And for two years we *have* done this, and our bonds are above par!"

Who can measure the value of these writings and the good they accomplished, not only for Chicago, but for the Northwest?

On Sept. 1, 1846, he married, at the residence of Mrs. Jane C. Washington of Mt. Vernon, a niece of hers, Miss Catherine B. Turner, the youngest child of Henry S. Turner of Jefferson County, Virginia. She was handsome, witty, and accomplished, and her childhood, passed chiefly at Mt. Vernon after her mother's death, had been such as comes to few of us. Abandoning all the delights of Washington society, leaving her devoted friends and kindred, she came to the embryo city with her husband, as his mother had done before her, and for over a third of a century it has been her home. His marriage stirred ambition again to make money on Chicago property, and he bought most judiciously. In fact, in 1856, the ground-rent on two of the lots purchased for $13,500 was $7000 per annum, and his real estate was then valued at over $600,000, a great fortune in those days.

In 1847, he wrote a series of most valuable letters to the *Boston Courier*. These letters were commenced to urge upon the Bostonians the importance and advantage to themselves of subscribing liberally to the stock of the Galena-and-Chicago Union Railroad. In 1848, another series were published simultaneously in *The Boston Mining Journal and Railroad Gazette*, advocating the construction of railroads and presenting the advantages. His acquaintance was very large, and when the canal convention met in Chicago in 1847, he could name each State's repre-

sentatives in the procession as it passed by, personal acquaintances. Among his many friends were the Kennicotts. The "Old Doctor," as he was familiarly known, became the horticultural editor of *The Prairie Farmer*, while Hiram wrote frequently also for the paper. Few among my older hearers have not enjoyed the hospitality of their delightful homes, and the friendship formed early in the forties, has now extended to the third generation!

In 1847, he proposed an extended system of parks for the three divisions of this city to be connected by boulevards. After the lapse of many years, this has been carried out, but at greatly-increased cost. Chicago owes not a little to his efforts in behalf of her park system. In 1848, he predicted that Chicago would increase in population twenty per cent per annum for five years, eighteen per cent per annum for the next five years. These were realized; but sixteen per cent for the next, and fourteen per cent for the succeeding five years, were not realized, and he considered the war an abundant reason. He calculated twelve per cent for the next five years, and then ten per cent indefinitely. His prediction in 1861, that our population in 1886 would be one million, has not been realized. The United-States census shows the rate of increase for the entire country has diminished, and the many flourishing suburban towns, Pullman, South-Chicago, etc., etc., have absorbed what would otherwise have been an addition to this city's population, and were it not for them, he would not have been far wrong. Many of you will remember the

ridicule his predictions excited. He was far in advance of his age!

One who was afterward among the millionaires of Chicago objected to his efforts in behalf of the Galena-and-Chicago Union Railroad, arguing against it "because railroads would stop the advent of the 'prairie schooners,' 500 to 1500 teams then daily arriving; and with their stoppage, grass would grow in the street," was his sagacious declaration. Another objected to his efforts in behalf of the Illinois-Central Railroad. Said he, "Why, don't you see that the railroad will enable farmers to run off their produce to Cairo while the canal and river are frozen, which, if kept till spring, would have to come to Chicago." In 1847, before Chicago possessed a single railroad, he predicted a number of lines that would be built, afterward among our chief roads; and in 1858, he could say exultingly, "Wild as were these views considered, instead of the five railroads anticipated, we have *twelve* important trunk lines"; and surely he did his part to effect this result.

The Hon. William B. Ogden's memory needs no word of mine. Your archives contain his life. Yet with all his ability, even he did not see the future in store for this city as did John S. Wright. Mr. Ogden said in his first annual report as president of the Galena-and-Chicago Union Railroad, "It can not have escaped the observation of all acquainted with the region of country to be affected by the construction of this important work, that if constructed now and extended east from Chicago, around the head of

Lake Michigan, till it meets the Michigan-Central, as it soon will be, it secures to the country through which it passes, *the great Northwestern thoroughfare for all time to come.* No other continuous route of railroad will ever be made to that great and rapidly-improving country lying west and northwest of Lake Michigan to the north of the southern end of that lake, if this road is established there first. No line to the south of it, near enough to compete with it, will be at all likely to be built while the business of the country can be prosecuted upon the road on which we are now engaged," etc. In after-years he admitted to Mr. Wright his better insight into the future; and in 1868, the latter said, "Hon. W. B. Ogden is now the acknowledged railway king of the West; and although he used to consider my calculations extravagant, no other man living, so far as I know, has so anticipated the importance of railways to this city, present and prospective."

In 1848, Mr. Wright worked hard for a land-grant to secure a north-and-south railroad for Illinois. He wrote, printed, and distributed at his own expense, 6000 copies of petitions to congress in aid of a railroad from the upper and lower Mississippi to Chicago. Three different ones were prepared for the South, Illinois, and the East. His friend Stephen A. Douglas said they came to Washington by the hundred, numerously signed, and had much influence, being the earliest movement for this object outside of congress, except the Cairo Company. He went personally to Washington, and spent weeks in laboring for the passage of this bill. Sept. 20, 1850, it became a

law. Congress thereby established a precedent of granting lands in aid of railroad construction. In the 41st congress, bills were pending to grant 189,-224,920 acres of the public land to railroads; and *The New-York Herald* estimated that previous congresses had granted 220,000,000 acres. This first land-grant was for 2,595,053 acres, to be taken by odd numbers in alternate sections within six miles of the railroad. Poor estimated the cost of the road at $30,000,000, and the value of the land at an equal amount.

John S. Wright published a pamphlet in which he insisted "that the State would be everlastingly dishonored if the legislature did not devise laws to build the road, and disenthrall the State of its enormous debt besides, out of the avails of this land-grant." I believe he was in favor of the State's constructing the road. Had this been done under equally honest and able management, it might have changed our entire railroad system. The land-grant would have paid for the road, and the State could have either derived the profit that has gone to the stockholders in dividends, and the stock is today quoted at 1.29½, or have given its citizens the benefits in lower rates and fares. It could have regulated the profits of other roads, as they are now regulated by water transportation, and the granger movement and outcry against railroad monopolies would never have existed. The legislature decided to transfer the land-grant to a corporation. Mr. Wright then insisted that in return therefore the said corporation should, during the continuance of its

existence, pay *ten per cent* of its gross earnings from operation to the State in lieu of other taxes. The legislature in its wisdom reduced this payment to seven per cent, although after the bill had passed, the president of the Illinois-Central Railroad told him they *would* have paid the ten per cent rather than relinquish the project. These payments had amounted to $9,833,258.61, Oct. 31, 1884, and paid the State debt. So far as I know, no other State possesses a like revenue, and Illinois owes these millions chiefly to the efforts of John S. Wright.

In 1851, to make more money for himself, and at the same time benefit the farmers who suffered from a scarcity of hands, he engaged in the manufacture of the Atkins Self-Raking Reaper. Of this he said:

"Mr. Atkins, a bedridden mechanic, invented the Automaton Self-Raking Reaper, and gave me a half-interest to patent and introduce it. He had the perfection of ingenuity and mathematical skill to calculate the dimensions of each piece to bring about the required motion for raking, an entirely new automatic movement in mechanics, though he had never seen a reaper at work; and from his drawings made a model. The first reaper was made from that model, twelve times enlarged and never altered; yet its first trial was perfect in the harvest-field. I built one in 1852; 40 in '53; 300 in '54; 1200 in '55; and 2800 in '56, and never enough to supply the demand. The cost of the machine was $90, and it sold for $180 cash, credit, $200. Though the business seemed very promising, a providential circumstance caused its failure. In the winter of '54 and '55, I contracted for ash lumber to build 3000 machines for 1856. It was stuck up to season on the docks at several lake ports; but the summer of 1855, there was so much railroad iron coming here, and so little grain to

go down, that freight prices were inverted. I waited therefore for fall freights to reduce prices up the lakes. I contracted for four cargoes in October; but the vessels took other freight at higher rates, and I made another contract; but winter set in four weeks earlier than ever before known, and two cargoes were frozen up in the St. Clair River, whence it could not be got. It was the thickest lumber for the frames and the most essential to have well seasoned. As a consequence, contracts were made with mills all about here. Superheated steam kiln-dryers were erected, and a contract let to parties at Dayton, Ohio, to build 1000 machines, each to be tested in the shop, and then delivered in Baltimore. Having myself to choose whether to supervise here or at Baltimore, I left for Baltimore. Two thousand machines were built here of green lumber, and as each one was fully warranted, and they went to pieces under the burning harvest sun, an outlay of about $200,000 was required to make good this loss. The Dayton machines were not tested, and proved to be defectively constructed."

The crops were poor in '57. A panic swept over the country. His debtors could not pay, and with the utter prostration of real estate, his property was swept entirely away. I have dwelt at length upon this matter to show you that this failure was caused by a combination of circumstances that no human eye could have forseen. The panic of 1857 brought ruin to many thousands besides himself!

In 1859, he formed a project for a land company, which in its magnitude was worthy of his gigantic intellect. His excellent legal friend, the late H. M. Morfit of Baltimore, was his counsel. In 1860, he published a pamphlet in aid of this land-improvement company. He obtained an option on thousands of

acres, two million dollars worth, extending in a belt entirely around this city in 1867, at from $65 to $450 per acre. In 1871, it was worth in some instances $20,000 per acre. In 1861, a charter was obtained from the Illinois legislature, and he went to New York to arrange with a good friend, Mr. James T. Soutter, ex-president of the Bank of the Republic, who had unbounded influence upon capitalists; but ill-health and other reasons sent him to Europe, and while awaiting his return, Mr. Wright began the study of international law, to which he devoted seven years. Charles O'Connor examined some of the manuscript containing articles for *The Journal of Commerce*, and, upon finishing, he remarked: "Mr. Wright, you are surely right as to your views of the nature of our institutions." This work grew day by day, until it resulted in a volume, entitled, "State Sovereignty—National Union." Mr. O'Connor was seen by him repeatedly, from time to time, as the work progressed. By the spring of 1863, he had gone carefully through Barbyrae's French Pufendorf and Grotius, annotating on loose sheets. Prof. S. B. F. Morse had been his intimate friend for years, and introduced him to his brother, Finley, who was engaged in the same line of study. Finding the translations of classic works worse than nothing, and himself so rusty in the language so well known in childhood, he went to Prof. Morse and told him he must have the assistance of a thorough Greek and Latin scholar. He sent him to his friend, Prof. J. Holmes Agnew, who at once engaged with his whole heart and soul in helping. This

volume met with a cool reception from the public; but President Hopkins wrote: "It is the most wonderful gathering of the great ideas of the world upon the depths of politics; but my chief wonder is how a man always so devoted to business could possibly have got the scarce old books to get the writings, that the evidence of our errors and the uniform tracing of them to their sources is the strangest event in our history."

In January, 1862, he wrote to the *Evening Post* on the federal debt, from which I extract:

"We must pay whatever rate is necessary to get the money—the sinews of war. But with the reëstablishment of the Union will return a new and firmer confidence in the perpetuity of our institutions, and a still stronger and more rapid career of prosperity than we have ever known, and the value of government securities will have a corresponding advance in value. There is no propriety or necessity, it appears to me, in allowing the bulk of this advance to enure to the speculators, either home or foreign, who will be the owners of most of this indebtedness, and who will in the main not have advanced the money now when it is needed, but will have bought it up just as soon as they see the ordeal is passed, and our institutions are to be permanent. Government sixes are now under ninety. They have heretofore sold at one hundred and twenty-four, or higher, and with a return of confidence will go there again, and even beyond. We wish no stain of repudiation to rest upon our untarnished federal credit, such as rests upon the British government for striking down its rate of interest; and yet there is no propriety in our paying more than other nations whose securities are not half what are ours. I would therefore propose that a stipulation should be inserted in each loan-bill, and alluded to in the bonds; that as the stock advances *above*

par, for each five per cent of increase the rate of interest shall be reduced, say a half of one per cent; perhaps also giving the holder the option of demanding payment of the principal, though this option appears to me unnecessary and inexpedient. * * * With financial skill, the government can advance its credit so that in a few years, if this proposition be practicable, the interest will be reduced one-third or one-half."

Has not the result demonstrated the wisdom and value of these ideas? Government bonds bearing three per cent interest are now above par!

In the excitement of the war he thought his land company would have no chance, and it was not resumed until after the fall of Richmond. In 1867, he began to prepare a pamphlet urging upon capitalists the many advantages of investing in Chicago property; but the work grew until it resulted in a volume entitled, "Chicago—Past, Present, and Future." His mind was now so disordered that the book contained much irrelevant to the subject, but eschewing that it was a work of incalculable value to this city, and the labor he gave to it was very great. The press spoke of it in the most flattering words, but it had a very limited sale. He was in Chicago at the time of the great fire, and his vivid description was as follows:

"I was sleeping in a room adjoining my office on East-Washington Street that memorable Sunday night. About two o'clock a.m., a man came thumping at my door, and supposing it a drunken loafer who was trying to find his room, I made no reply. After three or four tremendous thumpings, he cried out, very loud, 'Mr. Wright, are you in here?' and I asked crossly, 'What do you want?' Said he, 'Mr. Wright, the whole city is on fire, and this building will be burnt in a

few minutes.' I turned over to the window, and sure enough, the large and blazing coals made me close it; and I put on my clothes quicker than ever before, by the light of the fire, and went on the first floor. Dr. Heydock was there, things all moving. 'Why, Doctor,' said I, 'have we got to move?' He replied, 'This building will be burnt in a very few minutes.' I returned to my room and did up, in some large paper, a Geneva Bible and a lot of business papers, including deeds, which I had put together most providentially. With these and a satchel, all I could carry, I went out to see the extent of the fire, with gratitude unspeakable to my God and the kind janitor, for my wonderful escape. I started to join my daughter, who was ill at my old friend, Dr. George E. Shipman's, on North-Peoria Street. I tried to cross the South Branch at VanBuren Street, but at Adams Street, on State, I saw it was impossible, and went north to cross the river at State Street; but, in this short space of time, the flames had reached the stable on the river. The large coals were falling so thickly over the North Division, as well as the South, that I could not save my papers going through the terrible rain of fire. At Lake Street, I turned again for Twelfth Street, and oh! the grandeur of that immense sheet of flame as it rose about three o'clock from the very centre of our city! Thence crossing the river at Twelfth Street, I soon came to the buildings where the fire started, and left my papers with a housekeeper on the edge. I then had a walk of a mile and a-third in the rear and beside the flame; so that no one could have more realized the unexampled conflagration. About four o'clock, my daughter's intense anxiety was relieved! With what power and gratitude my head and heart then worked upon the future of our city! I saw in this calamity sure benefits!

"The next morning, upon getting my things to go to the Adams House, never dreaming that the fire had crossed State Street, I was hailed by D. H. Horton, one of the pub-

lishers of my Chicago book, who was sitting upon a dray at the corner of Wabash Avenue and Congress Street. He informed me of the destruction of the North as of the South Side, and his salutation was, 'Well, Wright, what do you think *now* of the future of Chicago?' I thought an instant and replied, 'I will tell you what it is, Horton. Chicago will have more men, more money, more business, within five years than she would have had without this fire.' Though the remark was well spread at once, few realized the truth."

Not long after this that noble mind gave way so completely that Mr. Wright had to be placed in an insane asylum. He died in the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane, Sept. 26, 1874, and was interred at Rose Hill, Sept. 29. The friends of many years who acted as pall-bearers were: Philo Carpenter, Gurdon S. Hubbard, E. S. Wadsworth, B. W. Raymond, Hiram Kennicott, S. Lind, W. Osborn, William Bross, T. B. Carter, and George R. Clarke. His life's work was done, and his great spirit returned to God, who gave it!

"Like shadows gliding o'er the plains,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass;
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.

"He lived, he died—behold the sum,
The abstract of the historian's page—
Alike in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

"To crowd the narrow space of life
With wise designs and virtue's deeds,
So shall we wake from death's dread night
To share the glory that succeeds."

As stated by Crocker:

"Dryden's aphorism, that great wit, meaning mental powers generally, is nearly allied to insanity, is so true as to have become a proverb; but it stands on older and graver authority, that of Seneca."

I trust enough has been said to convince you of his wonderful mental powers, which for so many years he used for the good of this city, that he loved so well. Judge Jameson wrote:

"As the magnetic currents are said to play about the earth, enveloping it in a net-work of living forces, so thought plays about every subject of human interest. Thinking minds try to trace out causes and to forecast results."

This John S. Wright did! Speaking of life, he said:

"Laboring as we do almost exclusively for self and for this life, as practical and wise men, we should ever remember that as to time the individual is of no account, a miserable, despicable creature, except, precisely, as he fulfills his obligations to his city, to his State, to the nation, to his fellow-men, to his God! Man has not wisdom to do himself any good whatever, except as he seeks to promote the good of his own family, of his own church, of his own State, of his own nation. He may live and consume for his own good his *quantum* of food, drink, and clothing; but *cui bono?*"

I believe that the time will come when Chicago must appreciate the magnitude and benefit of his life's work. Few of her citizens today realize all that he did in the past. Andreas' "History of Chicago" contains the following:

"The extracts here given might, in the absence of other information, lead to a misconception concering the character of John S. Wright. Although a born trader and a bold

speculator, he was a man of rare virtues, and during his long residence in Chicago, was identified with nearly every enterprise and measure calculated to promote its prosperity or elevate the educational, mental, moral, or religious standards of the city. The benefactions of this wonderfully energetic citizen permeated nearly every channel of the life and shewed in every phase of her early growth. The building of the early railroads, the development of manufactures, the first Presbyterian church, Sabbath-schools, and the common-school system of the State, the Press; to all these he devoted his energies and gave in no stinted measure. Frequent mention of him appears elsewhere in this volume."

Upon hearing of his death, Gen. John A. Clarke wrote to me:

"Your father was one of my earliest Illinois friends. About the same age, we spent the winter of 1833–4 in Chicago together; boarded at the same log-cabin (Rufus Brown's), slept in the same bunk under the counter in your grandfather's store, on the corner of Water and State Streets, and during all the years that followed, until your father was stricken with the disease that terminated his life here, our friendship was unbroken. This friendship and the incidents of our early association are remembered with a lively interest. I shall always think of him as he was in his days of usefulness, when all things were possible to him; when to suggest the failure of his great plans was to almost excite him to anger, so certain was he of the future."

J. Wingate Thornton of Boston wrote to me:

"I am glad to hear from you, and the account of your father's last days are painfully interesting. He was a far-sighted, sagacious man, much above the average, and had he found fellows of equal intelligence and rectitude, the story had been far happier! I envy not the callous indifference

and stupidity which failed to sustain the plans which capital in intelligent hands would have carried to public and private good. * * * In the future it will be found that Chicago will hold in honorable remembrance the name of John S. Wright as one of the best men; a pioneer in the cause of common schools, popular education, and as one who distinctly pointed out the elements which would make her the great central mart of the United States. Time will vindicate his name and fame."

The Rev. J. Ambrose Wight wrote to me when I informed him of this my proposed paper:

"I am glad to recall to the public mind the service your father did, not for Chicago alone, but for Illinois, and in fact for the then Northwest. I came to Chicago to live and to be in his employ in May, 1843, and was with him on salary or as partner till the close of 1855, with a short exception. He had a clearer insight of what Chicago was to be than any other man I knew in that time. His mind, like that of his mother, ran upon public interests; not those specially of the nation, but of his own city, State, and neighborhood. He was constantly planning in the earlier part of this time for these interests. He saw clearly that Illinois was to be a great State, and Chicago a great city. His habit of forecast in these matters often brought upon him ridicule from those who were content with things, as they were, and resisted improvements. As his modes of expressing his convictions and impulses, I recall his establishment of *The Prairie Farmer*. There was not another man in the State at that time who would have done it. And few had, at first, faith in his success with it. And though he had no special training for such an undertaking, not being bred a farmer, he carried it on successfully for two years, and established it. The event shewed his prescience. There was need of just such a paper at that time. The settlers upon prairie lands had no guide in regard

to a great number of questions which it was necessary to settle, and only experience and intercommunication could settle them: 'Will the cultivated grasses grow on these prairie lands?' 'Can sheep be successfully kept here?' Will our accustomed fruits succeed? and what kind shall we cultivate, and how treat them?' 'How shall we fence these open lands?' These and the like questions, now of far less difficulty, if any, were then matters of great moment; for the settlers were poor and could not afford experiments. The matter of harvesting crops, too, was one in which the paper was an active and influential instrument.

"There was another great interest which nobody attended to till Mr. Wright led off in it. I mean that of public-school education. Illinois had no *system* of schools. Such as were in existence were private or local affairs. He worked up a system of public schools, and, I think, drafted a law, which he talked and wrote into favor, and got it through the legislature, which was then no easy matter, for the south part of the State was reluctant; but he had made the acquaintance of leading men all through the State, in all its neighborhoods; and that law is the basis of the school system of Illinois to this day. It has, of course, undergone many alterations. The school system of Chicago owes more to him for its inception than to any one man. It *started* by his efforts. There rallied to it, early, a body of men, whose names are attached to the several schools of the city today, while none that I am aware of bears his name. And very possibly those men have, if alive, forgotten that he was the man whose enthusiasm excited first their own. The reason for this is patent to those who knew him well. His perceptive faculties were not always supported by reflective ones. He saw and devised and grew enthusiastic till he had got others to take hold, when his interest in a matter often declined, and he did not carry out his schemes. This peculiarity attached to his management of his private affairs. He ought to have been immensely

wealthy. He bought with great sagacity, but his after-management was not successful. He did not adhere to and make a success of his own good planning. As a sample: After he had installed me in *The Prairie Farmer*, he left for New York and Washington to be absent three weeks; but I neither saw or heard from him in eleven months; yet when he returned he had purchased a property which in a very few years was valued at two millions of dollars. This peculiarity made him seem visionary to many, and has caused his real shrewdness and benevolent forecast to be forgotten.

"Another of his public acts I well remember. The State, by the influence of the southern part of it, had passed a law restricting interest to six or seven per cent. The merchants of that section suffered farmers' accounts to run for a long time, charging interest at high rates, which gave rise to the law. It worked very badly for the north of the State, and especially for Chicago; for money could not be loaned at six per cent, and money was greatly wanted. Mr. Wright drew up a brief law allowing ten per cent on money loaned. He printed the law, with a brief argument for it, on slips, which he sent by thousands through the State, and the law was carried, to the immense relief of Chicago, and, in fact, of the whole State.

"Previous to this he had advocated with all his might and assisted to secure the 'two-mill tax,' which relieved the State of an incubus of debt of sixteen millions, and which operated for some years to hold it back from prosperity. The law was stoutly opposed, by its immigrant population especially, who had brought with them from Europe a hatred of taxation, though many of them had very little property to be taxed.

"I remember these things very well, for I not only heard him talk enthusiastically of them, but in my way assisted him in getting them before the public. I have always believed that Chicago and the State owed him more than they knew or at least recognized. He was a perfectly self-reliant man,

and the independence of his opinions often avoked for the time a distrust of them, or even an opposition to them; and his later misfortunes served perhaps to cause forgetfulness of the real services he had rendered to the public."

And now, in conclusion, to those among you who extended to him your friendship to the end, unalienated by the infirmities of disease, or the pecuniary misfortunes that came to him, I would tender my most sincere and heartful thanks!

Mr. Chairman, permit me to present to the Chicago Historical Society his portrait, in behalf of my brother, Chester Dewey, and myself. It was painted by his friend, Mrs. St. John, formerly of Chicago, now of New York, and represents him as he appeared at the age of fifty-five.

TRIBUTE OF HON. WILLIAM BROSS.

At the close of the address, Ex-Lieut. Gov. Wm. Bross moved that a vote of thanks be tendered to Mr. Wright for his discriminating and very excellent address. It was seconded and unanimously adopted.

On offering the resolution, Gov. Bross said that he was very glad that his son, waiving all delicacy, had spoken so freely and so fairly of the character and the life-work of his eminent father, John S. Wright. It was his good fortune to have known him long and well. Indeed, he was the first citizen of Chicago with whom he became acquainted, and it were well if each one's recollection could dwell on incidents equally pleasant. On his way to this city, in the early morning of May 12th, 1848, between Kalamazoo and St. Joseph, there to take the steamer Sam Ward—that was four years before the railways from the East reached Chicago—he, with other passengers, became very tired of being tumbled about in the stage coach. At the change of horses, about daylight, Mr. B., with several others, started ahead on foot, and the result was a very refreshing walk of two or three miles. Here the speaker fell in company with a slim, wiry man, whom he at once found to be a most intelligent and courteous companion.

Chicago's position with reference to the system of lake navigation, and also with reference to the vast and fertile prairies between the lakes and the Rocky Mountains, and the certainty that it would become the commercial capital of the upper Mississippi valley, were all detailed in graphic and enthusiastic language by Mr. Wright to the willing ears of his listener, eager to gain all the information he could get in regard to the position and the prospects of his new home in the West. More than thirty-five years study and travel by stage-coach and steamer, and by all the main railway lines between the lakes and the Rocky Mountains, the building and commercial statistics of the city, now rounding up into the enormous amount of more than a thousand millions of dollars annually, have simply filled out the outlines of the picture given him that May morning in the wild woods of Michigan by John S. Wright. Is it any wonder that he should cherish the memory of Mr. Wright as one of the best informed and most interesting men he ever met.

This was not all. With his usual courtesy to strangers, he called at the hotel on the Sabbath, and took Mr. B. to his own seat in the Second Presbyterian church, and in the course of a week or two introduced him to Mayor Woodworth and most of the leading business men of the city.

In 1849 Mr. B. said he was the partner of the Rev. Dr. J. A. Wight in the publication of the *Prairie Herald*, and Mr. Wight was also the editor of the *Prairie Farmer*. As the office of the two papers was in the same room, he then saw much of Mr. Wright.

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He often spent hours talking of the interests of the farmers, in all their varied relations, showing an intimate and accurate acquaintance with whatever could promote their prosperity and welfare. Agricultural implements, the most profitable crops and how they could be best and most economically produced, harvested and brought to market; our lake marine and its relations to the prosperity of the city and the vast farming districts west of it; Chicago as a successful manufacturing centre, because food for operatives must always be cheaper here than anywhere else upon the continent; railway prospects; in fact, everything that related to the political and commercial interests of the city and the Northwest, were discussed with a breadth of comprehension and accuracy of detail that seemed almost an inspiration from some source far above the grasp of human intelligence.

The memorial has given many of the leading facts and enterprises in the life-work of Mr. Wright, and were it proper and did time permit, he would, if possible, add intensity and more extended illustration to the biographical sketch. Take only a single example. Mr. Wright was one of the first to see the importance and grasp the possibility of a railway from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. The land-grant which had successfully completed the Illinois-and-Michigan Canal, furnished the text for a similar grant for this great national railway project. Mr. Wright's pen did much to make it familiar to the people, and in the winter of 1849–50 a bill was introduced into Congress making a grant of lands to the states through which it would run

for the construction of the road. There it lay for weeks and months, attracting very little attention. Mr. Wright saw what action was needed, and that he was the man that must take it. At his own expense he printed thousands of circulars, stating briefly the necessity of the road to the welfare of the nation, with a petition to Congress to pass the bill. At that time such documents went by mail free to postmasters, and to his personal knowledge he kept his clerk busy for weeks sending these to every postmaster between the lakes and the Gulf. The requests to the postmasters to get signers and forward the petitions to their congressmen were promptly attended to, and in the early summer sessions of Congress the petitions came in by thousands, and members were astonished at the unanimous demand of their constituents for the railway. Thus our Senators Douglas and Shields and Representatives Wentworth and others saw their opportunity, and the bill was passed Sept. 20, 1850. Now look at our thousands of miles of railway, and grasp, if you can, the influence they have upon the growth, the happiness and the prosperity of this city and the great Northwest. The money and the moving spirit that started effectively this wonderful progress were furnished by John S. Wright.

In according the leading position thus given to Mr. Wright in this and other improvements, it may be asked what was left for the founders of the city—great men they certainly were—to do? He was the leading spirit mainly in the intuitive perceptions he had of the forces on which his predictions of the future greatness

of the city and of the country tributary to it were founded. Like many others, his mind ran too far ahead of his cotemporaries to be appreciated. He lived a generation before his time. Hence he was considered by many a dreamer—a man whose conclusions could not be trusted. While he was great and grasping as to the events of the future, hundreds and thousands of others, by their substantial character and steady purposes, wrought directly to the fulfilment of Mr. Wright's conclusions. They had and held the position among the capitalists and leading business men of the country that gave them the command of the means to build warehouses, move our crops, transport them over the great lakes; establish banks, build and run our railways, and generally to secure the prosperity and the progress of the Northwest. Such men were Wm. B. Ogden, John B. Turner, B. W. Raymond, Gurdon S. Hubbard, Thomas Richmond, Charles Walker, William H. Brown, Geo. Smith, Daniel Brainard, F. C. Sherman, J. Y. Scammon, and I might mention scores of others, most of whom are passed away—all great men, whose substantial business character enabled them to accomplish results, from the very enthusiasm of his character impossible to Mr. Wright. It would be absurd to attribute to any one man more than a moiety of the grand results—more wonderful than any achievements of the past—which the Queen City of the lakes and the country, whose commercial centre she is, have made a simple but substantial reality. Mr. Wright could see in prophetic vision, and his sterling common sense grasped the means and the character of

the great men around him, by whose efforts his splendid conceptions would be realized. Great and impossible as they then appeared, all men now will concede that our thousands of miles of railway, making Chicago the central station between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans; our vast commerce, derived from millions of intelligent, prosperous freemen, who are subduing the fertile regions west of us; our lake marine, carrying more than twice the values of the entire foreign traffic of the nation; our city, with its great stores and busy mannfactures, its tremendous live-stock interests, and its immense grain shipments, and its ceaseless growth, sure to round up to a million people before the century closes; these facts and such as these, patent to the comprehension of all mankind, have more than fulfiled all Mr. Wright's brightest anticipations. Let Chicago always hold his name in vivid and honored remembraance.

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